

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



nia
l



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



2 vol
9/1. F0



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Ann Forbes - 1815

M.B. Huston det 1921

A

COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

Scottish Ballads,

TALES, AND SONGS:

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS,

BY

JOHN GILCHRIST.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH;

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD:

AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, & JOY, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
LONDON.

1815.

PR
8660
G38c
v. 1

PREFACE.

Our relations and intercourse with the sister kingdom have become, from a variety of causes, so intimate, that our manners, our customs, and even our language, are assimilating with rapid strides to those of that country. Notwithstanding, however, that the simple, expressive style of our fathers be becoming less and less frequent in conversation among the middle ranks, yet our poetry is still understood and admired by every Scotchman, and is fondly treasured up in the memory of such of our countrymen whom adventitious circumstances have placed at a distance from their native land, who pore with delight over the rich humour, tender

pathos, and descriptive beauty of their country's bards. Our language may fluctuate, and perhaps be lost in the English, but so long as there remains amongst us a taste for simplicity in writing, and beauty in poetry, so long will our ancient ballads and songs be admired. They are very numerous, and exhibit an astonishing fertility of genius in their authors, who relate the loves, depict the manners, and record the actions of a rude but gallant people, with a brevity of description, and a tenderness of feeling, that take a firm hold of the mind; and may therefore be studied with much advantage by the lover of true poetry, and perused with no little mental profit by the politician and historian.—It was on these foundations that BURNS raised that fame which immortalises him; his enthusiastic admiration led him to imitate, and he surpassed them in feeling, and equalled them in humour; his critical taste improved many of our old songs, and his compositions have raised the lyric poetry of Scotland above that of every other country. To him have succeeded MACNEILL, HOGG, and TANNAHILL, who uphold the lustre of their predecessors by the lively images and natural feeling which pervade their pieces, and by that want of gaudy colouring which dazzles the eye but never reaches the affections.

In some of our early poems, it must be admitted, there is a broadness of humour, a freedom of thought and expression, which in modern productions would be turned from with disgust, but which our virtuous but less polished ancestors not only countenanced but admired.

The collector of Scottish poetry has therefore before him wide and extensive fields, abounding in beautiful and variegated flowers, with here and there a few rank weeds; much consequently depends on his selection of the materials, in his rejecting the baneful, retaining the useful, elegant, and beautiful, and in some measure on the manner in which he disposes the flowers he has culled, by placing in their proper light the dark shades, sprightly glow, and airy colours, so as to form a combination at once pleasing and instructive.—It has been the Editor's endeavour to form this Collection on these principles. He has rejected every gross and indelicate poem or song which could raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, at the same time he has not been so fastidious as omit those delineations of nature which mark the pure morals and honest character of our forefathers,

and give a faithful picture of the manners of those times.

The Collection is divided into three Parts; in the classification of the First and Third, the plan of the acute and learned Mr Ritson has been followed. The First Part consists of Historical and Romantic Ballads; the Second of Tales; and the Third of Songs, under the heads Humorous, Love, and Miscellaneous. To the poems in the First and Second Parts brief observations are prefixed, with a view to elucidate the transactions related; and in the Third Part are given the author's names, and anecdotes regarding many of the Songs. Such information has been long wanting, and it is wholly owing to BURNS's passion for Scottish poetry, that so much is now known of the history of our lyrics; he procured all the late Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee's anecdotes, which, with his own strictures, are published in Mr Crémek's *Reliques of the immortal bard*;—from that authentic source, from Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and from other Collections, the Editor has gleaned much of his information on this subject. In every instance he has followed the most correct copies he could obtain of the various poems, being convinced that accuracy in the readings

ought to be a main object in all publications of this nature: typographical errors may have crept in notwithstanding the greatest care, yet these it is hoped occur but in a few instances. While he thus vouches for its correctness, he is well aware that this epitome of Scottish poetry derives little interest from his observations, indeed he lays no claim to literary attainments, and has only humbly followed the track of men eminent for their erudition and talents, of some of the first literary characters of the present day, but he trusts, from its combining many of the best pieces of our ancient and modern bards, with a greater variety of Songs and Ballads than is to be met with in any other Collection, that it exhibits in their true light the genius, sentiments, and manners of this portion of the island in its rude as well as in its more enlightened state.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

PART I.—BALLADS.

HISTORICAL.	Page.
Sir Patrick Spens,	4
Hardyknute,	8
Gude Wallace,	20
Battle of Otterbourne,	23
The Battle of Harlaw,	31
Johnie Armstrang,	40
The Battle of Corichie,	49
Edom o' Gordon,	54
The Battle of Reidswire,	60
Dick o' the Cow,	67
Jock o' the Side,	77
Hobbie Noble,	83
The Bonnie Earl o' Murray,	89
The Young Laird of Ochiltrie,	93
Frennet Ha',	97
The Battle of Killicrankie,	103
The Chevalier's Muster Roll,	109
The Battle of Sheriff-muir,	112

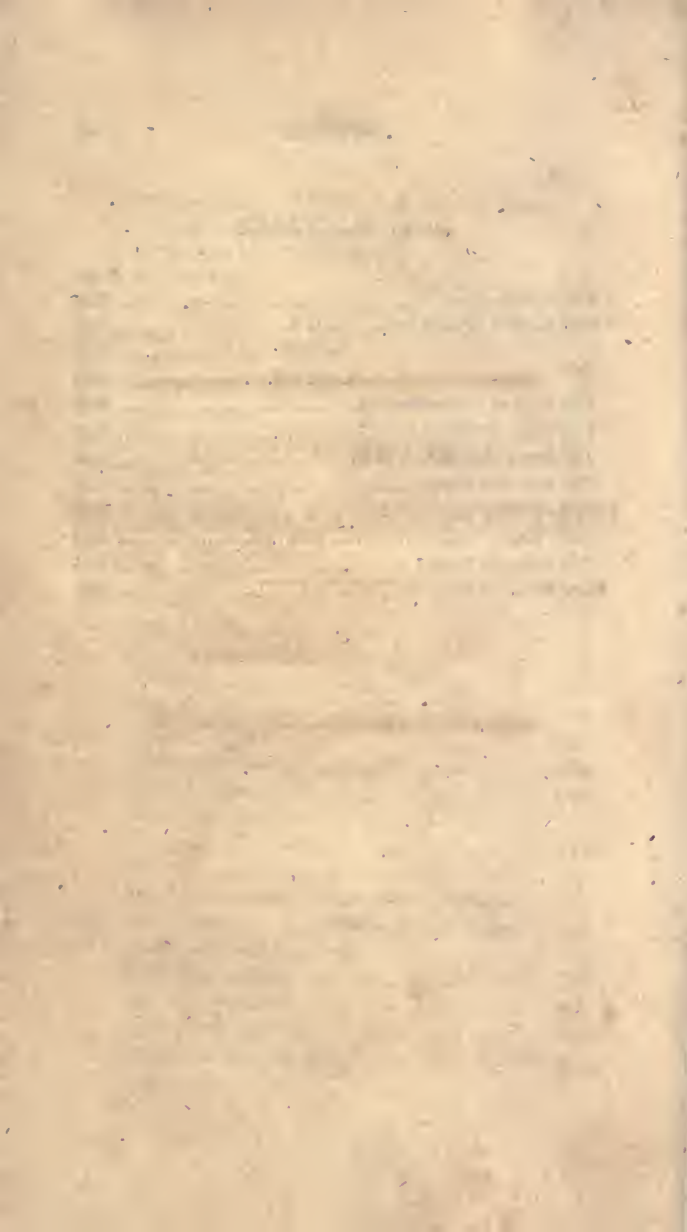
Dialogue between Will Lick-ladle and Tam Clean-	
cogue,	120
Up and war 'em a' Willie,	124
Tranent Muir,	126
Johnie Cope,	135

ROMANTIC.

Gil Morrice,	139
Fair Annie of Lochroyan,	148
Clerk Saunders,	154
Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,	160
Lammikin,	168
Sweet Willie,	174
Glenkindie,	179
The Young Johnstone,	185
Lord Barnaby,	190
The Gypsie Laddie,	195
Lord Thomas and Fair Annie,	199
The Cruel Brother,	205
Sir Hugh,	210
Lady Maisry,	214
Fause Foodrage,	220
The Young Tamlane,	226
Jamie Douglas,	238
Bonny Barbara Allan,	241
Fair Helen,	243
Gilderoy,	247
The Braes of Yarrow, by Hamilton of Bangour,	251
Ditto, by the Rev. John Logan,	257
Willie's drowned in Yarrow,	259
Sir James the Ross,	260
The Wee Wee Man,	268
Clerk Colvill; or, the Mermaid,	270
Willie and May Margaret,	273

PART II.—TALES.

	<i>Page.</i>
Peblis to the Play,	279
Christis Kirk of the Grene. Canto I.	290
Canto II.	304
Canto III.	313
The Wife of Auchtermuchty,	322
The Friers of Berwik,	327
The Monk and Miller's Wife,	346
The Heir of Linne,	354
Hallow Fair,	363
Leith Races,	368
The Farmer's Ingle,	375
The Farmer's Ha',	380



POPULAR SCOTTISH
BALLADS, TALES, AND SONGS.

PART I.—Ballads.

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

PART I.—BALLADS.

Historical.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[This is supposed to be one of the oldest Scottish ballads extant, and relates an event that must have occurred at a remote period of our history, no account of such an expedition being recorded by any of our early writers.]

THE King sits in Dumfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
“ O whare will I get a skeely skipper, *
To sail this ship of mine ?”

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.”

* Skilful mariner.

Our King has written a braid letter,
 And sign'd it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem;
 The King's daughter o' Noroway,
 It's thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud loud laughed he;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
 And tauld the King o' me,
 To send us out at this time o' the year *
 To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem;
 The King's daughter o' Noroway,
 It's we maun fetch her hame."

* At a later period than that which may be supposed the era of this expedition, so insufficient were the Scottish ships, so unskilful the mariners, and so many shipwrecks happened from these causes, that James III. enacted a law, prohibiting all vessels from being navigated "Fra the feast of St Simon's day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our Lady, called Candelmess."—"It is somewhat remarkable," says Arnot, "that there are but three celebrated captains mentioned in Scottish story, Sir Patrick Spence, Sir Andrew Wood, and Andrew Barton, of whom the two first perished in storms, the last in a naval engagement with the English."
 —*Hist. of Edinburgh.*

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
 Wi' a' the speed they may ;
 They hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say,

“ Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud,
 And a' our Queenis fee !”
 “ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

“ For I brought as much white monie,
 As gane * my men and me ;
 And I brought a half-fou' o' gude red goud
 Out o'er the sea wi' me.—

“ Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a',
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
 “ O say no sae, my master dear,
 For I fear a deadly storm.

“ Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
 That we will come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 Whan the lift † grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And gurly ‡ grew the sea.

* Suffice.

† Sky.

‡ Stormy.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
 It was sic a deadly storm,
 And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
 Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whare will I get a gude sailor
 To tak my helm in hand,
 Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
 To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
 To tak the helm in hand,
 Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bout * flew out of our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it cam in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap them into our gude ship's side,
 And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
 But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords,
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
 But lang or a' the play was played,
 They wat their hats aboon.

* Bolt.

And mony was the feather-bed,
 That flattered on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son,
 That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
 The maidens tore their hair,
 A' for the sake o' their true loves;
 For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
 For them they'll see na mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

HARDYKNUTE.

A FRAGMENT.



[In 1263, Haco, King of Norway or Denmark, under pretence that Arran and the islands adjacent formed part of the Western Isles, then subject to him, fitted out a large armament, with which he overran Kintyre and the islands in dispute. Elated with success, he determined on pursuing his predatory enterprise still farther, and with this view came to anchor with his fleet at the Cumbras, whence he sent a detachment up the Clyde, which plundered the islands in Loch Lomond, at that time very populous. But before he had sufficient time to carry his other plans into effect, a storm arose in which several of his ships were driven on shore near Largs, where the Scottish army had collected, and was watching his motions. Those vessels which ran aground were immediately attacked by the Scots, and obstinately defended by the Norwegians, who being successively reinforced from their fleet, remained on shore all night; next morning (2d October) Haco landed with a numerous body of troops,—was again attacked by the Scots, and, after a desperate conflict, finally routed and driven to his ships, with the loss of sixteen thousand men, according to Buchanan and other Scottish writers, but of only about six hundred, according to an ancient manuscript account of the expedition in the library of the King of Denmark.

Such are the historical events on which this ballad is founded. It was first published at Edinburgh in 1719, as a fragment of some ancient ballad, and to make it appear of great antiquity, the letter *y* was every where changed to *z*. The many imitations of and allusions to old ballads, excited suspicion that it was of modern date, and it was at last tacitly acknowledged by Lady Wardlaw of Balmulie, in Fifeshire, who added sixteen stanzas to the second edition printed in the *Evergreen*.

In a Collection of Tragic Ballads, published by Mr Pinkerton in 1781, a Second Part was added to this poem, which he pretended to have recovered from the memory of a Lady in Lanarkshire; but being charged with the forgery by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," he confessed his guilt, and pleaded his youth in palliation of the offence.]

STATELY stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west;
 Full seventy ziers he now had sene,
 With skerss seven ziers of rest.
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and towirs a-hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.
 His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
 For chast and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif Elenor the Quene.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout;
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot * doubt;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land;
 Hic was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir;
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp, †
 And gowden glist ‡ her hair.
 Quhat waefu wae her bewtie bred!
 Waefu to zoung and auld;
 Waefu, I trou, to kyth and kin, §
 As story ever tauld.

The King of Norse, || in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle
 With mony a hardy knight.
 The tydings to our gude Scots King
 Came as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Zour faes stand on the strand;
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The King of Norse commands.”
 “Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,”
 Our gude King raise and cryd;
 A trustier beast in all the land,
 A Scots King never seydl.

* Without.

§ Relations.

† Slender.

|| Norway.

‡ Shone.

“Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dried of faes,
And haste and follow me.”

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
“Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
And red * zour King frae harm.”

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He has tane a horn as grene as grass,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in grene-wood schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons, in manly sport and glie,
Had past that summer's morn,
Quhen low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
“That horn,” quod they, “neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde;”
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

“Late, late zestrene, I weind † in peace
To end my lengthened lyfe,
My age nicht well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe:
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to intrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He feird to ficht or fall.

* Extricate.

† Thought.

" Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute sae leil,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turned to deidly pale.
 Brade Thomas, tak ze but zour lance,
 Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ze ficht wi't as ze did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's ferss heir.

" Malcom, licht of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands thrie of men,
 Well bred to sword and schield :
 Bring me my horse and harnisine,
 My blade of mettal cleir ;"
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.

" Farewell, my dame, sae pierless' gude,"
 And tuke her by the hand,
 " Fairer to me in age zou seim,
 Than maids for bewtie fam'd :
 My zoungest son sall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs,
 And shut the silver bolt that keips
 Sae fast zour painted bowirs."

And first scho wet her comely cheiks
 And then hir bodice grene ;
 Her silken cords of twirtle twist
 Weil plett with silver schene ; *
 And apron set with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may guess,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.

* Shining silver.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhen he cam to a wounded knicht,
 Making a heavy mane:
 "Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
 By treachery's false gyles;
 Witless I was that eir gaif faith
 To wicked woman's smyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
 To lean on silken seat,
 My ladyis kyndhe care zou'd prove,
 Quha neir kend deidly hate:
 Hir self wald watch ze all the day,
 Hir maids at deid of nicht;
 And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
 As scho stands in zour sicht.

"Arise, zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,
 Full loun's * the schynand day;
 Cheis frae my menzie † quhom ze pleis,
 To leid ze on the way."
 With smyleless luke, and visage wan,
 The wounded knicht replyd,
 "Kind chiftain, zour intent pursue,
 For here I maun abyde.

"To me nae after day nor nicht
 Can eir be sweit or fair,
 But stne beneath sum draping trie
 Cauld death sall end my care."
 With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
 Braif Hardyknute to gain,
 With fairest words and reason strang,
 Straif courteously in vain.

* Calm.

† Men.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre *
 Lord Chattan's land sae wyde ;
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
 Quhen faes his courage seyde :
 Of Pictish race, by mother's syde ;
 Quhen Picts ruled Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his ferss and stalwart † train
 He reicht a rying heicht,
 Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,
 Norse menzie lay in sicht :
 " Zonder, my valiant sons, and feris,
 Our raging revers ‡ wait,
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
 To try with us thair fate.

" Mak orisons to Him that saift
 Our sauls upon the rude ; ||
 Syne braifly schaw zour veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude."
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 Quhyle thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougills sound.

To join his King, adoun the hill
 In haste his march he made,
 Quhyle playand pibrochs ¶ minstralls meit
 Afore him stately strade.
 " Thryse welcum, valziant stoup of weir,
 Thy nation's scheild and pryde,
 Thy King nae reason has to feir,
 Quhen thou art be his syde."

* Out over.

† Stout.

‡ Robbers.

§ Ground.

|| Cross.

¶ Highland martial airs.

Quhen bows were bent, and darts werè thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferss,
 With little skaith to man ;
 But bludy, bludy was the field
 Or that lang day was done !

The King of Scots that sindle * bruik'd
 The war that luikt lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, " Myne I'll keip,
 I wate † its bleid a skore."
 " Haste up my merry men," cry'd the King,
 As he rade on before.

The King of Norse he socht to find,
 With him to mense the faucht ; ‡
 But on his forehead there did licht.
 A sharp unsonsie § shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst betwene his een.

" Revenge ! revenge !" cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 " Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
 Then sent it through his syde.
 Another arrow weil he mark'd,
 It persit his neck in twa ;
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He law as eard did fa'.

* Seldom. † Know. ‡ Try the fight. § Unlucky.

"Sair bleids my leige! Sair, sair he bleids!"

Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;

Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled * at;

Lament now, Quene Elgreid;
Hie dames to wail zour darling's fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe," †
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
His steily harnes shynd.)

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And feird at Britain's throne?
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I sune sall mak him wail
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart could na byde,
It lent him zouthfu micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's King I hecht ‡
To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the first strake eir he strak
He garrd his body bleid.

* Aimed.

† Military vest.

‡ Promised.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawk's staird wyld,
 He sicht with shame and spyte :
 " Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
 That left thee power to stryke."
 Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As law as he to ladies usit,
 In courtly gyse to lout. *

Full sune he rais'd his bent body ;
 His bow he marvell'd sair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
 As touch of Fairly fair.
 Norse ferliet † too as sair as he,
 To see his stately luke ;
 Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance :
 He spur'd his steid throw thickest ranks
 The hardy zouth to quell,
 Quha stude unmuvit at his approach,
 His furie to repell.

" That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trim'd,
 Lukis lyke poor Scotland's geir ;
 But driedfull seims the rusty poynt !"
 And loud he leuch in jeir. ‡
 " Aft Britons' blude has dim'd its shyne,
 This poynt cut short their vaunt ;"
 Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik,
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

* To bow.

† Wondered.

‡ Derision.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;
 His stirrip was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knie,
 Sure taken he was fey.*
 Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
 Richt far was hard the thud,
 But Thomas luikt not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,
 On raid he north the plain,
 His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen winner ay the same.
 Nor zit his heart dames' dimpelit cheik
 Coud meise† saft luvè to bruik;
 Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to aryse again:
 Neir to return to native land;
 Nae mair with blythsom sounds
 To boist the glories of the day,
 And schaw their shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke owre the schiples seis.
 Befoir hir mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyis in the clay;
 The valziant Scots nae revers thole‡
 To carry lyfe away.

* Under a fatality. † Soften. ‡ Suffer.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce, that summer's day,
 Fill'd kene waris black intent.
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dried;
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
 Wan * neir his stately towir:
 His towir that us'd with torches bleise
 To shyne sae far at nicht,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid;
 Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

“Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
 Thair's nae licht in my hall;
 Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!”
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 “Stand back, my sons, I'll be zour gyde;”
 But by they past with speid.

“As fast I haif sped owre Scotland's faes”—
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir,
 He wist not zit with dreid:
 Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

* Arrived.

GUDE WALLACE.



[This poem is founded on an incident related in the fifth book of Henry's metrical *Life of Wallace*. The narrative differs considerably from that in Henry, but not more than what might be looked for in a relation disjoined from its original source.]

“ O FOR my ain King,” quo’ gude Wallace;
 “ The rightfu’ King of fair Scotland !
 Between me and my sovereign blude
 I think I see some ill seed sawn.”

Wallace out over yon river he lap,
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain ;
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,
 As she was at the well washing.

“ What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,” he says,
 “ What tydins hast thou to tell unto me ?
 What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,” he says,
 “ What tydins hae ye in the south countrie ?”

“ Low down in yon wee ostler house, †
 There is fifteen Englishmen,
 And they are seekin for gude Wallace,
 It's him to take, and him to hang.”

“ There's nought in my purse,” quo' gude Wallace,
 “ There's nought, not even a bare pennie ;
 But I will down to yon wee ostler house,
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.”

And when he came to yon wee ostler house,
 He bade *benedicite* be there ;

“ Where was ye born, auld crookit carl,
 Where was ye born, in what countrie ?”
 “ I am a true Scot born and bred,
 And an auld crookit carl, just sic as ye see.”

“ I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
 To onie crookit carl, just sic as ye,
 If ye will get me gude Wallace,
 For he is the man I wad very fain see.”

He hit the proud captain along the chaff's blade,
 That never a bit o' meal he ate mair ;
 And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
 And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

“ Get up, get up, gudewife,” he says,
 “ And get to me some dinner in haste,
 For it will soon be three lang days
 Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste.”

† Small inn.

The dinner was na weel readie,
 Nor was it on the table set,
 Till other fifteen Englishmen
 Were a' lighted about the yett.

"Come out, come out, now gude Wallace,
 This is the day that thou maun die."
 "I lippen na sae little to God," he says,
 "Altho' I be but ill wordie." *

The gude wife had an auld gudeman,
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stude;
 Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen
 Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,
 And he hang'd thae five upon a grain; †
 And on the morn, wi' his merry men a',
 He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

* Worthy.

† The branch of a tree.

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.



[To avenge the ravages committed in Lothian and Berwickshire by the English army under Richard II. in 1385, and taking advantage of the distracted state of Richard's kingdom, Robert II. assembled a Parliament at Aberdeen in 1388, in which it was resolved, and immediately carried into execution, to invade England at two points. His sons, the Earls of Fife and Strathearn, commanded one army that entered the western borders, which they laid waste, and returned unmolested with a considerable booty. The other, under the orders of the Earls of Douglas and March ravaged Northumberland and part of Durham. The renowned Hotspur, his brother Sir Ralph, and almost all the gentlemen of the adjacent counties, retired to Newcastle, to which Douglas advanced with about three thousand men. In a skirmish before the walls, and in sight of both armies, he personally encountered Hotspur, unhorsed him at the first shock, and would have taken him prisoner, had he not been rescued by the garrison; the Earl, however, brought off his antagonist's lance and pennon, which he waved around his head, calling out that he would carry it as a trophy into Scotland, to which he began his march the

same night. The fiery and impetuous temper of Percy could neither brook this taunt nor the loss of his standard, therefore hastily collecting a considerable army (ten thousand men according to our Scottish historians), he pursued the Scots, and overtook them at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle, where they were advantageously posted. Though the day was almost spent, and his troops fatigued with a long march, Percy immediately attacked the Scots, and by the fury of his first onset threw them into confusion; but they were quickly rallied by Douglas, who, armed with an iron mace, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, followed only by his chaplain and two squires. After performing prodigies of valour, the brave hero, overpowered by numbers, received three mortal wounds, and was fainting with loss of blood when his friends penetrated to the spot where he lay, with his two squires dead by his side, and his chaplain alone defending him with a lance. Feeling his end approaching, and afraid lest the report of his fall would dispirit his soldiers, the gallant chief said to those around him, "Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall! It is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night." With these words he expired. The fight was continued by both parties with the greatest obstinacy until morning, when the English gave way on all sides, and were totally routed with the loss of twelve hundred killed, the two Percies, above an hundred gentlemen and officers, and two thousand soldiers prisoners. Bravely and dearly purchased as their victory was, the conquerors would have lost all its advantages, had the Bishop of Durham, who was approaching with a large body of troops to the assistance of Percy, made an attack upon them in their

exhausted state, but learning the fate of Hotspur from the fugitives, he fell back upon Newcastle, leaving the Scots to return home at their leisure.—The place where the battle was fought is still called Battle Riggs.]

IT fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
“O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?”

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
“I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay.”

“If thou'r't the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die.”

He took a lang spear in his hand,
 Shod with the metal free,
 And for to meet the Douglas there,
 He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd
 Frae aff the castle wa',
 When down, before the Scottish spear,
 She saw proud Percy fa'.

" Had we twa been upon the green,
 And never an eye to see,
 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ; *
 But your sword sall gae wi' me."

" But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
 And wait there dayis three ;
 And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
 A fause knight ca' ye me."

" The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn ;
 'Tis pleasant there to be ;
 But there is nought at Otterbourne,
 To feed my men and me.

" The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;
 But there is neither bread nor kale,
 To fend my men and me.

" Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you shall welcome be,
 And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

“ Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
 “ By the might of our Lady !”—
 “ There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas,
 “ My trowth I plight to thee.”

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent sae brown ;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions * down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn—
 “ O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy’s hard at hand.

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
 Sae loud I hear ye lie :
 For Percy had not men yestreen,
 To dight † my men and me.

“ But I hae dream’d a dreary dream ;
 Beyond the Isle of Sky,
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his good braid sword,
 And to the field he ran ;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.

* Tents.

† Beat.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain!
 They swakked * their swords, till sair they swat,
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
 And said—" Run speedilie,
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery.—

" My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 " What recks the death of ane?
 Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain.

" My wound is deep ; I fain wou'd sleep ;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the braken bush, †
 That grows on yonder lilye lee.

" O bury me by the braken bush,
 Beneath the blooming briar ;
 Let never living mortal ken,
 That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
 Wi' the saut tear in his e'e !
 He hid him in the braken bush,
 That his merrie men might not see.

* Struck violently.

† Fern.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
 The spears in flinders flew,
 But mony a gallant Englishman
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
 They steep'd their hose and shoon;
 The Lindsays flew like fire about,
 Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
 That either of other were fain;
 They swapp'd swords, and they twa swat,
 And aye the blood ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
 "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
 "Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
 "Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
 But yield thee to the braken bush,
 That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
 Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
 Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
 And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day ;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush, †
And the Percy led captive away.

* * * * *

† The ballad is incorrect in this particular, for " three days after [the battle] the bodies of Douglas, and the other great commanders that fell, were carried to Melrose, and there, with military pomp, interred."—BUCHANAN'S *History of Scotland*, vol. i.

X THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

[The ballad relates very faithfully and circumstantially the cause and issue of this battle, fought in 1411, between Donald of the Isles and the Earl of Marr, nephew to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the captivity of James I.—In the “Complaynt of Scotland,” published in 1549, a ballad, with this title, is mentioned as being then popular, and, making allowance for a few alterations which more modern reciters would substitute, this may be the same with the one there alluded to. It was first published by Allan Ramsay, who, as they suited his own taste, was not over scrupulous either of retrenching stanzas, or substituting his own verses for the originals in the ancient poetry which he collected; some may, therefore, entertain doubts of its authenticity, but, if we may trust the internal evidence of the poem, it does not appear that there is any other foundation for these suspicions than the circumstance of Ramsay being its publisher.]

A bag-pipe tune to this ballad is cursorily noticed in the “Polemo-Middinia,” a mock-heroic poem, said to be written by the celebrated Dr Pitcairne.]

FRAE Dunideir as I cam through,
 Doun by the hill of Banochie,
 Allangst the lands of Garioch,
 Grit pitie was to heir and se,
 The noys and dulesum hermonie,
 That evir that driery day did daw,
 Cryand the corynoch on hie,
 “Alas, alas, for the Harlaw!”

I marvlit what the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy,*
 I wist nocht quha was fae or friend,
 Zit quietly I did me carrie;
 But sen the days of auld King Harrie,
 Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene;
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairry,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requesting him to mak me 'quaint
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he entreated me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.--

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he micht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answerit with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodword † back again.

But Donald, richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vovd to God Omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
 Or ells, he graithed in his graif, ‡
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

* Confusion.

† Reply.

‡ Grave.

Then haistylie he did command,
 That all his weir-men * should convene
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
 To meit, and heir quhat he did mein ;
 He waxit wrath, and vowit tein, †
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding boun,
 With money maid, with forss and wyls,
 Richt far and near, baith up and down ;
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Allangst the lands of Ross he roars,
 And all obeyed at his bandoun, ‡
 Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

Then all the cuntrie men did zield,
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battill in the field,
 Be forss of arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne they resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for thair behoif,
 They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing weil he did them lue.

Then he a proclamation maid,
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray land to mak a raid, §
 Frae Arthursyre unto Speyness ;
 And, furthermair, he sent express
 To schaw his collours and ensenzie,
 To all and sindry, mair and less,
 Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

* Warriors.

† Command.

‡ Revenge.

§ Inroad.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
 That race they should full sairly rew;
 Then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by forss and slicht,
 And promist them rewardis anew,
 And mak them men of meikle micht.

Without resistans, as he said,
 Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But Garioch was all agast;
 Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
 For sic a sicht was never sene,
 And then, forsuith, he langd at last,
 To see the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this prowld enterprise,
 The stout and mighty Erle of Mar,
 With all his men in arms did ryse,
 Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
 And down the syde of Don richt far,
 Angus and Mearns did all convene
 To fecht, or Donald came sae nar
 The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of Mar,
 Marcht with his men in richt array,
 Befoir the enemie was aware,
 His banner bauldly did display;
 For weil enewch they kend the way,
 And all their semblance weil they saw,
 Without all dangir or delay,
 Came haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
 Of Angus sheriff-principall;
 The Constabill of gude Dundee,
 The vanguard led before them all;
 Suppose in number they war small,
 Thay first richt bauldlie did pursew,
 And maid thair faes befor them fall,
 Quha then that race did sairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
 The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,
 The stalwart Laird of Lawriestone,
 With ilk thair forces all and sum;
 Panmuir with all his men did cum;
 The Provost of braif Aberdene,
 With trumpets, and with tuick of drum,
 Came shortly in their armour schene.

These with the Erle of Mar came on,
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Thair enemies to set upon
 In awful manner hardily;
 Together vowit to live and die,
 Since they had marchit mony myles,
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of douted Donald of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie alang did ride,
 With Malcomtosch, and fell Maclean,
 With all thair power at thair syde;
 Presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
 Without all feir or ony aw,
 Richt bauldlie battill did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums alloud did tuik,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the feild sould bruik;
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,*
 Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk,†
 Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutsum victorië they dealt,
 The bludy battill lastit lang;
 Each man his nibours forss thair felt,
 The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;
 Thair was nae mowis‡ thair them amang,
 Naething was hard but heavy knocks,
 That Echo maid a dulefull sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
 For they war all out of array;
 The Erle of Maris men throw them brak,
 Pursewing shairply in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dynt of forss to gar them yield;
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sae for feirdness tint§ the field.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hich for all his micht;
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out of sicht:
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
 Thoch mony men with him he brocht;
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was deirlic bocht.—

* Stoop to evade a blow.

† Jestis.

‡ Body.

§ Lost.

This is (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did heir and knaw ;
 Thoch my discourse be sumthing schort,
 Tak this to be a richt suthe saw. *
 Contrairie God and the King's law
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 Into the battill of Harlaw ;
 This is the sum, sae I conclude.

But zit a bonny quhyle abide,
 And I sall mak thee clearly ken,
 Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men ;
 Quha for thair awin † haif evir bene :
 These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
 Chessit lyke deirs into thair dens,
 And gat thair wages for rewaird.

Malcomtosch of the clan heid cheif,
 Maclean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief,
 War dulefully dung to the deid ;
 And now we are freid of thair feid, ‡
 And will not lang to come again ;
 Thousands with them without remeid,
 On Donald syd, that day war slain.

And on the uther syde war lost,
 Into the feild that dismal day,
 Cheif men of worth (of mekle cost)
 To be lamentit sair for ay ;
 The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of nicht and mekle main,
 Grit dolour was for his decay,
 That sae unhappyie was slain.

* True story.

† Own.

‡ Feud.

Of the best men amang them was
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
 The Sheriff-principal of Angus,
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie ;
 He had few fallows in the feild,
 Zit fell by fatal destinie,
 For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knight,
 Grit Constabill of fair Dundee,
 Unto the dulefull deith was dicht ; *
 The Kingis cheif banner-man was he,
 A valiant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predecessors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,
 'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
 The much renownit Laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was bettir sene,
 Quhen they war semblit all and sum ; †
 To praise him we sould not be dumm,
 For valour, witt, and worthyness,
 To end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidyles.

And thair the knight of Lawriston,
 Was slain into his armour schene ;
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
 Quha Provost was of Aberdene ;
 The knight of Panmure as was sene,
 A mortal man in armour bricht ;
 Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
 Left to the world thair last gude nicht.

* Made to suffer.

† Assembled together.

Thair was not sin King Keneth's days,
 Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
 In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
 Quhair mony liklie * lost thair lyfe;
 Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children fatherless,
 Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
 Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress!—

In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four-and-twenty dismall day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
 Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say;
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the verite they know;
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim † battil of the Harlaw.

* Handsome men.

† Fierce.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.



[The almost continual wars between England and Scotland, formed a race of warriors on the frontiers of the two kingdoms, whose marauding incursions and robberies were not considered by the Courts as connected with their political quarrels.—Although both the Scottish and English borderers were equally rapacious, the former were more enterprising and daring than the latter, which may be in a great measure accounted for from the barrenness of the district that they inhabited, which held out little encouragement to industry, while the plains of England, and even those of their own country, offered a tempting prey to their depredations. Having little to lose, they were prodigal of life, and with a stupid blindness to future consequences, embarked in enterprises the most hazardous; inured, therefore, to scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and accustomed to depend on their swords for existence, they paid no regard to the property of individuals; their ideas of justice were suited to their mode of life, considering every thing which they could seize fair booty, and defending it as such at the risk of their lives;—their habitual robberies rendered them so cautious and circumspect, as well in their attacks as in their retreats, that they seldom happened to be discovered, or lost their prey; and so ready were they at all times for battle, that, at the blaze of their beacon

fires, ten thousand horsemen could be assembled in a single day. At a distance from the Court, they seldom interfered in its intrigues, and despised its enmities,—but when called on by their sovereign to join the national standard, they cheerfully obeyed the summons; and on every occasion where their services were required, proved their superiority to the hastily-raised levies from the other parts of the kingdom. They were formed into numerous clans or families, which ranged themselves under the protecting banners of their more powerful chiefs, whose fortunes they followed with the greatest fidelity; for, notwithstanding their roving life, they were warm and devout in their attachments, and entered into a quarrel for their relations and friends, or revenged an injury done them, merely because they were their kinsmen.

Such was their general character, the effects of lawless and unrestrained passions, and of the feeble government of a country which had to contend with nobles, ready indeed to repel foreign invasion, but ambitious, turbulent, and unruly. Although different Scottish monarchs had attempted to break the bands which linked many of the nobles to each other, yet none of them had greater cause to lower their power than James V. During his nonage the state was torn by their dissensions, but no sooner did he effect his escape from the vassalage under which he was held by the Earl of Angus and his brother George Douglas, than he set about the reformation of abuses in his kingdom with a spirit that manifested his determination of eradicating them. After banishing the Douglasses, James turned his attention to the administering of justice on the borders, and aware that the enormities committed by the clans could not be suppressed

unless their chiefs were secured, in 1529 he either forfeited or committed to ward almost all of them; and to carry his plans of reform still farther into effect, the same year he raised an army of twelve thousand men, mostly cavalry, "to danton the thieves of Teviotdale, Anandale, and Liddisdale, and other parts of that country," with which he marched rapidly through Ettrick Forest and Ewsdale. When engaged in this expedition, Johnie Armstrang, the hero of this ballad, presented himself to the king, with thirty-six men in his retinue, in expectation of pardon.

"He was the most redoubted chieftain," says Pitscottie, "that had been, for a long time, on the borders, either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottish-man. But it is said, that from the borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foresaid number richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of his free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants that knave, that a king should have?' But John Armstrong made great offers to the king, that he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish-man. Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length, he seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless

face: But (said he) had I known this, I should have lived on the borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold, to know that I were condemned to die this day.”—LINDSAY’S *Hist. of Scotland*.

John and his men were hanged on growing trees at Carlenrig, above Hawick. “The particular spot upon which these trees grew is yet well known to some of our old people, who scruple not to tell us, that, as a token of the king’s injustice in this affair, the trees from that day withered away. It is said that one of John’s attendants by the strength and swiftness of his horse, forced his way through the many thousands that surrounded them, and carried the news of the unhappy fate of his master and companions to Gilnockie Castle, which then stood upon a rock, encompassed by the water of Esk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles below the Longholm.”—*Hawick Museum*, 1784.]

SUM speikis of lordis, sum speikis of lairds,
And sic lyke men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sum tyme called Laird of Gilnockie.

The king he wrytes a luvyng letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant cumpanie;—
“We’ll ride and meit our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

“ Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plentie;
 We'll welcome here our royal king;
 I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!”

They ran their horse on the Langhorne howm,
 And brak their speirs wi' mickle main;
 The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
 “ God bring our men weel back agen!”

When Johnie cam before the king,
 Wi' a' his men sae brave to see;
 The king he movit his bonnet to him;
 He ween'd he was a king as well as he.

“ May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me?
 For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of your's, my liege,” said he.

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang!
 Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
 I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
 And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
 Full four and twenty milk-white steids,
 Were a' foaled in ae yeir to me.

“ I'll gie thee a' these milk-white steids,
 That prance and nicker * at a speir;
 And as mickle gude English gilt, †
 As four of their braid backs dow ‡ bear.”

* Neigh.

† Gold.

‡ Able to.

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
 Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee !”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
 And a bonny gift I’ll gie to thee—
 Gude four and twenty ganging * mills,
 That gang thro’ a’ the yeir to me.

“ These four and twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee thro’ a’ the yeir ;
 And as mickle of gude reid wheit,
 As a’ their happers dow to bear.”

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
 Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king.
 And a great gift I’ll gie to thee—
 Bauld four and twenty sisters’ sons,
 Sall for thee fecht, tho’ a’ should flee !”

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
 Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
 And a brave gift I’ll gie to thee—
 All between heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay their yeirly rent to thee.”

* Going.

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
 Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Ye lied, ye lied, now king,” he says,
 “ Altho’ a king and prince ye be !
 For I’ve luv’d naething in my life,
 I weel dare say it, but honesty—

“ Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
 Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir ;
 But England suld have found me meal and mault,
 Gif I had lived this hundred yeir !

“ Sche suld have found me meal and mault,
 And beif and mutton in a’ plentie ;
 But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,
 That e’er I skaithed her a pure flee.

“ To seek het water beneith cauld ice,
 Surely it is a greit folie—
 I have asked grace at a graceless face,
 But there is nane for my men and me !

“ But, had I kenn’d ere I came frae hame,
 How thou unkind wadst been to me !
 I wad have keepit the border side,
 In spite of all thy force and thee.

“ Wist England’s king that I was ta’en,
 O gin a blythe man he wad be !
 For anes I slew his sister’s son,
 And on his brcist-bane brake a trie.”

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Imbroidered ower wi' burning gold,
 Bespangled wi' the same metal;
 Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats* at Johnie's hat,
 And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
 "What wants that knave that a king suld have,
 But the sword of honour and the crown?"

"O whair got thou these targats, Johnie,
 That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?"
 "I gat them in the field fechtin',
 Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

"Had I my horse, and harness gude,
 And riding as I wont to be,
 It suld have been tald this hundred yeir,
 The meeting of my king and me!

"God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother!
 Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
 Lang may'st thou live on the border syde,
 Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

"And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
 Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
 But and thou live this hundred yeir,
 Thy father's better thou'lt nevir be.

"Farewell! my bonny Gilnock-hall,
 Where on Eske side thou standest stout!
 Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
 I wad hae gilt thee round about."

* Tassels.

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
 And all his gallant companie;
 But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
 To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their country deir,
 Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld;
 Whyle Johnie lived on the border syde,
 Nane of them durst come neir his hauld.

THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE.



[For some time after Queen Mary's arrival in Scotland, she was guided by the counsel and advice of her natural brother, Lord James Stuart, whom she created Earl of Murray, and also bestowed on him the lands annexed to that earldom, which had been for some time in the possession of Gordon, Earl of Huntly, the most powerful nobleman in the north. Huntly bore enmity to Murray not more on account of the latter's attachment to the reformed faith, than as opposing the proposals for a marriage between his son John Gordon and the beautiful Mary; but on being deprived of part of his estates, which he attributed to Murray's advice, his malignity rose to a pitch that he could not conceal, and he resolved to compass the death of his illustrious enemy by every means in his power. On one or two occasions he had nearly effected his base purpose, but either the ill-arrangement of his plans, or the good fortune of Murray, rendered them abortive. Tired of these hidden means of revenge, he boldly threw off the mask of obedience to his sovereign, and resolved to risk his fortunes to attain his ends. The time which he chose for their accomplishment appeared to him very auspicious,—Mary was on a tour through the north, accompanied by Murray, Morton, Lindsay, and a small retinue; he knew that Mary hated Murray in her heart, looking on him rather as a curb to her actions, than

VOL. I. E

a support to her government, to rid her of him he supposed would be doing an acceptable service; and as he imagined that were the Queen once in his power, this act of treason would be pardoned for the favour he had done her, he therefore waged war with less remorse; besides, the country around was either awed by his power, or attached to him as vassals.

The Queen, with her attendants, returned to Aberdeen in the beginning of October, 1562, after taking the castle of Inverness from the rebels. Huntly, with a considerable body of men, posted himself at a place called the Fair Bank, or Corichie, near Aberdeen, where he determined to abide the issue of a battle. The Earl of Murray had not above an hundred horse in whom he could confide, and was obliged therefore to summon the Forbeses and Leslies to his assistance, who, although they favoured Huntly's designs, yet their duty to their sovereign would not suffer them to betray her. They accordingly took the field, and, decorating their bonnets with heath, with apparent cheerfulness marched to attack the enemy, but on approaching him they were suddenly seized with a panic, and fled without striking a blow. Murray had drawn up his small band of adherents on a rising ground which overlooked the field of battle, and was astonished to see the Forbeses flying in confusion towards the spot where he was stationed, which he attributed to treachery rather than to fear; there was no time for delay or hesitation, he therefore ordered his men to charge with their spears their flying friends and pursuing foes, who had thrown away their lances to enable them to follow. Huntly meeting with so unexpected a resistance, and unable to penetrate the firm phalanx of spears opposed to him, was soon forced to retreat, which his first assailants perceiv-

ing, turned upon and put him completely to the rout. One hundred and twenty of his men were killed, and himself, his two sons, John and Adam, with an hundred men, taken prisoners. Of Murray's troops none were killed. Huntly being an old and extremely corpulent man, died soon after he was taken, either from fatigue or grief; the others were carried in triumph to Aberdeen, where John Gordon was beheaded, three days after the battle; his brother Adam was pardoned on account of his youth. The ballad is in the Aberdeenshire dialect, and said to be written by one Forhes, a schoolmaster at Mary-Culter on Dee side, who has paid no regard to historical truth in its composition.]

MURN ye Heighlands, and murn ye Leighlands,
 I trow ye hae meikle need;
 For the bonny burn of Corichie
 His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopeful Laird of Finliter,
 Erle Huntly's gallant son,
 For the love he bare our beauteous Quine,*
 His gart fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
 Throu dreid o' the fause Murry;
 And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
 An' his father, auld Huntly.

Fain wad he tak our bonny guide Quine,
 An' beare her awa wi' him;
 But Murry's slee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
 An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

* Queen,

Murry gart rayse thi tardy Merns-men,
 An' Angis, an' mony ane mair,
 Erle Morton, and the Byres Lord Lindsay,
 An' campit at the hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntly came wi' Haddo Gordone,
 An' countit ane thusan men;
 But Murry had abien* twal hunder,
 Wi' sax-score horsemen and ten.

They soundit the bougills and thi trumpits,
 And marchit on in brave array,
 Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
 An' then did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,
 Withouten terror or dreid,
 That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin',
 An' dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
 An' they pursuit at his backe;
 Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
 An' turnit wi' Murry in a crack.

Wi' hether i'thir bonnits they turnit,
 The traitor Haddo o their heid;
 And flaid† their breithers an' their fatheris,
 An' spoilit, an' left them for deid.

Then Murry cried, to tak thi aulde Gordone,
 An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
 But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
 An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's‡ bleid.

* Above.

† Affrighted.

‡ Lordling's.

Than they tuke his twa sons quick and hale,
 An' bare them awa to Aberdene;
 But sair did our guide Quine lament,
 Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost a gallant stout man,
 Thi hopefu' Laird o' Thornitune;
 Pitterra's sons, an' Egli's far-fearit laird,
 An' mair to me unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist ten-score o' his bra' men,
 Sum o' heigh, an' sum o' leigh degree;
 Skeenis youngest son, thi pride o' a' the clan,
 Was ther fun * deid, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
 Octobris aught an' twinty day;
 Crystis fyfteen hundred thriscore yeir
 An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
 That day the Quine did grite † her fill,
 For Huntly's gallant stalwart son
 Wis heidit on the Heidin Hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
 Upon this samen fatal playne;
 Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' Quine luke out,
 And see hir lover an' liges ‡ slayne.

I wis our Quine had better frinds;
 I wis our countrie better peice;
 I wis our lords wid na discord;
 I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

* Found.

† Weep.

‡ Subjects.

EDOM O' GORDON.



[This ballad was first published in 1755, by Lord Hailes, who obtained it from the recitation of a lady. The story on which it is founded is as follows :—Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindowne, brother to the Earl of Huntly, was an active partisan for Queen Mary, under the shadow of whose authority, Bishop Spotswood says, he “ committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbeses.” In 1571, he “ sent one Captain Ker, with a party of foot, to summon the castle of Towie (or Tavoy as Spotswood calls it) in the Queen’s name. The owner, Alexander Forbes, was not at home, and his lady, confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language ; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman, with her whole family, amounting to thirty-seven persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt.”—CRAWFURD’S *Memoirs*, Edin. 1753, p. 213.—“ It evidently appears,” says Ritson, “ that the writer of this ballad, either through ignorance or design, has made use of Gordon’s name instead of Ker’s ; and there is some reason to think the transposition intentional.”—*Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. p. 18.]

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
 " We maun draw to a hauld.

" And what an a hauld sall we draw to,
 My merry men and me?
 We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
 To see that fair ladie."

She had nae sooner busket hersel,
 Nor putten on her gown,
 Till Edom o' Gordon, and his men,
 Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner sittén down,
 Nor sooner said the grace,
 Till Edom o' Gordon, and his men,
 Were closed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
 As fast as she could drie,*
 To see if, by her fair speeches,
 She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair,
 And hir yates all locked fast,
 He fell into a rage of wrath,
 And his heart was aghast.

* Was able.

“ Cum down to me, ze lady fair,
 Cum down to me, let's see,
 This night ze's ly by my ain side,
 The morn my bride sall be.”

“ I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,
 I winnae cum down to thee,
 I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
 That is sae far frae me.”

“ Gi up your house, ze fair ladye,
 Gi up your house to me,
 Or I will burn zoursell therein,
 Bot, and zour babies three.”

“ I winnae gie up, zou fals Gordon,
 To nae sik traitor as thee,
 Tho' zou should burn mysel therein,
 Bot, and my babies three.”

“ Set fire to the house,” quoth fals Gordon,
 “ Sin better may nae be ;
 And I will burn hersel therein,
 Bot, and her babies three.”

“ And ein wae worth ze, Jock, my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee,
 Why pow * ze out my ground wa' stane,
 Lets in the reek † to me ?

“ And ein wae worth ze, Jock, my man,
 For I paid zou weil zour hire ;
 Why pow ze out my ground wa' stane,
 To me lets in the fire ?”

* Pull.

† Smoke.

“ Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
 Ye paid me weil my fee;
 But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
 Maun either do or die.”

O then bespake her zoungeest son,
 Sat on the nurse's knee,
 “ Dear mother, gie owre zour house,” he says,
 “ For the reek it worries me.”

“ I winnae gie up my house, my dear,
 To nae sik traitor as he;
 Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,
 Ye maun tak share wi' me.”

O then bespake her dochter dear,
 She was baith jimp and sma';
 “ O row * me in a pair o' shiets,
 And tow me owre the wa'.”

They rowd her in a pair o' shiets,
 And towd her owre the wa';
 But on the point of Edom's speir,
 She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,
 And chirry were hir cheiks,
 And cleer, cleer was hir zellow hair,
 Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his speir he turnd hir owre,
 O gin † hir face was wan!
 He said, “ Zou are the first that e'er
 I wist alive again.”

* Roll.

† But.

He turned hir owr and owr again ;
 O gin hir skin was whyte !
 He said, " I might ha' spard thy life,
 To been some man's delyte."

" Busk and boon * my merry men all,
 For ill dooms I do guess ;
 I cannae luik in that bonny face,
 As it lyes on the grass."

" Them luiks to freits, † my master deir,
 Then freits will follow them ;
 Let it neir be said, brave Edom o' Gordon
 Was daunted with a dame."

O then he spied her ain dear lord,
 As he came owr the lee ;
 He saw his castle in a fire,
 As far as he could see.

" Put on, put on, my mighty men,
 As fast as ze can drie ;
 For he that's hindmost of my men,
 Sall neir get guid o' me."

And some they raid, and some they ran,
 Fu' fast out owr the plain ;
 But lang, lang ere he coud get up,
 They were a' deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men
 Lay gasping on the grien ;
 For, o' fifty men that Edom brought out,
 There were but five ged ‡ hame.

* Make ready. † Superstitious fears. ‡ Went.

And mony were the mudie men
 Lay gasping on the grien ;
 And mony were the faire ladys
 Lay lemanless at hame.

And round, and round the waa's he went,
 Their ashes for to view ;
 At last into the flames he flew,
 And bade the world adieu.

THE BATTLE OF REIDSWIRE.



[The wardens on the borders held occasional meetings for hearing causes of complaint, and redressing wrongs. At one of these meetings, held on the 7th July, 1575, at the hill of Reidswire, about fifteen miles south-east from Hawick, Sir John Carmichael, the Scottish, and Sir John Forster the English warden, were employed in the usual business of the day, in the process of which, one Farnstein, an English freebooter, was convicted of theft, and demanded by Carmichael to be delivered up until he should make satisfaction for the goods stolen: the English warden excused his appearance, by alleging he had fled from justice, which appearing to Carmichael a connivance at the offence, he expostulated with Forster at the unfairness of his proceedings, who, provoked at this imputation on his honour, could not conceal his resentment from those around him. His attendants eagerly sought any pretence for a quarrel, and discharged a flight of arrows, that killed one and wounded several of the Scots, who, by this unexpected attack, were driven from the field, but being reinforced by a party of Jedburgh citizens coming to attend the meeting, they turned upon their enemies and entirely defeated them. The English warden, his son-in-law Francis Russell, son to the Earl

of Bedford, and several border chiefs, were taken prisoners. They were carried to the Regent, the Earl of Morton, at Dalkeith, who treated them with great humanity, detained them a few days, that their resentment might cool, and then dismissed them with expressions of regard.]

THE seventh of July, the suith to say,
 At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
 Our wardens they affixed the day,
 And, as they promised, sae they met.
 Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget!
 Was sure sae feard, and then sae faine—
 They came there justice for to get,
 That ne'er will grein * to come again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
 He caused the country to convene;
 And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
 Brought in that sirname weil beseen: †
 The Armstrangs that aye hae been
 A hardie house, but not a hail;
 The Elliot's honnors to maintain,
 Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

Then Tividale came to wi' speid;
 The sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
 Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, gude at need,
 Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
 Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
 Wi' a' the Trumbills, strang and stout;
 The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
 Convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.

* Long.

† Appointed.

Of other clans I cannot tell,
 Because our warning was not wide.
 By this our folks hae ta'en the fell,
 And planted down pallions there to bide.
 We looked down the other side,
 And saw come breasting ower the brae,
 Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
 Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair, that day, I trow,
 Wi' Sir George Hinrome of Schipsydehouse;
 Because we were not men enow,
 They counted us not worth a louse.
 Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
 But he was hail and het as fire;
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,*
 He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
 For either must ye fight or flee,
 Or else no answer make again,
 But play the beast, and let them be.
 It was na wonder he was hie,
 Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand,
 Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill on the lee,
 And Hebsrime and Northumberland.

Yett was our meeting meek enough,
 Begun wi' merriement and mowes,†
 And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
 The clark sat down to ca' the rowes.‡
 And some for kye, and some for ewes,
 Called in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
 We saw, come marching ower the knows,
 Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.

* Talking big.

† Jestings.

‡ Rolls.

With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
 And warlike weapons at their will:
 Although we were na weel content,
 Yet, by my trouth, we feard no ill.
 Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
 And some to cairds and dice them sped;
 Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
 And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
 And cloke no cause for ill nor gude;
 The other, answering him as vainlie,
 Began to reckon kin and blude:
 He raise, and raxed * him where he stude,
 And bade him match him with his marrows;
 Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,
 And they loot aff a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
 And every man pulled out a brand;
 "A Schaftan and a Fenwick" † thare:
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.

* Stretched:

† At the first onset, it was usual with the borderers to call out the name of their leader, that they might distinguish friends from foes, and also during the engagement his name served as a rallying word to spirit them on to fresh exertions; thus, at the battle of Otterbourne, after Douglas fell, his friends shouted *a Douglas! a Douglas!* and the soldiers rushed to the charge. The custom is alluded to in the following passage, the author of which accompanied Somerset's army in its invasion of Scotland in 1547:—

"Yet our northern prikkers, the borderers, with great enormite, (as thought me) and not unlyke (to be playn) unto a masterless hounde howling in a bie wey, when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum hoopying, sum whistelying, and most

The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—

What should they cry? the king's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,*
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number?

Fyve thousand men into a host.

Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischiefed him,

And there we had our warden loſt,
Wert not the grit God he reliev'd him.

Another throw the brieks him bair,

Whill flatlins to the ground he fell:

Than thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomach it struck a knell!

Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell,
And laid about him dunts full dour;

His horsemen they fought stout and snell,
And stude about him in the stour.

Then raise the slogan † with ane shout—

“Fy Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh's here!”

I trow he was not half sae stout,

But anes his stomach was asteir.

with crying a *Berwyke!* a *Berwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Bulmer!* a *Bulmer!* or so ootherwise as theyr captein's names wear, never linde those troublous and dangerous noyses all the night long. They sayd they did it to fynd out their captein and fellowes; but if the soldiours of our oother countries and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oftymes had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntynge, than the quiet of a wel ordered army.”—PATIEN'S *Account of Somerset's Expedition*, p. 76.

* Strife. † Watch-word.—See Note in preceding page.

With gun and genzie, bow and speir,
Men might see monie a cracked crown!
But up among the merchant geir,
They were as busie as we were down.

The swallow-taill frae tackles flew,
Five hundreth flain * into a flight;
But we had pestelets enow,
And shot amang them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Frae time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the know, without goodnight,
They ran, with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had shaw'd their backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again;
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thlies;
And so they fled, wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
A souldier shot him with a bow:
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the laird of Mow.

* Arrows.

The Laird's Wat did weel, indeed ;
 His friends stood stoutlie by himsel' ;
 With little Gladstain, gude in need,
 For Gretein kend na gude be ill.

The sheriffe wanted not gude-will,
 Howbeit he might not fight so fast ;
 Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
 Thir three they laid weil on at last,
 As did the horsemen of the guard.
 If I could put men to availe,
 Nane stoutlier stood out for their laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddesdail.

But little harness had we there ;
 But auld Badreule had on a jack,
 And did right weel, I you declare,
 With all his Trumbills at his back.
 Gude Ederstane was not to lack,
 Nor Kirktown, Newtoun, noble men !—
 Thirs all the specials I have spak,
 By * others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
 We need not fear to find him soon ;
 For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
 Made us that noisome afternoon.
 Not that I speak preceislíe out,
 That he supposed it would be perril ;
 But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
 Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.

* Besides.

DICK O' THE COW.



[The facts on which this and the two following ballads are founded, took place between 1590 and 1599, when Thomas, Lord Scroop, was warden of the west marches, and governor of Carlisle. From the minuteness of detail, it may be inferred, that the ballads are coeval with the exploits which they record, and fully exemplify the state of border manners at that period.

According to tradition, Dick o' the Cow had little cause to rejoice at his success, for notwithstanding his precaution of removing to Burgh, the Armstrongs found out his retreat, carried him off, and put him to death in a most cruel manner.]

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,
 There was nae riding there at a';
 The horses are grown sae lither fat,
 They downa stur out o' the sta'.

Fair Johnie Armstrang to Willie did say—
 "Billie, a riding we will gae;
 England and us have been lang at feid;
 Ablins we'll light on some bootie."

Then they are come on to Hutton Ha';
 They rade that proper place about;
 But the laird he was the wiser man,
 For he had left nae gear without.

For he had left nae gear to steal;
 Except sax sheep upon a lee:
 Quo' Johnie, "I'd rather in England die,
 Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me."

"But how ca' they the man we last met,
 Billie, as we cam owre the know?"
 "That same he is an innocent fule,
 And men they call him Dick o' the Cow."

"That fule has three as good ky o' his ain,
 As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he.
 "Betide me life, betide me death,
 These ky shall go to Liddesdale wi' me."

Then they have come to the pure fule's house;
 And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;
 They have loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three ky,
 And ta'en three co'erlets aff his wife's bed.

Then on the morn when the day was light,
 The shouts and cries raise loud and hie:
 "O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
 "And o' thy crying let me be!"

"O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
 "And o' thy crying let me be;
 And ay where thou hast lost ae cow,
 In gude sooth I shall bring thee three."

Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord Scroop,
And I wat a drierie fule was he ;

" Now haud thy tougue, my fule," he says,
" For I may not stand to jest wi' thee."

" Shame fa' your jesting, my lord," quo' Dickie,

" For nae sic jesting 'grees wi' me ;
Liddesdale's been in my house last night,
And they hae away my three ky frae me.

" But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your puir fule and your leal,
Unless you gi' me leave, my lord,
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."

" I gie thee leave, my fule !" he says ;
" Thou speakest against my honour and me ;
Unless thou gie me thy trowth and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but whae sta' frae thee."

" There is my trowth, and my right hand !
My head shall hang on Hairibee ; *
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but whae sta' frae me."

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master ;
I wat a merry fule was he !
He's bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,
And pack'd them up in his breck thie.

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house, †
E'en as fast as he might drie ;
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

* The place of execution at Carlisle.

† A house belonging to the Armstrangs.

“ O what’s this come o’ me now ?” quo’ Dickie ;
 “ What mickle wae is this ?” quo’ he ;
 “ For here is but ae innocent fule,
 And there are thirty Armstrangs and three !”

Yet he’s come up to the fair ha’ board,
 Sae weil he’s become his courtesie !
 “ Weil may ye be, my gude Laird’s Jock ! *
 But the deil bless a’ your cumpanie.

“ I’m come to ’plain o’ your man, fair Johnie Armstrang,
 And syne o’ his billie Willie,” quo’ he ;
 “ How they’ve been in my house last night,
 And they hae ta’en my three ky frae me.”

Quo’ fair Johnie Armstrang, “ We will him hang.”
 “ Na,” quo’ Willie, “ we’ll him slae.”
 Then up and bespak anither young man,
 “ We’ll gie him his batts † and let him gae.”

But up and spak the gude Laird’s Jock,
 The best falla in a’ the cumpanie ;
 “ Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,
 And a piece o’ thy ain cow’s hough I’ll gie ye.”

But Dickie’s heart it grew sae grit,
 That ne’er a bit o’t he dought to eat.—
 Then wæs he aware of an auld peat house,
 Where a’ the night he thought for to sleep.

Then Dickie was aware of an auld peat house,
 Where a’ the night he thought for to lye—
 And a’ the prayers the pure fule prayed,
 Were, “ I wish I had amends for my gude three ky !”

* *i. e.* The laird’s son Jock.

† Beating.

It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
 And the house of Mangerton, all hail,
 Them that cam na at the first ca',
 Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads that hungry and weary were,
 Abune the door-head they threw the key;
 Dickie he took gude notice o' that,
 Says—"There's a bootie yonder for me."

Then Dickie has into the stable gane,
 Where there stood thirty horses and three;
 He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,*
 A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,
 A' these horses but barely three;
 He's loupen on ane, ta'en another in hand,
 And away as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew light,
 The shouts and cries raise loud and hie—
 "Ah! whae has done this?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
 "Tell me the truth and the verity!

"Whae has done this deed?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
 "See that to me ye dinna lie!"
 "Dickie has been in the stable last night,
 And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me."

"Ye wad ne'er be tald," quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
 "Have ye not found my tales fu' leil?
 Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,
 Till crooked, and blind, and a' would steal."

* Hamstringed the horses.

“ But lend me thy bay,” fair Johnie can say ;
 “ There’s nae horse loose in the stable save he ;
 And I’ll either fetch Dick o’ the Cow again,
 Or the day is come that he shall die.”

“ To lend thee my bay !” the Laird’s Jock can say,
 “ He’s baith worth gowd and gude monie ;
 Dick o’ the Cow has awa twa horse ;
 I wish na thou may make him three.”

He has ta’en the laird’s jack on his back,
 A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie ;
 He has ta’en a steil cap on his head,
 And galloped on to follow Dickie.

Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
 I wat a mile but barely three,
 When he was o’erta’en by fair Johnie Armstrang,
 Hand for hand, on Cannobie Lee.

“ Abide, abide, thou traitour thief !
 The day is come that thou maun die.”
 Then Dickie look’t owre his left shoulder,
 Said—“ Johnie, hast thou nae mae in cumpanie ?

“ There is a preacher in our chapell,
 And a’ the live lang day teaches he ;
 When day is gane, and night is come,
 There’s ne’er ae word I mark but three.

“ The first and second is—Faith and Conscience ;
 The third—Ne’er let a traitour free :
 But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine,
 When thou took awa my three ky frae me ?

“ And when thou had ta'en away my three ky,
 Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weil sped,
 Till thou sent thy billie Willie ower the know,
 To take thrie coverlets aff my wife's bed !”

Then Johnie let a speir fa' laigh by his thie,
 Thought weil to hae slain the innocent, I trow ;
 But the powers above were mair than he,
 For he ran but the pure fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan ;
 This was Dickie the fule and he !
 Dickie could na win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,
 But fell'd him wi' the plummet under the e'e.

Thus Dickie has fell'd fair Johnie Armstrang,
 The prettiest man in the south countrie—
 “ Gramercy !” then can Dickie say,
 “ I had but twa horse, thou hast made me thrie !”

He's ta'en the steil jack aff Johnie's back,
 The twa-handed sword that hang low by his thie ;
 He's ta'en the steil cap aff his head—
 “ Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee.”

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,
 I wat a drearie man was he :
 “ And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, than
 The shame and dule is left wi' me.

“ And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, than
 The deil gac in thy cumpanie !
 For if I should live these hundred years,
 I ne'er shall fight wi' a fule after thee.”

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope;
E'en as fast as he might hie;

"Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
Till hie hanged thou shalt be."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"This was na the promise ye made to me!

For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,
Had I not got my leave frae thee."

"But what garr'd thee steal the Laird's Jock's horse?
And, limmer, what garr'd ye steal him?" quo' he;

"For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,
Ere the Laird's Jock had stown frae thee."

"Indeed I wat ye lied, my lord!

And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie!

I wan the horse frae fair Johnie Arnstrang,
Hand to hand on Cannobie Lee.

"There is the jack was on his back;

This twa-handed sword hang laigh by his thie;

And there's the steil cap was on his head;

I brought a' these tokens to let thee see."

"If that be true thou to me tells,

(And I think thou dares na tell a lie,)

I'll gie thee fifteen pundis for the horse,

Weil tald on thy cloak-lap shall be.

"I'll gie thee ane o' my best milk ky,

To maintain thy wife and children thrie;

And that may be as gude, I think,

As ony twa o' thine wad be."

“ The shame speed the liars, my lord !” quo’ Dickie ;
 “ Trow ye aye to make a fule o’ me ?
 I’ll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
 Or he’s gae to Mortan fair wi’ me.”

He’s gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,
 A’ in goud and gude monie ;
 He’s gien him ane o’ his best milk ky,
 To maintain his wife and children thrie.

Then Dickie’s come down thro’ Carlisle toun,
 E’en as fast as he could drie ;
 The first o’ men that he met wi’,
 Was my lord’s brother, bailiff Glozenburrie.

“ Weil be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope !”
 “ Welcome, my brother’s fule !” quo’ he :
 “ Where didst thou get fair Johnie Armstrang’s horse ?”
 “ Where did I get him ? but steal him,” quo’ he.

“ But wilt thou sell me the bonny horse ?
 And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me ?” quo’ he :
 “ Aye ; if thou’lt tell me the monie on my cloak-lap :
 For there’s never ae farden I’ll trust thee.”

“ I’ll gie thee ten punds for the gude horse,
 Weil tald on thy cloak-lap they shall be ;
 And I’ll gie thee ane o’ my best milk ky,
 To maintain thy wife and children thrie.”

“ The shame speid the liars, my lord !” quo’ Dickie ;
 “ Trow ye aye to make a fule o’ me ?
 I’ll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
 Or he’s gae to Mortan fair wi’ me.”

He's gien him twenty pundis for the gude horse,
 Baith in goud and gude monie;
 He's gien him ane o' his best milk ky,
 To maintain his wife and children thrie.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,
 And I wat a loud laugh laughed he—
 "I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken,
 If ony of the twa were better than he!"

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;
 Judge ye how the poor fule had sped!
 He has gien her twa-score English pundis,
 For the thrie auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.

"And tak thee these twa as gude ky,
 I trow, as a' thy thrie might be;
 And yet here is a white-footed nagie,
 I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;
 The Armstrangs they would hang me hie."
 So Dickie's ta'en leave at lord and master,
 And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.

JOCK O' THE SIDE.



[Tradition is the only foundation on which this story rests ; yet when we consider the state of those times, and the restless and undaunted spirit of the borderers, it may be presumed that such a circumstance actually took place Jock o' the Side appears from the ballad to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangerton, and consequently cousin to the laird's sons Jock and Wat, two of his deliverers.]

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
 But I wat they had better staid at hame ;
 For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
 And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
 Her coats she has kilted up to her knee ;
 And down the water wi' speed she rins,
 While the tears, in spaits, fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and bespake the Lord Mangerton,
 " What news, what news, sister Downie, to me ?"
 " Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton,
 Michael is killed, and ta'en they hae my son Johnie."

“ Ne’er fear, sister Downie,” quo’ Mangerton,
 “ I hae yokes of ousen four-and-twentie ;
 My barns, my byres, and my faulds a’ weel fill’d,
 And I’ll part wi’ them a’ ere Johnie shall die.

“ Three men I’ll send to set him free,
 Weel harneist a’ wi’ best o’ steil ;
 The English louns may hear, and drie
 The weight o’ their braid swords to feel.

“ The Laird’s Jock ane, the Laird’s Wat twa ;
 O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be !
 Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
 Since England banished thee to me.”

Now Hobbie was an English man,
 In Bewcastle dale was bred and born ;
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,
 They banished him ne’er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
 “ Your horses the wrang way maun a’-be shod ;
 Like gentlemen ye must not seem,
 But look like corn caugers * ga’en ae road.

“ Your armour gude ye mauna shaw,
 Nor ance appear like men o’ weir ;
 As country lads be a’ array’d,
 Wi’ branks and brecham † on ilk mare.”

Sae now a’ their horses are shod the wrang way,
 And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine ;
 Jock his lively bay, Wat’s on his white horse behind,
 And on they rode for the water o’ Tyne.

* Carriers.

† Halter and cart-collar.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,
 And there, wi' the help o' the light o' the moon,
 A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs upo' ilk side,
 To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,
 And were alighted at the wa',
 They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,
 They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock ;
 " There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force."
 But when they cam the gates untill,
 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,
 Wi' hand or fute he ne'er play'd pa !
 His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,
 And cast his body ahind the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
 And to the prisoner thus they call :
 " Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
 Or art thou weary o' thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone ;
 " Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep :
 But whae's this kens my name sae weel,
 And thus to hear my waes do seik?"

Then up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
 " Ne'er fear ye now, my billie," quo' he ;
 " For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
 And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

“ Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird’s Jock,
 And o’ thy tawk now let me be;
 For if a’ Liddesdale were here the night,
 The morn’s the day that I maun die.

“ Full fifteen stane o’ Spanish iron,
 They hae laid a’ right sair on me;
 Wi’ lock and keys I am fast bound
 Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.”

“ Fear ye na that,” quo’ the Laird’s Jock;
 “ A faint heart ne’er wan a fair ladie,
 Work thou within, we’ll work without,
 And I’ll be bound we’ll set thee free.”

The first strong door that they cam at,
 They loosed it without a key;
 The next chain’d door that they cam at,
 They garr’d it a’ in flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
 The Laird’s Jock’s gotten up fu’ hie;
 And down the stair, him, irons and a’,
 Wi’ nae sma’ speid and joy, brings he.

“ Now, Jock, my man,” quo’ Hobbie Noble,
 “ Part o’ the weight ye may lay on me.”
 “ I wat weel no!” quo’ the Laird’s ain Jock,
 “ I count him lighter than a flee.”

Sae out at the gates they a’ are gane,
 The prisoner’s set on horseback hie;
 And now wi’ speid they’ve ta’en the gate,
 While ilk ane jokes fu’ wantonlie:

“ O Jock ! sae winsomely's ye ride,
 Wi' baith your feet upon ae side ;
 Sae weel's ye're harneist, and sae trig,
 In troth ye sit like ony bride ! ” —

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
 But hied them on fu' merrilie,
 Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
 Where the waters ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,
 There they met with an auld man ;
 Says, — “ Honest man, will the water ride ?
 Tell us in haste, if that ye can. ”

“ I wat weel no, ” quo' the gude auld man ;
 “ Here I hae liv'd these threty yeirs and thrie,
 And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
 Nor running anes sae like a sea. ”

Then up and spak the Laird's saft Wat,
 The greatest coward in the cumpanie,
 “ Now halt, now halt ! we need na try't ;
 The day is come we a' maun die ! ”

“ Puir faint-hearted thief ! ” cried the Laird's ain Jock,
 “ There'll nae man die but him that's fie ; *
 I'll lead ye a' right safely thro' ;
 Lift ye the prisoner on ahint me. ”

Sae now the water they a' hae ta'en,
 By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro' :
 “ Here are we a' safe, ” quo' the Laird's Jock ;
 “ And puir faint Wat, what think ye now ? ”

* Under a fatality.

They scarce the ither side had won,
 When twenty men they saw pursue;
 Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
 A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant* the water saw,
 "It winna ride, my lads," quo' he;
 Then out he cries, "Ye the prisoner may take,
 But leave the airns, I pray, to me."

"I wat weel no," cried the Laird's Jock;
 "I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be;
 My gude bay mare,—for I am sure
 She's bought them a' fu' dear frae thee."

Sae now they're awa for Liddesdale,
 E'en as fast as they could them hie;
 The prisoner's brought to his ain fire-side,
 And there o's airns they mak him free.

"Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
 "The day was com'd thou was to die;
 But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,
 Now sitting, I think, 'tween thee and me."

They hae garr'd fill up ae punch bowl,
 And after it they maun hae anither;
 And thus the night they a' hae spent,
 Just as they had been brither and brither.

* An officer under the warden.

HOBBIIE NOBLE.



[The hero of this ballad was an English outlaw, who had taken shelter on the Scottish frontier; and, it will have been observed, was one of the deliverers of Jock o' the Side. His frequent inroads into England made him dreaded by his countrymen, who, unable to cut him off by fair or honourable means, had recourse to those of a sinister nature. Five of the Arnstrongs, the principal of whom is called Sim o' the Mains, accepted a bride to decoy him into England, which they effected, by pretending the greatest friendship for him, and proposing a predatory incursion into that country; the unsuspecting freebooter agreed to their proposal; fell into the snare prepared for him, and was executed at Carlisle the day after he was taken. The Laird of Mangertoun, who was under obligations to Noble for the delivery of his nephew, was enraged at the perfidy of his clan, and took revenge on the traitors who betrayed him. Sim o' the Mains escaped his resentment by flying into England, where, having committed some crime, he was executed a short time afterwards.]

Foul fa' the breast first treason bred in!

That Liddesdale may safely say:

For in it there was baith meat and drink,

And corn unto our geldings gay.

We were stout-hearted men and true,
 As England she did often say ;
 But now we may turn our backs and flee,
 Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English man,
 And born into Reweastle dale ;
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,
 They banished him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set—
 Kershope of the lilye lee ;
 And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
 And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body weel,
 Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil ;
 And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
 And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
 E'en as fast as he could hie ;
 Tho' they should a' bursten and broken their hearts,
 Frae that tryst Noble wad na be.

" Weel may ye be, my feres * five ;
 And now, what is your will wi' me ?"
 Then they cried a' wi' ae consent,
 " Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

" Wilt thou with us into England ride,
 And thy safe warrand we will be ?
 If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,
 Upon his back thou sune shalt be."

* Companions.

“ I dare not with you into England ride ;
 The land-sergeant has me at feid ;
 And I know not what evil may betide,
 For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

“ And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
 For I gat twa drifts o’ his sheep ;
 The great Earl of Whitfield he loves me not,
 For nae gear frae me he e’er could keep.

“ But will ye stay till the day gae down,
 Until the night come o’er the grund,
 And I’ll be a guide worth ony twa
 That may in Liddesdale be found.

“ Tho’ the night be dark as pick and tar,
 I’ll guide ye o’er yon hills sae hie ;
 And bring ye a’ in safety back,
 If ye’ll be true, and follow me.”

He has guided them o’er moss and muir,
 O’er hill and hope, and mony a down ;
 Until they came to the Foulhogshiel,
 And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the land-sergeant,
 In Askerton where that he lay ;
 “ The deer that ye hae hunted sae lang,
 Is seen into the Waste this day.

“ Then Hobbie Noble is that deer,
 I wat he carries the style fu’ hie ;
 Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,
 And set yourselves at little lee.” —

“ Gar warn the Bows of Hartlie-burn,
 See they sharp their arrows on the wa’;
 Warn Willeva, and Speir Edom,
 And see the morn they meet me a’.

“ Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
 And see it be by break o’ day;
 And we will on to Conscauthart-green,
 For there, I think, we’ll get our prey.”

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimt a dream,
 In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
 He thought his horse was aneath him shot,
 And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could craw, the day could daw,
 And I wat sae even fell down the rain;
 If Hobbie had na wakened at that time,
 In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta’en or slain.

“ Get up, get up, my feres five!
 For I wat here makes a fu’ ill day;
 Yet the worst cloak o’ this company,
 I hope will cross the Waste this day.”

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;
 But ever alas! it was na sae:
 They were beset by cruel men and keen,
 That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

“ Yet follow me my feres five,
 And see ye keep of me gude ray;
 And the worst cloak o’ this company
 Even yet may cross the Waste this day.”

There were heaps of men now Hobbie before,
 And other heaps were him behind ;
 That had he been as wight as Wallace was,
 Away brave Noble he could not win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword ;
 But he did mair than a laddie's deed ;
 For that sword had clear'd Consconthart-green,
 Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
 Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae ;
 But I wat his heart was ne'er sae sair,
 As when his ain five band him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle ;
 They ask'd him if he kend the way ?
 Whate'er he thought, yet little he said,
 He knew the way as well as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate ;
 The wives they cast their windows wide :
 And every wife to another can say,
 " That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side !"

" Fy on ye, women ! why ca' ye me man ?
 For it's nae man that I am used like ;
 I am but like a forfoughen * hound,
 Has been fighting in a dirty syke." †

Then they hae ta'en him up thro' Carlisle toun,
 And set him by the chimney fire ;
 They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
 But that was little his desire.

* Fatigued.

† Ditch.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
 And after that a can of beer ;
 And they cried a' with ae consent,
 " Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheer.

" Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
 " And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's no die."
 " How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
 " When I never saw them with mine e'e."

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
 By the day that he was gotten or born,
 He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
 That either eat him grass or corn.

" Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !
 For I think again I'll ne'er thee see :
 I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive
 For a' the gowd in Christentie.

" And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !
 Baith the hie land and the law ;
 Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains !
 For gowd and gear he'll sell ye a'.

" Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
 In Carlisle where he suffers for his faut,
 Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
 That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.



[In 1591, while James Sixth's kingdom was agitated with domestic broils, that monarch, with his mind clouded by the superstitions of the times, and to make a vain display of his pedantic learning, employed himself in hearing causes of witchcraft, and punishing many persons for that alleged crime. Some of those who were tortured, with the view no doubt of obtaining a remission of their sufferings, accused Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, grandson to James V. of having tampered with them to discover the time of the king's death, &c. On this charge Bothwell was committed to prison, from whence he made his escape to his estates on the borders, where he raised a band of followers ready to undertake any enterprise. Spurred on by his haughty and violent spirit, he resolved to attempt to seize James, then in the palace of Holyroodhouse, which he almost effected, he and his borderers having got into the court of the palace under cover of the night, but an alarm being given, the citizens of Edinburgh hastened to the defence of the king, and Bothwell escaped with some difficulty.]

“The enterprise thus defeated,” says Archbishop Spotswood, “Bothwell went into the north, looking to be supplied by the Earl of Murray, his consen-germane; which the king suspecting, Andrew, Lord Ochiltre,

was sent to bring Murray into the south, of purpose to work a reconciliation betwixt him and Huntly. But a rumour being raised in the mean while, that the Earl of Murray was seen in the palace with Bothwell on the night of the enterprise, the same was entertained by Huntly (who waited then at court) to make him suspected of the king, and prevailed so far, as he did purchase a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. The nobleman, not fearing that any such course should be used, was come to Dunybars, a house situated on the north side of Forth, and belonging to his mother, the Lady Downe; Huntly being advertised of his coming, and how he lay there secure, accompanied onely with the Sheriffe of Murray, and a few of his own retinue, went thither and beset the house, requiring him to render. The Earl of Murray, refusing to put himself in the hands of his enemy, after some defence made, wherein the Sheriffe was killed, fire was set to the house, and they within forced, by the violence of the smoak and flame, to come forth. The Earl stayed a great space after the rest, and the night falling down, ventured among his enemies, and breaking through the midst of them, did so farre out-run them all, as they supposed he was escaped; yet searching him among the rocks, he was discovered by the tip of his head-peece, which had taken fire before he left the house, and unmercifully slain. The report went, that Huntly's friends, fearing, he should disclaim the fact, (for he desired rather to have taken him alive,) made him light from his horse, and give some stroaks to the dead corps. This done, Gordon of Buckie was dispatched to advertise the king what had happened, and Huntly himself took journey northward, in such haste, as he left Captain Gordon, his cousin, that

was lying on the ground wounded, behind him. This captain was brought next day to Edinburgh, and publicly executed.

“The death of this nobleman was universally lamented; and the clamours of the people so great, especially against the chancellor, upon whom all the blame was laid, that the king, not esteeming it safe to abide at Edinburgh, removed with the counsell to Glasgow, where he remained untill Huntly did enter himself in ward in Blackness, as he was charged. But he stayed not there many dayes, being dimitted upon caution to answer before the justice whiensoever he should be called. The corps of the Earl and Sheriffe of Murray were brought to the church of Leith in two coffines, and there lay diverse moneths unburied, their friends refusing to commit their bodies to the earth till the slaughter was punished. Nor did any man think himself so much interested in that fact as the Lord Ochiltry, who had perswaded the Earl of Murray to conie south, whereupon he fell afterwards away to Bothwell, and joyned him for revenge of the murther”—SPOTSWOOD'S *History of the Church of Scotland*.]

YE High-lands, and ye Law-lands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae,
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay?

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba';
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the gluve;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he was the Queenes luv.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Luke owre the castle Downe,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum sounding throw the towne.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE. X

[This ballad, it is conjectured, is founded on the following circumstance, which took place in 1592, when Bothwell was carrying on his schemes against the person of James VI. The name of the hero has been changed by reciters from Bogie, as in the story, to Ochiltrie, for what reason has not been discovered.—

“ At the same time, John Weymis, younger of Bogie, gentleman of his majesty’s chamber, and in great favour both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealing with Bothwell; and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twinslace, coming one night, whilst the king and the queen were in bed, to his keepers, shewed that the king called for the prisoner, to ask of him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveyed him to the door of the bed-chamber; and, making a stay without, as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, stayed there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and, not many days after, the king being paci-

fied by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman, who had, in this sort, hazarded her credit for his safety."—SPOTSWOOD'S *History*.]

O LISTEN gude people to my tale,
Listen to what I tell to thee,
The king has taiken a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

When news came to our guidly Queen,
She sicht, and said richt mournfullie,
" O what will cum of Lady Margaret,
Wha bears sic luve to Ochiltrie?"

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the Queen told her the same:
" I wis that I had neir been born,
Nor neir had known Ochiltrie's name."

" Fy na," quoth the Queen, " that maunna be,
Fy na, that maunna be;
I'll find ye out a better way
To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The Queen she trippet up the stair,
And lowly knielt upon her knie:
" The first boon which I cum to craive
Is the lyfe of gentel Ochiltrie."

" O if you had ask'd me castels and towirs,
I wad hae gi'n them, twa or thrie;
But a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The Queen she trippet down the stair,
 And down she gade richt mournfullie;
 "It's a' the monie in fair Scotland,
 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
 When as the Queen told her the same;
 "I'll tak a knife and end my life,
 And be in the grave as soon as him."

"Ah na, fie na," quoth the Quëen,
 "Fie na, fie na, this maunna be;
 I'll set ye yet on a better way
 To loose and set Ochiltrie frie."

The Queen she slippet up the stair,
 And she gade up richt privatlie,
 And she has stoun the prison-keys,
 And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

And she's gien him a purse of gowd,
 And another of white monie;
 She's gien him twa pistols by's side,
 Saying to him, "Shute when ye win frie."

And when he cam to the Queen's window,
 Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!
 "Peace be to our royal Queen,
 And peace be in her companie."

"O whaten a voice is that?" quoth the King,
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quoth he,
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quoth the King,
 "I think it's the voice of Ochiltrie."

“ Call to me a’ my gaolours,
 Call them by thirtie and by thrie;
 Wharefor the morn at twelve o’clock
 It’s hangit shall they ilk ane be.”

“ O didna ye send your keys to us?
 Ye sent them by thirtie and by thrie:
 And wi’ them sent a strait command,
 To set at large young Ochiltrie.”

“ Ah na, fie na,” quoth the Queen,
 “ Fie, my dear luvie! this maunna be;
 And if ye’re gawn to hang them a’,
 Indeed ye maun begin wi’ me.”

The tane was shippit at the pier of Leith,
 The ither at the Queensferrie;
 And now the lady has gotten her luvie,
 The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

FRENNET HA'.



[The melancholy catastrophe on which the following ballad is founded, is thus related by Mr Gordon, on the authority of a contemporary writer, who lived near the place, and had his account from eye-witnesses:—

“ Anno 1630, there happened a melancholy accident to the family of Huntly thus. First of January there fell out a discord betwixt the laird of Frendraught and some of his friends, and William Gordon of Rothemay, and some of his, in which William Gordon was killed, a brave and gallant gentleman. On the other side was slain George Gordon, brother to Sir James Gordon of Lesmore, and divers others were wounded on both sides. The Marquis of Huntly, and some other well-disposed friends made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay to the Lady-dowager of Rothemay fifty thousand merks Scots in compensation of the slaughter, which, as is said, was truly paid.

“ Upon the 27th September this year, Frendraught having in his company Robert Chrichton of Condlaw, and James Lesly, son to the laird of Pitcaple, Chrichton shot Lesly through the arm, who was carried to his father's house, and Frendraught put Chrichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to visit the Earl of Murray; and in his return, came to the Bog of Gight, now Castle-Gordon, to visit the Marquis of Huntly; of which

Pitcaple getting notice, conveens about thirty horsemen fully armed, and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be revenged of him for the hurt his son had got. He came to the Marquis's house October 7. Upon which the Marquis wisely desired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would discourse Pitcaple, who complained to him grievously of the harm he had done to his son, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The Marquis did all he could to excuse Frendraught, and satisfy Pitcaple, but to no purpose; and so he went away in a chaff, still vowing revenge. The Marquis communicated all that had passed to Frendraught, and kept him at his house a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but sent his son John Gordon, Viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, with some others, as a safeguard to him, until he should be at home, (among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, son to him lately slain) lest Pitcaple should ly in ambush for him.

“ They convoyed him safely home, and after dinner Aboyne pressed earnestly to return; and as earnestly did Frendraught press him to stay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at last condescended to stay, though unwillingly. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfull. The Viscount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, standing upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and English Will, two of his servants, were laid beside him. The Laird of Rothemay, and some servants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the Viscount's servants; all of them lodged in that old tower, and all of them in rooms one

above the other. All of them being at rest, about midnight the tower takes fire, in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble Lord, the Laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief offered to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without so much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of those merciless flames, as was reported.

“Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne’s chamber, escaped as ’tis said) Aboyne might have done, if he had not rushed up stairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden passage, and the lofting of the room took fire, so that none of them could get down stairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help for God’s sake, the laird and lady looking on; but all to no purpose. And finally, seeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themselves to God, clasped in one another’s embraces: And thus perished in those merciless flames, the noble Lord John Gordon, Viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This Viscount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but especially by his father, mother and lady, who lived a melancholy and retired life all her time thereafter.”—GORDON’S *History of the Illustrious Family of Gordon*, vol. ii.]

WHEN Frennet castle’s ivied walls
Thro’ yallow leaves were seen;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengeful dame,
 Did wander frae the ha',
 To the wild forest's dewie gloom,
 Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
 Had clumb a lofty tree,
 Whose branches to the angry blast
 Were souging mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path,
 That near the castle lay,
 Where good Lord John, and Rothemay,
 Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
 When prey beneath is seen,
 As quickly he forgot his hold,
 And perch'd upon the green.

"O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
 Frae this dark wood awa,
 Some visitors, of gallant mein,
 Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
 Her feet she did na spare,
 Until she left the forest skirts,
 A lang bow-shot and mair.

"O where, O where, my good Lord John,
 O tell me where you ride?
 Within my castle wall this night
 I hope you mean to bide.

“ Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
 In yonder bower to stay?
 Saft ease shall teach you to forget
 The hardness of the way.”

“ Forbear entreaty, gentle dame:
 How can we here remain?
 Full well you ken your husband dear
 Was by our father slain.

“ The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
 Your angry bosom swell:
 Enrag’d, you’ve sworn that blood for blood
 Should this black passion quell.”

“ O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
 That I will you betray,
 Or sue requital for a debt,
 Which nature cannot pay.

“ Bear witness, a’ ye powers on high,
 Ye lights that ’gin to shine,
 This night shall prove the sacred cord,
 That knits your faith and mine.”

The lady slee, with honeyed words,
 Entic’d thir youths to stay;
 But morning sun nere shone upon
 Lord John nor Rothemay.*

* “ The present ballad,” Mr Ritson observes, “ appears to have been suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which are fortunately remembered by the reverend Mr Boyd, translator of ‘ Dante,’ and were obligingly com-”

municated to the editor, by his very ingenious and valuable friend, J. C. Walker, Esq.

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
And oh ! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber-window,
And to the bed where Lord John lay.

" O help me, help me, Lady Frennet,
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father slew thy lord,
Forget the deed and rescue me."

He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh ;
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry,

" Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
What though the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee."

" How can I loup, you little page ?
How can I leave this window hie ?
Do you not see the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee ?"

" There are some intermediate particulars," Mr Boyd says, ' respecting the lady's lodging her victims in a turret or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This,' adds he, ' I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing.'—*Scottish Songs*; vol. ii.

THE BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE.



[Ignorant of the genius of the people whom he was to govern, and unimproved by the awful lesson which his father's tragical end might have taught him, James VII. soon after his elevation to the throne, endeavoured to force upon the nation his own bigotted notions of religion; and by his impolitic perseverance in that measure, plunged the kingdom into a civil war, which, although of short duration, ended in his expulsion from the throne, and the downfall of the illustrious house of Stuart. James's interests in Scotland were supported by the Duke of Gordon, the Earl of Balcarras, and James Graham, Viscount Dundee; the latter of whom had commanded a regiment of dragoons during the last years of Charles the Second's reign, with which he exercised the greatest cruelties on the non-conformists in the west of Scotland, where he was designated the Bloody Clavers. Indeed the unrelenting fury with which he persecuted these unfortunate people, fully justifies the epithet, and is a stain on his memory, which his future actions, brilliant as they were, cannot wipe off. To unshaken loyalty and attachment to the house of Stuart, he possessed all the requisites of an able officer, adding to personal bravery and skill in military affairs, a decision of character, and quickness in execution, that never failed to insure success to all his enterprises. On refusing to attend the Convention of

Estates in 1689, to which he was summoned, he was declared a rebel, and having narrowly escaped being taken by their cavalry, fled to the Highlands, where he exerted himself with so much activity in raising and organising troops, that he soon saw himself at the head of two thousand hardy mountaineers. The surrender of Edinburgh castle by the Duke of Gordon, laid all the south of Scotland open to the forces of William III. whose general, Mackay, followed Lord Dundee into Lochaber, where, from the nature of the country, and the difficulty of procuring provisions, both armies suffered the greatest privations.

King James had assured Dundee that he would send him a considerable reinforcement from Ireland; but only three hundred men arrived, and these were nearly destitute of clothing, the transports with the stores having fallen into the hands of the enemy's cruisers. Dundee had now occasion for all the abilities of which he was possessed; the troops under his orders were fewer in number, and inferior in point of discipline, to those of the enemy; were composed of different clans jealous of each other, although now united in one common enterprise, and were ready to fall asunder on the slightest quarrel among themselves: inactivity he saw would disperse them sooner than defeat, and he therefore determined on active operations. The castle of Blair had been seized for James by a dependent of the Marquis of Athole's, who also had the address to prevail on his countrymen (assembled by Lord Murray for the service of the regency), to return to their homes rather than fight against their lawful sovereign. Lord Dundee marched to cover this castle from the threatened attack of General Mackay, and, on arriving there, learned that that officer was

defiling through the pass of Killiecrankie, on which he instantly resolved to proceed thither and give him battle. The following account of the engagement, fought on the 27th of July, 1689, we extract from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xi.—

- “ When he came in sight of the latter [Mackay’s army] he found them formed in eight battalions, ready for action. They consisted of four thousand five hundred foot, and two troops of horse. The Highlanders under Dundee amounted to little more than half that number. These he ranged instantly in order of battle. Maclean with his tribe formed the right wing. The Macdonalds of Sky, under the chieftain’s eldest son, formed the left. The Camerons, the Macdonalds of Glengary, the followers of Clanronald, and the few Irish auxiliaries were in the centre. A troop of horse were placed behind, under Sir William Wallace. The officers sent by James from Ireland were distributed through all the line. This whole army stood in sight of the enemy for several hours, on the steep side of a hill, which faced the narrow plain where Mackay had formed his line. Dundee wished for the approach of night; a season suited for either victory or flight.
- “ At five of the clock in the afternoon, a kind of slight skirmish began between the right wing of the Highlanders and the left of the enemy. But neither army wishing to change their ground, the firing was discontinued for three hours. Dundee, in the mean time, flew from tribe to tribe, and animated them to action. At eight of the clock he gave the signal for battle, and charged the enemy in person at the head of the horse. The Highlanders, in deep columns, rushed suddenly down the hill. They kept their shot till they were within

a pike's length of the enemy; and having fired their muskets, fell upon them sword in hand. Mackay's left wing could not for a moment sustain the shock. They were driven by the Macleans with great slaughter from the field. The Macdonalds on the left of the Highlanders were not equally successful. Colonel Hasting's regiment of foot stood their ground. They even forced the Macdonalds to retreat. Maclean, with a few of his tribe, and Sir Evan Cameron at the head of his clan, fell suddenly on the flank of this gallant regiment, and forced them to give way. The slaughter ended not with the battle. Two thousand fell in the field and the flight. The tents, baggage, artillery, and provisions of the enemy, and even King William's Dutch standard, which was carried by Mackay's regiment, fell into the hands of the Highlanders. The victory was now complete. But the Highlanders lost their gallant leader. Perceiving the unexpected resistance of Colonel Hasting's regiment, and the confusion of the Macdonalds, Dundee rode rapidly to the left wing. As he was raising his arm, and pointing to the Camerons to advance, he received a ball in his side. The wound proved mortal; and with Dundee fell all the hopes of King James at that time." The place where the battle was fought, is near the north end of the pass.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who, being stout, gave mony a clout;
 The lads began to claw then.
 With sword and targe into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Her skipt about, her leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a pa then.

The Solemn League and Covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man ;
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then.
 In Willie's name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;
 But her nainsell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, " Furich, Whigs awa, man."

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa then.

Oh' on a ri! Oh' on a ri!

Why should she lose King Shames, man?

Oh' rig in di! Oh' rig in di!

She shall break a' her banes then:

With *furichinish*, and stay a while,

And speak a word or twa, man,

She's gi' a straike out o'er the neck,

Before ye win awa then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,

Her nainsell's won the day, man.

King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,

Because they ran awa then:

Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,

And made as lang a stay, man,

They'd sav'd their King, that sacred thing,

And Willie'd run awa then.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL, 1715.



[The Union of Scotland with England, which has been productive of the happiest consequences to both nations, was viewed, at the time of its consummation, as pregnant with ruin to the country. A great proportion of the Scottish nobility and gentry were discontented, many from being cut off, by this measure, from a share in the direction of the affairs of the state, and some, who had been persecuted for adhering to principles of religion which their fathers had taught them to respect, viewed the expulsion of the Stuart family as a sacrifice at the shrine of their faith, and were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in its restoration. On the accession of George I. in 1714, the dismissal of the Tory Ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly increased the number of the disaffected. The Earl of Mar, who had held the post of Secretary of State during that administration, finding himself neglected by the government, threw himself into the arms of the Jacobites, and being a nobleman of talent and ability, soon became the head of that faction. On his arrival at his seat at Kildrumny in Aberdeenshire, in August, 1715, a

number of the noblemen and gentlemen of that party repaired thither, among whom were the Marquisses of Huntly and Tullibardin; the Earls of Marischal, Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, and Drummond; and many gentlemen of great interest in the Highlands, whose names are enumerated in the poem. They there resolved on setting up the Chevalier's standard, and in supporting his claims to the crown, with all their vassals; and, accordingly, early in September, proclaimed him in all the principal towns between Perth and Inverness, establishing their head-quarters at the former place.—The poem has little merit but as a link in the chain of our historical ballads.]

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
 The Camerons and M'Leans' coming,
 The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,
 A' the Duniwastles * coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gillvrey of Drumglass is coming.

* *Dhuine uasal*, i. e. Highland lairds or gentlemen.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater * and Foster's † coming,
 Withrington ‡ and Nairn's § coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzies and M'Phersons' coming,
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big;
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig:
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds, ||
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

* Earl of Derwentwater, a nobleman universally esteemed. He was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, along with Viscount Kenmure.

† Thomas Forster, junior of Etherston, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was commander of the rebel English army. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but made his escape to the continent.

‡ The Earl of Widdrington.

§ The Lord Nairn, brother to the Duke of Athole. He was also taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and condemned, but afterwards liberated by virtue of the act of indemnity in 1717.

|| A name of derision given to the English, from their attachment to the bag-pudding.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.



[The Earl of Mar having been joined by the northern clans under the Earl of Seaforth, and by General Gordon with a body of men from the west, prepared to carry the war into the south of Scotland: accordingly, on the 10th November, he marched from Perth to Auchterarder, where he reviewed his army, amounting to about nine thousand men; he continued there on the 11th, and resumed his march on the 12th towards Stirling. The Duke of Argyle, with the royal army, which did not exceed three thousand five hundred men, hearing of the approach of the enemy, quitted Stirling on the 12th, and encamped the same night, with his left at Dumblain, and his right towards Sheriff-moor. The rebels approached that night within two miles of his Grace's army, drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till day-break. Both armies prepared for battle next morning. The Duke of Argyle placed himself on the right, at the head of the cavalry; General Whitham commanded the left, and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clanronald, Glengary, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of

the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry, that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in the space of two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allen, he returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and inclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of their left, stopt the pursuit, and came up to its support; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which his Grace's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dumblain, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The carnage on both sides was nearly equal; about eight hundred of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circumstance of the right wing of each army being victorious; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the southward, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.

This and the two following poems on the battle are not destitute of merit. Although evidently the productions of some adherents of the Chevalier's, they give a faithful character of the noblemen and gentlemen engaged on both sides, and a humorous description of the motions of the two armies.]

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man;
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriff-muir,
 A battle there was, which I saw, man;
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and
 we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,
 Not like frightened Leven,
 Which Rothés and Haddington * saw man;
 For they all, with Wightman,
 Advanc'd on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being raw, man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
 In order to share
 With Douglass, who stood not in awe, man,
 Volunteerly to ramble
 With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
 Brave Ilay † did suffer for a', man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
 With broad-sword most bright,

* "The troop of horse volunteers, which consisted of noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, shewed their quality by the gallantry of their behaviour; in a particular manner the Duke of Roxburgh, the Lords Rothés, Haddington, Lauderdale, Loudon, Belhaven, and Sir John Shaw."—Colonel HARRISON'S *Account of the Battle*.

† The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He joined the army a few hours before the battle, and was dangerously wounded.

On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him with-hold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittan,*
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother, † and laught at them a', man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall and Lithgow,
 And Glengary's pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,
 And Gordons the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa', man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Major-General Whitham who commanded the left wing of the royal army.

† "The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The Earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescued by his brother and his servants."—*Earl of MAR's Account of the Engagement.*

Strathmore and Clanronald,*
 Cry'd still, "Advance Donald,"
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man;
 For there was such hashing,
 And broad-swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar † himself got a cla', man;
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
 Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not sla', man;
 And Hamilton pled,
 The man were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,
 Tillebairn was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man:
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,

* "At the first fire, the Captain of Clanronald who led them [the clans] on in chief was killed, which had like to have struck a damp upon the rebels, as they had a respect for that gentleman that fell little short of adoration. But Glengary, who succeeded him, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried, three or four times, *Revenge!* which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzells of the muskets, pushed by the bayonets with their targets, and with their broad-swords spread nothing but death and terror wherever they came."—CAMPBELL'S *Life of John Duke of Argyle*.

† The Earl of Forfar received seventeen wounds, of which he died at Stirling on the 8th December.

Pitsligo and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty,
 And Strowan * the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They both plaid the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a cra', man ;
 Some Angus and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master, †

* Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Struan.

† " There was at this time a report prevailed that one Drummond went to Perth under the notion of a deserter from the Duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his Grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality, attended the Earl of Mar to receive his orders; the Earl when he found his right was like to break the Duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to General Hammilton, who commanded on the rebels left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders and intelligence to General Hammilton, acquainting him that the Earl's right

His king and his country and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling bridge and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And there, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stands in need of a dra', man,
 And then, in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

was broke, and desiring the General to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which General Hammliton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the Duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely gall'd by the Duke ; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the Duke."—CAMPBELL'S *Life of John Duke of Argyle*.

Rob Roy stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,
 For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more to do there at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
 And Moubray the wright,
 But Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chace was at a', man ;
 From other they ran
 Without touk of drum,
 They did not make use of a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND TOM CLEAN-COGUE,

TWA SHEPERDS,

*Wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil-hills on the
day the battle of Sheriff-moor was fought.*



W. Pray came you here the fight to shun ;
Or keep the sheep with me, man ?

Or was you at the Sheriff-moor,
And did the battle see, man ?

Pray tell whilk of the parties won ?

For well I wat I saw them run,

Both south and north, when they begun,

To pell and mell, and kill and fell,

With muskets snell, and pistols knell,

And some to hell

Did flee, man,

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,

Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;

For well I wat they had good skill

To set upo' their foes, man :

The red-coats they are train'd, you see,

The clans always disdain to flee,

Wha then should gain the victory ?

But the Highland race, all in a brace,

With a swift pace, to the Whigs disgrace,

Did put to chace

Their foes, man.—

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true?

I saw the chace gae north, man.

T. But well I wat they did pursue

Them even unto Forth, man.

Frae Dumblain they ran in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight;

Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill,

Wi' crowdie unto me, man,

She swore she saw them running still

Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.

The left wing gen'ral had na skill,
The Angus lads had no good will
That day their neighbours blood to spill;

For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogues of brose, all crying woes—
Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man?

T. I see but few like gentlemen

Amang yon frightened crew, man;

I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,

Or that he's ta'en just now, man:

For tho' his officers obey,

His cowardly commons run away,

For fear the red-coats them should slay;

The sodgers hail make their hearts fail;

See how they scale, and turn their tail,

And rin to flail

And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man ;

They swear they'll either dye or gain,

No foes shall them affright, man :

Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,

And boldly fight them sword in hand,

Give them a general to command,

A man of might, that will but fight,

And take delight to lead them right,

And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no skill

To lead a Scottish force, man ;

Their motions do our courage spill,

And put us to a loss, man.

You'll hear of us far better news,

When we attack like Highland trews,

To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,

Till the field tho' braid be all o'erspread,

But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead

In their cold bed,

That's moss, man.

T. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,

Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man ;

They cry'd and run grim death to shun,

Those heroes of the North, man ;

They're fitter far for book or pen,

Than under Mars to lead on men,

Ere they came there they might well ken

That female hands could ne'er gain lands,

'Tis Highland brands that countermands

Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

W. The Camerons scow'r'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours cows, man,
 M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
 Without phil'beg or trews, man :
 Had they behav'd like Donald's core,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more :
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And strait recant his covenant,
 And rent

It at the news, man.

T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Badenach and Athol too, man ;
 I hear they wanted the command,
 For I believe them true, man.
 Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse,
 For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights intire

Pursue, man.

W. But Scotland has not much to say,
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight, baith run away,
 The devil take the miss is
 That every officer was not slain
 That run that day, and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dumblain ;
 When Whig and Tory, in their ' fury,'
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow
 The sad story,

Hush is.

UP AND WAR 'EM A', WILLIE.



WHEN we went to the field of war,
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chace our faes awa', Willie,
 airds and lords came there bedeen,
 And vow 'gin they were pra', Willie:
 Up and war 'em a', Willie,
 War 'em, war 'em a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', Willie;
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 "Fy, fourugh Whigs awa'," Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
 The golden knop down from the top
 Unto ground did fa', Willie:
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,
 We'll do nae good at a', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a', Willie;
 Our bald commander on the green,
 Our faes their left did ca', Willie,
 And there the greatest slaughter made
 That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
 They swore they'd slay us a', Willie;
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
 And so did rin awa', Willie:
 We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight did march into the town,
 And back his left did draw, Willie:
 Thus we taught them the better gate,
 To get a better fa', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
 And bravely up did draw, Willie;
 But gin ye spear wha win the day,
 I'll tell you what I saw, Willie:
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did run awa', Willie.
 So there's my canty Highland sang,
 About the thing I saw, Willie.*

* This and the preceding poem are taken from Ritson's
 "Scottish Songs."

TRANENT MUIR.



[The suppression of the rebellion in 1715 did not extinguish the hopes of the friends of the Stuart family in the Highlands, that some favourable opportunity might occur, when their efforts to restore it to the throne might be crowned with success. The landing of Charles, son of the Chevalier de St George, at Boradale in Lochabar, in July 1745, gave new life to these hopes. Although he arrived with only seven officers and a small sum of money, although the chance of his succeeding was almost hopeless, yet such was the fidelity of the Highland chiefs, that, as they had promised to support him, they immediately began to assemble their vassals, so that by the 26th of August two thousand men had flocked to his standard. He now took the field, and in traversing the mountainous district of Inverness-shire passed Sir John Cope, who had marched from Stirling on the 19th of August with the royal army consisting of fourteen hundred men. Afraid to hazard a battle in a country well known to his adversary, Sir John continued his march to Inverness, in which he was not molested by Charles, who did not fail to improve this rash enterprise to his own advantage. He fell down rapidly on Perth, from whence he proceeded to Edinburgh, of which he took quiet possession on the 17th of September.—

Mean time General Cope had marched from Inverness to Aberdeen, where he embarked his soldiers. He landed at Dunbar on the 18th, where he was joined by two regiments of dragoons, which increased his army to upwards of two thousand men; with these he considered himself able to drive the enemy from the capital, and accordingly moved forward with this intention. Charles's army amounted to two thousand four hundred, with which he left Edinburgh on the morning of the 20th, and in the afternoon came in sight of Sir John's army, drawn up in a field betwixt the villages of Preston and Tranent, having a deep swamp in its front, in endeavouring to ford which Charles spent the rest of the day. Next morning he crossed by a ford which was pointed out to him, and instantly attacked the royal army.—Mr Home, who was an eye-witness, gives the following minute account of the engagement:—

“ The ground between the two armies was an extensive corn field, plain and level, without a bush or tree. Harvest was just got in, and the ground was covered with a thick stubble, which rustled under the feet of the Highlanders as they ran on, speaking and muttering in a manner that expressed and heightened their fierceness and rage. When they set out, the mist was very thick: but before they had got half-way, the sun rose, dispelled the mist, and showed the armies to each other. As the left wing of the rebel army had moved before the right, their line was somewhat oblique, and the Camerons, who were nearest the King's army, came up directly opposite to the cannon, firing at the guard as they advanced. The people employed to work the cannon, who were not gunners or artillery men, fled instantly. Colonel Whiteford fired five of the six field pieces with his own hand, which kill-

ed one private man, and wounded an officer in Locheil's regiment. The line seemed to shake, but the men kept going on at a great pace ; Colonel Whitney was ordered to advance with his squadron, and attack the rebels before they came up to the cannon : the dragoons moved on and were very near the cannon, when they received some fire which killed several men, and wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney. The squadron immediately wheeled about, rode over the artillery guard, and fled. The men of the artillery guard, who had given one fire, and that a very indifferent one, dispersed. The Highlanders going on without stopping to make prisoners, Colonel Gardner was ordered to advance with his squadron, and attack them, disordered as they seemed to be with running over the cannon and the artillery guard. The Colonel advanced at the head of his men, encouraging them to charge ; the dragoons followed him a little way, but as soon as the fire of the Highlanders reached them, they reeled, fell into confusion, and went off as the other squadron had done. When the dragoons on the right of the King's army gave way, the Highlanders, most of whom had their pieces still loaded, advanced against the foot, firing as they went on. The soldiers, confounded, and terrified to see the cannon taken, and the dragoons put to flight, gave their fire, it is said, without orders ; the companies of the out-guard being nearest the enemy, were the first that fired, and the fire went down the line as far as Murray's regiment. The Highlanders threw down their musquets, drew their swords and ran on ; the line of foot broke as the fire had been given from right to left ; Hamilton's dragoons seeing what had happened on the right, and receiving some fire at a good distance from the Highlanders advancing to

attack them, they immediately wheeled about and fled, leaving the flank of the foot unguarded. The regiment which was next them (Murray's) gave their fire and followed the dragoons. In a very few minutes after the first cannon was fired, the whole army, both horse and foot, were put to flight; none of the soldiers attempted to load their pieces again, and not one bayonet was stained with blood. In this manner the battle of Preston was fought and won by the rebels: the victory was complete, for all the infantry of the King's army were either killed or taken prisoners, except about 170, who escaped by extraordinary swiftness, or early flight.

“The number of private men of the King's army who were killed in the battle did not exceed 200, but five officers were killed, and 80 officers (many of them wounded) were taken prisoners. Four officers of the rebel army, and 30 private men were killed: six officers and 70 private men were wounded. The cannon, the tents, the baggage, and the military chest of the King's army, with the men that guarded it, fell into the hands of the enemy. The dragoons after their first flight halted once or twice, but fled again, whenever any party of the rebels came up and fired at them. General Cope with the assistance of the Earls of Home and Loudon, gathered together about 450 dragoons at the west end of the village of Preston, and marching them by Soutra Hill and Lauder, reached Coldstream that night.”—HOME's *History of the Rebellion in 1745*.

The poem is written by Mr Skirvin, and, it will be seen, is in strict conformity with historical truth.]

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Brisle brae, man,
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man :
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, * man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another cráw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with dev'lish thuds, man ;
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;
 On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ; †
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :

* When the royal army saw the Highlanders appear, the soldiers shouted with great vehemence, which was returned by the Highlanders.—HOME's *History of the Rebellion*.

† In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of the royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle, for as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so compleat an army.—Such was the tone of the army."—*Ibid*.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse; man;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 They were not worth a louse, man;
 Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
 They'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith * the great, when hersell shit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man,
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man;
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

But Simpson † keen, to clear the e'en
 Of rebels far in wrang, man;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallopp'd with the thrang, man:

* "The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp."—RITSON.

† "Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt."—*Ibid.*

He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight, man ;
 And thought it best ; ' it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And sair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out,
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner * brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man :
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get many a wound, man :
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

* Colonel Gardner, when he found himself abandoned by the dragoons, was slain in endeavouring to join the foot.—*HOME's History.*

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man:
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught
 When he had room to flee, man.*

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistol set before, man:
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man;
 But the night before he left the cor,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man:
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cried, "God save the King,"—man.

* Burns relates the following anecdote of Lieutenant Smith, who "came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirvan (the author, a very respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of that town) to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song.—'Gang awa back,' said the honest farmer, 'and tell Mr Smith that I have na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here; and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa.'—CROMEK's *Reliques of Burns*, p. 233.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
 Fow bald can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae pra' before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Be-west the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain;
 The clans pursuing still, man:
 Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man,
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man:
 On Seaton-sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

JOHNIE COPE.



[The vapouring of Sir John Cope and the officers of his army previous to the battle of Preston, was notorious to all the attendants on his camp; his total defeat, therefore, rendered him a butt to which the shafts of ridicule were directed both by friends and foes. His bravadoes when there was no enemy in view, fear on beholding the Highlanders, and precipitate flight, are delineated with much humour in the following song, copied from JOHN-SON'S *Museum*, Edin. 1790. There are three readings of this song, two of which are inserted; the second is taken from RITSON'S *Scotish Songs*, in which work are collected almost all the political songs of this period.]

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
 Yet ne'er a rebel he can naur,
 Until he landed at Dunbar,
 Right early in a morning.

Hey Johnie Cope are ye wauking yet?
 Or are ye sleeping? I would wit;
 O haste ye get up for the drums do beat:
 O fye Cope rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
 "Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
 If it be not by the chance of war,
 I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

When Charlie look't the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "So heaven restore to me my own,
 I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
 That he would fight them gun and sword,
 But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,
 And Johnie he took wing in the morning.
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
 Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town,
 He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
 And we'll fight the boys in the morning."
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads
 Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,
 Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
 O Johnie he took wing in the morning.
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
 He look'd between him and the skies;
 He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
 Which fear'd him in the morning.
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

O then he flew into Danbar,
 Crying for a man of war;
 He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
 And gotten awa' in the morning.
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
 Just as the devil had been his guide ;
 Gi'en him the world he would na stay'd
 To foughthen the boys in the morning.
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 " O what's become of all your men ?"
 " In faith," says he, " I dinna ken,
 I left them a' this morning."
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, " Ye are nae blate
 To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate ;
 Get out o' my sight this morning."
 Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

VARIATION.

JOHNY COUP.

COUP sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 " Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
 And I'll learn you the art of war,
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."
 Hey Johny Coup are ye waking yet ?
 Or are your drums a beating yet ?
 If ye were waking I would wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnie Coup i' the morning."
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

"Now, Johnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
 That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning."
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

When Johnie Coup he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flie awa' i' the morning.
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

Fy now Johnie get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

When Johnie Coup to Dunbar came,
 They spear'd at him; "Where's a' your men?"
 "The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning."
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

"Now, Johnie, trowth ye was na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning."
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

"Ah! faith," co' Johnie, "I got a fleg,
 With their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again, deil break my legs,
 So I wish you a good morning."
 Hey Johnie Coup, &c.

PART I. BALLADS.

 Romantic.

GIL MORRICE.

~~~~~

[This ballad is popular throughout Scotland, and has acquired celebrity from having been the ground-work of the tragedy of *Douglas*. It was printed at Glasgow, for the second time, in 1755, with an advertisement prefixed, in which its preservation was said to be owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. "In consequence of this advertisement," says Dr Percy, "sixteen additional verses have

been produced and handed about in manuscript," which the learned Doctor justly conjectures to be only an ingenious interpolation. Although the poem throughout has evidently undergone corrections from its reciters, yet the later additions are easily distinguishable by every reader acquainted with ballad poetry. In this edition they are inserted within brackets.]

GIL MORRICE was an erle's son,  
His name it waxed wide;  
It was nae for his great riches,  
Nor yit his meikle pride;  
But it was for a lady gay,  
That liv'd on Carron side.

"Whar sall I get a bonny boy  
That will win hose and shoen;  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his lady cum?"

"And ye maun rin my errand, Willie;  
And ye maun rin wi' speid;  
Whan ither boys gang on their feet,  
Ye sall hae prancing steid."

"Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!  
I dara nae for my life;  
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,  
For to triest furth his wife."

"My bird Willie, my boy Willie;  
My dear Willie," he sayd,  
"How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I sall be obey'd."



" But, O my master dear !" he cry'd,  
 " In grene wode ye're your lain ;  
 Gi' owre sic thochts, I wald ye rede, \*  
 For fear ye should be ta'en."

" Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid :  
 If ye refuse my high command,  
 I'll gar your body bleid."

" Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,  
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;  
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,  
 Ein by hersel alane :

" And there it is a silken sarke,  
 Hir ain land sew'd the sleive ;  
 And bid hir cum to Gil Morrice,  
 Speir † nae bauld baron's leave."

" Yes ; I will gae your black errand,  
 Though it be to your cost ;  
 Sen ye will nae be warn'd by me,  
 In it ye sall find frost."

" The baron he's a man o' micht,  
 He ne'er could 'bide to taunt,  
 As ye will see before its nicht,  
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt."

" And sen I maun your errand rin,  
 Sac sair against my will,  
 I'se mak a vow, and keip it true,  
 It sall be done for ill."

\* Advise.

† Ask.

And whan he cam to broken brigg,  
 He bent his bow and swam;  
 And whan he cam to grass growing,  
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnard's yeat,\*  
 Would neither chap nor ca',  
 But set his bent bow to his breist,  
 And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wald nae tell the man his errand,  
 Though he stude at the yeat;  
 But strait into the ha' he cam,  
 Whar they were set at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
 My message winna wait;  
 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wode,  
 Before that it be late.

"Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
 'Tis a gowd but the hem:  
 Ye maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
 Ein by yoursel alane.

"And there it is a silken sarke,  
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleive:  
 Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morrice;  
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stamped wi' hir foot,  
 And winked wi' hir e'e;  
 But a' that she cou'd say or do,  
 Forbidden he wad nae be.

\* Gate.

" Its surely to my bow'r-woman ;  
 It neir could be to me."  
 " I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;  
 I trow that ye be she."

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,  
 (The bairn upon hir knee,)  
 " If it be cum frae Gil Morrice,  
 It's dear welcum to me."

" Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,  
 Sae loud as I hear ye lie ;  
 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;  
 I trow ye be nae she."

Then up and spake the bauld baron,  
 An angry man was he ;  
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;  
 Till crystal cup and ezar \* dish  
 In flinders he gard flee.

" Gae bring a robe of your cliding,  
 That hings upon the pin ;  
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
 And speak wi' your lerman." †

" O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,  
 I warde ‡ ye bide at hame ;  
 Neir wyte § a man for violence,  
 That neir wate ye wi' nane."

Gil Morrice sate in gude grene wode,  
 He whistled and he sang,  
 " O what means a' the folk coming ?  
 My mother tarries lang."

\* Azure.      † Lover.      ‡ Warn.      § Blame.

[His hair was like the threeds of gold,  
 Drawne frae Minerva's loome:  
 His lipps like roses drapping dew,  
 His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain sna'  
 Gilt by the morning beam:  
 His cheeks like living roses glow:  
 His e'en like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
 Sweete as the infant spring:  
 And like the mavis on the bush,  
 He gart the vallies ring.]

The baron to the grene wode cam,  
 Wi' meikle dule and care,  
 And there he first spied Gil Morrice  
 Kaming \* his yellow hair:

[That sweetly wav'd around his face,  
 That face beyond compare:  
 He sang sae sweet, it might dispel  
 A' rage but fell despair.]

" Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,  
 My lady lo'es thee weel,  
 The fairest part of my body  
 Is blacker than thy heel.

" Yet ne'er the less now, Gil Morrice,  
 For a' thy great beautie,  
 Ye'se rew † the day ye eir was born;  
 That head sall gae wi' me."

\* Combing.

† Be sorrow for.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
 And slaited on the strae ; \*  
 And thro' Gil Morrice' fair body  
 He's gard cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gil Morrice' head,  
 And set it on a speir ;  
 The meanest man in a' his train  
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tane Gil Morrice up,  
 Laid him across his steid,  
 And brocht him to his painted bower,  
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa'  
 Beheld baith dale and down ;  
 And there she saw Gil Morrice' head  
 Cum trailing to the toun.

\* This mode of whetting their swords before two warriors joined in battle, is mentioned in many of our romantic ballads. In the original ballad of " Gil Morrice," or " Childe Maurice," published by Mr Jamieson from Dr Percy's folio MS. this act of cool malignity is more particularly narrated than in our text, for in the combat between Childe Maurice and John Steward (Lord Barnard in the modern copy,) the former

———" pulled out a bright browne sword  
 & dried it on the grasse  
 & soe fast he smote at John Steward  
 I wis he never rest

" then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword  
 & dried itt on his sleeve  
 & the first good stroke John Steward stroke  
 Childe Maurice head he did cleave."

JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, vol. i.

“ Better I loe that bluidy head,  
 Bot and that yellow hair,  
 Than Lord Barnard, and a’ his lands  
 As they lig here and there.”

And she has tane Gil Morrice’ head,  
 And kiss’d baith cheek and chin ;  
 “ I was ance as fow of Gil Morrice,  
 As the hip \* is o’ the stane.

“ I gat ye in my father’s house  
 Wi’ meikle sin and shame ;  
 I brocht thee up in the grene wode,  
 Ken’d to mysel alane.

“ Aft have I by thy cradle sitten,  
 And fondly seen thee sleip ;  
 But now I maun gae ’bout thy grave,  
 A mother’s tears to weip.”

And syne she kiss’d his bluidy cheik,  
 And syne his bluidy chin ;  
 “ O better I loed my son Morrice  
 Than a’ my kyth and kin.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
 An ill death may ye dee ;  
 Gin I had ken’d he was your son,  
 He had neir been slain by me.”

“ Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !  
 Obraid me not for shame !  
 Wi’ that same speir O pierce my heart !  
 And put me out o’ pain.

\* The berry which contains the seeds of the dog-rose.



“ Since nothing but Gil Morrice’ head  
 Thy jealous rage could quell,  
 Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,  
 That neir to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nights  
 Will eir be saft or kind ;  
 I’ll fill the air wi’ heavy sighs,  
 And greet till I be blind.”

“ Enough of bluid by me’s been spilt,  
 Seek not your death frae me ;  
 I’d rather far it had been mysel  
 Than either him or thee.

“ With waefou wae I hear your ’plaint ;  
 Sair, sair I rew the deid,  
 That eir this cursed hand of mine  
 Had gard his body bleed.

“ Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
 They neir can heal the wound ;  
 Ye see his heid upon the speir,  
 His heart’s bluid on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deed,  
 The heart that thought the ill ;  
 The feet that bore me wi’ sic speid,  
 The comely youth to kill.

“ I’ll ay lament for Gil Morrice,  
 As gin he were mine ain ;  
 I’ll neir forget the driery day  
 On which the youth was slain.”

## FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.



[Of this beautiful poem there are various editions, but from the air of simplicity with which the story is told, and the want of that gaudy trimming which marks the additions of modern reciters, it may be presumed, that this is the most correct copy of the ballad. It is taken from Mr Jamieson's "Popular Ballad's," vol. i. into which it was copied from a MS. collection of Professor Scott's of Aberdeen.—Lochroyan, to which the lady belonged, is in Galloway.

The subject is celebrated by Burns in an elegy, in which the pathetic powers of that wonderful genius have full scope.]

“ O WHA will shoe my fair foot,  
 And wha will glove my han’?  
 And wha will lace my middle jimp  
 Wi’ a new-made London ban’?”

“ Or wha will kemb my yellow hair  
 Wi’ a new-made silver kemb?  
 Or wha’ll be father to my young bairn,  
 Till love Gregor come hame?”

“ Your father’ll shoe your fair foot,  
 Your mother glove your han’;  
 Your sister lace your middle jimp  
 Wi’ a new-made London ban’;

“ Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair  
 Wi’ a new-made silver kemb;  
 And the King o’ Heaven will father your bairn,  
 Till love Gregor come hame.”

“ O gin I had a bonny ship,  
 And men to sail wi’ me,  
 It’s I wad gang to my true love,  
 Sin he winna come to me!”

Her father’s gien her a bonny ship,  
 And sent her to the stran’;  
 She’s taen her young son in her arms,  
 And turn’d her back to the lan’.

She hadna been o’ the sea sailin’  
 About a month or more,  
 Till landed has she her bonny ship  
 Near her true-love’s door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cauld,  
 And her love was fast asleep,  
 And the bairn that was in her twa arms  
 Fu’ sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love’s door,  
 And lang tirl’d at the pin;  
 At length up gat his fause mother,  
 Says, “ Wha’s that wad be in?”

“ O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,  
 Your love, come o’er the sea,  
 But and your young son in her arms;  
 So open the door to me.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
 You’re nae come here for gude;  
 You’re but a witch, or a vile warlock,  
 Or mermaid o’ the flude.”

“ I’m nae witch or vile warlock,  
 Or mermaiden,” said she;—  
 “ I’m but your Annie of Lochroyan;—  
 O open the door to me!”

“ O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
 As I trust not ye be,  
 What taiken can ye gie that e’er  
 I-kept your companie?”

“ O dinna ye mind, love Gregor,” she says,  
 “ Whan we sat at the wine,  
 How we changed the napkins frae our necks,  
 It’s nae sae lang sinsyne?”

“ And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
 But nae sae gude as mine;  
 For yours was o’ the cambrick clear,  
 But mine o’ the silk sae fine.

“ And dinna ye mind, love Gregor,” she says,  
 “ As we twa sat at dine,  
 How we chang’d the rings frae our fingers,  
 And I can shew thee thine:

" And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
 Yet nae sae gude as mine ;  
 For yours was o' the gude red gold,  
 But mine o' the diamonds fine.

" Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,  
 And open it wi' speed ;  
 Or your young son, that is in my arms,  
 For cauld will soon be dead."

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman ;  
 Gae frae my door for shame,  
 For I hae gotten anither fair love,  
 Sae ye may hie you hame."

" O hae ye gotten anither fair love,  
 For a' the oaths you sware ?  
 Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,  
 For me ye's never see mair !"

O, hooly hooly gaed she back,  
 As the day began to peep ;  
 She set her foot on good ship boar,  
 And sair sair did she weep.

" Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud,  
 Set up the mast o' tree ;  
 Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
 To sail sae gallantie.

" Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,  
 Set up the sails o' skin ;  
 Ill sets the outside to be gay,  
 When there's sic grief within !"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
 And to his mother did say,  
 " I dreamt a dream this night, mither,  
 That maks my heart richt wae ;

" I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,  
 The flower o' a' her kin,  
 Was standin' mournin' at my door,  
 But nane wad let her in."

" O there was a woman stood at the door,  
 Wi' a bairn intill her arms ;  
 But I wadna let her within the bower,  
 For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,  
 And fast ran to the strand ;  
 And there he saw her, fair Annie,  
 Was sailing frae the land.

And " heigh, Annie !" and " how, Annie !  
 O, Annie, winna ye bide ?"  
 But ay the louder that he cried " Annie,"  
 The higher rair'd the tide.

And " heigh, Annie !" and " how, Annie !  
 O, Annie, speak to me !"  
 But ay the louder that he cried " Annie,"  
 The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,  
 And the ship was rent in twain ;  
 And soon he saw her, fair Annie,  
 Come floating o'er the main.



He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith toss'd aboon the tide ;  
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,  
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,  
And drew her to the strand ;  
But cauld and stiff was every limb,  
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kist her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kist her chin,  
And sair he kist her ruby lips ;  
But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was ganging down ;  
Syne wi' a sigh his heart it brast,  
And his saul to heaven has flown.

## CLERK SAUNDERS.



[This ballad is apparently very ancient, and affectingly narrates the unfortunate issue of an illicit amour between two lovers. The appearance of the young man's ghost, and his conversation with his mistress, in which he unfolds some of "the secrets of his prison-house," give an air of wildness and beauty to the piece which render it highly interesting.—It is taken from Mr Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," a work in praise of which it is impossible to speak too highly; and although we are aware that our praise or censure can neither add to nor detract from the merits of the celebrated editor, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the genius that planned the work, at the industry and patience necessary in collecting, and the judgment, research, and erudition which illustrates those memorials of the actions and manners of our forefathers.]

CLERK Saunders and May Margaret  
 Walked ower yon garden green;  
 And sad and heavy was the love  
 That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,  
 "A bed for you and me!"  
 "Fye na, fye na," said May Margaret,  
 "Till anes we married be.

“ For in may come my seven bauld brothers,  
 Wi’ torches burning bright;  
 They’ll say—‘ We hae but ae sister,  
 And behold she’s wi’ a knight !”

“ Then take the sword frae my scabbard,  
 And slowly lift the pin;  
 And you may swear, and safe your aith,  
 Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

“ And take a napkin in your hand,  
 And tie up baith your bonny een;  
 And you may swear, and safe your aith,  
 Ye saw me na since late yestreen.”

It was about the midnight hour,  
 When they asleep were laid,  
 When in and cam her seven brothers,  
 Wi’ torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,  
 Wi’ torches shining bright;  
 They said, “ We hae but ae sister,  
 And behold her lying with a knight !”

Then out and spake the first o’ them,  
 “ I bear the sword shall gar him die !”  
 And out and spake the second o’ them,  
 “ His father has nae mair than he !”

And out and spake the third o’ them,  
 “ I wot that they are lovers dear !”  
 And out and spake the fourth o’ them,  
 “ They hae been in love this mony a year !”

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,  
 " It were great sin true love to twain !"  
 And out and spake the sixth o' them,  
 " It were shame to slay a sleeping man !"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,  
 And never a word spake he ;  
 But he has striped \* his bright brown brand  
 Out thro' Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned  
 Into his arms as asleep she lay ;  
 And sad and silent was the night  
 That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and slept sound,  
 Until the day began to daw ;  
 And kindly to him she did say,  
 " It is time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still, and slept sound,  
 Albeit the sun began to sheen ;  
 She looked atween her and the wa',  
 And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,  
 Said—" Let a' your mourning be :  
 I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,  
 And I'll come back and comfort thee."

" Comfort weel your seven sons ;  
 For comforted will I never be :  
 I ween 'twas neither knave nor lown  
 Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed thro' the town,  
 To carry the dead corse to the clay;  
 And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's window  
 I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,  
 "Or are ye waking presentlie?  
 Give me my faith and troth again,  
 I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,  
 Nor our true love sall never twin,  
 Until ye come within my bower,  
 And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,  
 It has the smell, now, of the ground;  
 And, if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
 Thy days of life will not be lang."

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,  
 I wot the wild-fowls are boding day;  
 Give me my faith and troth again,  
 And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,  
 And our true love sall never twin,  
 Until ye tell what comes of women,  
 I wot, who die in strong traivelling?"

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
 Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
 Weel set about wi' gillyflowers:  
 I wot sweet company for to see.

“ O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,  
 I wot the wild-fowls are boding day ;  
 The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
 And I ere now will be missed away.”

Then she has ta'en a chrystal wand,  
 And she has stroken her troth thereon ;  
 She has given it him out at the shot window,  
 Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

“ I thank ye, Marg'ret ; I thank ye, Marg'ret ;  
 And aye I thank ye heartilie ;  
 Gin ever the dead come for the quick,  
 Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee.”

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,  
 She climbed the wall and followed him,  
 Untill she cam to the green forest ;  
 And there she lost the sight o' him.

“ Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,  
 Is there ony room at your feet ?  
 Or ony room at your side, Saunders,  
 Where fain, fain, I wad sleep.”

“ There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
 There's nae room at my feet ;  
 My bed it is full lowly now :  
 Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

“ Cauld mould is my covering now,  
 But and my winding sheet ;  
 The dew it falls nae sooner down,  
 Than my resting place is weet.



“ But plait a wand o’ bonny birk,  
And lay it on my breast ;  
And shed a tear upon my grave,  
And wish my saul gude rest.

“ And fair Marg’ret, and rare Marg’ret,  
And Marg’ret o’ veritie,  
Gin ere ye love another man,  
Ne’er love him as ye did me.”

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,  
And up and crew the gray ;  
Her lover vanish’d in the air,  
And she gâed weeping away.

## SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.



[This ballad is very popular. There are three poems on the same subject in the "Reliques of English poetry," all of considerable merit; the one here inserted is taken from Mr Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," who took it down from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick; her memory failed her in a few instances, but the chasms have been aptly supplied by Mr Jamieson, and are here printed within brackets.]

The story, in whatever it had its origin, was probably intended as an admonition to those, who, after having plighted their faith to a mistress below their rank in life, recant for the sake of one with larger possessions. Morality taught in such strains as the following was sure to be convincing.]

SWEET Willie and fair Annie  
 Sat a' day on a hill;  
 And though they had sitten seven year,  
 They ne'er wad had their fill.

Sweet Willie said a word in haste,  
 And Annie took it ill:  
 "I winna wed a tocherless maid,  
 Against my parent's will."

“ Ye’re come o’ the rich, Willie,  
 And I’m come o’ the poor ;  
 I’m o’er laigh to be your bride,  
 And I winna be your whore.”

O Annie she’s gane till her bower,  
 And Willie down the den ;  
 And he’s come till his mither’s bower,  
 By the lei light o’ the moon.

“ O sleep ye, wake ye, mither ?” he says,  
 “ Or are ye the bower within ?”  
 “ I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft ;  
 What want ye wi’ me, son ?

“ Whare hae ye been a’ night, Willie ;  
 O wow ! ye’ve tarried lang !”  
 “ I have been courtin’ fair Annie,  
 And she is frae me gane.

“ There is twa maidens in a bower,  
 Which o’ them sall I bring hame ?  
 The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
 And fair Annie has nane.”

“ It’s an ye wed the nut-brown maid,  
 I’ll heap gold wi’ my hand ;  
 But an ye wed her, fair Annie,  
 I’ll straik it wi’ a wand.

“ The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
 And fair Annie has nane ;  
 And Willie, for my benison,  
 The nut-brown maid bring hame.”

“ O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,  
 And I sall bring her hame ;  
 But peace nor rest between us twa,  
 Till death sinder's again.

“ But, alas, alas !” says sweet Willie,  
 “ O fair is Annie's face !”  
 “ But what's the matter, my son Willie,  
 She has nae ither grace.”

“ Alas, alas !” says sweet Willie ;  
 “ But white is Annie's hand !”  
 “ But what's the matter, my son Willie,  
 She has na a fur o' land.”

“ Sheep will die in cots, mither,  
 And owsen \* die in byre ;  
 And what's this warld's wealth to me,  
 An I get na my heart's desire ?

“ Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 That wad fain win hose and shoon,  
 That will rin to fair Annie's bower,  
 Wi' the lei light o' the moon ?

“ Ye'll tell her come to Willie's weddin',  
 The morn at twal at noon ;  
 Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',  
 The heir o' Duplin town.

“ She manna put on the black, the black,  
 Nor yet the dowie brown ;  
 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,  
 And her bonny locks hangin' down.”

He is on to Annie's bower,  
 And tirl'd at the pin;  
 And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel,  
 To open and let him in.

"Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',  
 The morn at twal at noon;  
 Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',  
 The heir of Duplin town.

"Ye manna put on the black, the black,  
 Nor yet the dowie brown;  
 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,  
 And your bonny locks hangin' down."

"It's I will come to Willie's weddin',  
 The morn at twal at noon;  
 t 's I will come to Willie's weddin',  
 But I rather the mass had been mine.

"Maidens, to my bower come,  
 And lay gold on my hair;  
 And whare ye laid ae plait before,  
 Ye'll now lay ten times mair.

"Taylors, to my bower come,  
 And mak to me a weed;  
 And smiths unto my stable come,  
 And shoe to me a steed."

At every tate a' Annie's horse' mane  
 There hang a silver bell;  
 And there came a wind out frae the south,  
 Which made them a' to knell.

And whan she cam to Mary-kirk,  
 And sat down in the deas,  
 The light that cam frae fair Annie  
 Enlighten'd a' the place.

But up and stands the nut-brown bride,  
 Just at her father's knee ;  
 " O wha is this, my father dear,  
 That blinks in Willie's e'e ?"  
 " O this is Willie's first true love,  
 Before he loved thee."

" If that be Willie's first true love,  
 He might ha'e latten me be ;  
 She has as much gold on ae finger,  
 As I'll wear till I die.

" O whare got ye that water, Annie,  
 That washes you sae white ?"  
 " I got it in my mother's wambe,  
 Whare ye'll ne'er get the like.

" For ye've been wash'd in Dunny's well,  
 And dried on Dunny's dyke ;  
 And a' the water in the sea  
 Will never wash ye white."

Willie's ta'en a rose out o' his hat,  
 Laid it in Annie's lap ;  
 [" The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,]  
 Hae, wear it for my sake."

[" Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,  
 As lang as it will last ;  
 For, like your love, its sweetness a'  
 Will soon be gane and past.



“ Wear ye the rose o’ love, Willie,  
 And I the thorn o’ care;  
 For the woman sall never bear a son,  
 That will mak my heart sae sair.” ]

Whan night was come, and day was gane,  
 And a’ man boun to bed,  
 Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride  
 In their chamber were laid.

They were na weel lyen down,  
 And scarcely fa’n asleep,  
 Whan up and stands she, fair Annie,  
 Just up at Willie’s feet.

“ Weel brook ye o’ your brown brown bride,  
 Between ye and the wa’;  
 And sae will I o’ my winding sheet,  
 That suits me best ava.

“ Weel brook ye o’ your brown brown bride,  
 Between ye and the stock;  
 And sae will I o’ my black black kist,  
 That has neither key nor lock.

[“ Weel brook ye o’ your brown brown bride,  
 And o’ your bridal bed;  
 And sae will I o’ the cald cald mools,  
 That soon will hap my head.” ]

Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,  
 Drew till him his hose and shoon,  
 And he is on to Annie’s bower,  
 By the lei light o’ the moon.

The firsten bower that he came till,  
 There was right dowie wark ;  
 Her mither and her three sisters  
 Were makin to Annie a sark.

The nexten bower that he came till,  
 There was right dowie cheir ;  
 Her father and her seven brethren  
 Were makin to Annie a bier.

The lasten bower, that he came till  
 [O heavy was his care !  
 The waxen lights were burning bright,]  
 And fair Annie streekit there.

He's lifted up the coverlet,  
 [Where she, fair Annie, lay ;  
 Sweet was her smile, but wan her cheek ;  
 Oh, wan, and cald as clay !

Pale Willie grew ; wae was his heart,  
 And sair he sigh'd wi' teen :  
 " Oh, Annie ! had I kent thy worth,  
 Ere it o'er late had been ! ]

" It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,  
 And I will kiss your chin ;  
 And I will kiss your clay-cald lip ;  
 But I'll never kiss woman again.

[ " And that I was in love out-done,  
 Sall ne'er be said o' me ;  
 For, as ye've died for me, Annie,  
 Sae will I do for thee. ]

" The day ye deal at Annie's burial  
The bread but and the wine ;  
Before the morn at twall o' clock,  
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,  
The tither in Mary's quire ;  
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,  
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,  
Untill they twa did meet ;  
And every ane that past them by,  
Said, " Thae's been lovers sweet !"

## LAMMIKIN.



[There are several copies of this ballad, all differing in some respect from each other; in one of them the hero is named Balcanqual, and the proprietor of the castle, Balwearie.—The malevolence of Lammikin at not receiving payment for his work, and the ample revenge he took, are finely pourtrayed in this poem, which had probably some foundation in truth.]

LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason  
 As ever hewed a stane;  
 He biggit \* Lord Weire's castle,  
 But payment gat he nane.

“ Sen ye winna gie me my guerdon, † lord,  
 Sen ye winna gie me my hire,  
 This gude castle, sae stately built,  
 - I sall gar rock wi' fire.

“ Sen ye winna gie me my wages, lord,  
 Ye sall hae cause to rue.”  
 And syne he brewed a black revenge,  
 And syne he vowed a vow.—

\* Built.

† Recompense.

The Lammikin sair wroth, sair wroth,  
 Returned again to Downe ;  
 But or he gaed, he vow'd and vow'd,  
 The castle should sweep the ground.—

“ O byde at hame, my gude Lord Weire,  
 I weird ye byde at hame ;  
 Gang na to this day's hunting,  
 To leave me a' alane.

“ Yae night, yae night, I dreamt this bower  
 O red red blude was fu' ;  
 Gin ye gang to this black hunting,  
 I sall hae cause to rue.”

“ Wha looks to dreams, my winsome dame ?  
 Nae cause hae ye to fear ;”  
 And syne he kindly kissed her cheek,  
 And syne the starting tear.—

Now to the gude green-wood he's gane,  
 She to her painted bower ;  
 But first she closed the windows and doors  
 Of the castle, ha', and tower.

They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,  
 Close to the cheek and chin ;  
 They steeked them a' but a wee wicket,  
 And Lammikin crap-in.

“ Where are a' the lads o' this castle ?”  
 Says the Lammikin ;  
 “ They are a' wi' Lord Weire hunting,”  
 The false nourice did sing.

“ Where are a’ the lasses o’ this castle ?”  
 Says the Lammikin ;  
 “ They are a’ out at the washing,”  
 The false nourice \* did sing.

“ But where’s the lady o’ this house ?”  
 Says the Lammikin ;  
 “ She is in her bower sewing,”  
 The false nourice did sing.

“ Is this the bairn o’ this house ?”  
 Says the Lammikin ;  
 “ The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,” †  
 The false nourice did sing.

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 While loud false nourice sings ;  
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 Till high the red blude springs,

“ Still my bairn, nourice,  
 O still him if ye can.”  
 “ He will not still, madam,  
 For a’ his father’s lan’.”

“ O, gentle nourice, still my bairn,  
 O still him wi’ the keys ;”  
 “ He will not still, fair lady,  
 Let me do what I please.”

“ O still my bairn, kind nourice,  
 O still him wi’ the ring.”  
 “ He will not still, my lady,  
 Let me do any thing.”

\* Nurse.

† Has.



“ O still my bairn, gude nourice,  
 O still him wi’ the knife.”  
 “ He will not still, dear mistress mine,  
 Gin I’d lay down my life.”

“ Sweet nourice, loud loud cries my bairn,  
 O still him wi’ the bell.”  
 “ He will not still, dear lady,  
 Till ye cum down yoursell.”

The first step she stepped,  
 She stepped on a stane,  
 The next step she stepped,  
 She met the Lammikin.

And when saw the red red blude,  
 A loud skreich \* skreighed she,—  
 “ O monster, monster, spare my child,  
 Who never skaithed † thee!

“ O spare, if in your bluidy breast  
 Abides not heart of stane!  
 O spare, an’ ye sall hae o’ gold  
 That ye can carry hame!”

“ I carena for your gold,” he said,  
 “ I carena for your fee,  
 I hae been wranged by your lord,  
 Black vengeance ye sall drie.

“ Here are nae serfs to guard your haa’s,  
 Nae trusty spearmen here;  
 In yon green wood they sound the horn,  
 And chace the doe and deer.

\* Shriek.

† Harmed.

"Tho' merry sounds the gude green wood  
 Wi' huntsmen, hounds, and horn,  
 Your lord sall rue ere sets yon sun  
 He has done me skaith and scorn."

"O nourice, wanted ye your meat,  
 Or wanted ye your fee,  
 Or wanted ye for any thing  
 A fair lady could gie?"

"I wanted for nae meat, ladie,  
 I wanted for nae fee;  
 But I wanted for a hantle \*  
 A fair lady could gie."

Then Lammikin drew his red red sword,  
 And sharped it on a stane,  
 And through and through this fair ladie,  
 The cauld cauld steel is gane.

Nor lang was't after this foul deed  
 Till Lord Weire cumin' hame,  
 Thocht he saw his sweet bairn's bluid  
 Sprinkled on a stane.

"I wish a' may be weel," he says,  
 "Wi' my ladie at hame;  
 For the rings upon my fingers  
 Are bursting in twain."

But mair he look'd, and dule saw he,  
 On the door at the trance, †  
 Spots o' his dear lady's bluid  
 Shining like a lance.—

\* A great deal.

† Entrance.

“ There’s bluid in my nursery,  
 There’s bluid in my ha’,  
 There’s bluid in my fair lady’s bower,  
 An’ that’s warst of a’.”

O sweet sweet sang the birdie  
 Upon the bough sae hie,  
 But little cared false nourice for that,  
 For it was her gallows tree.

Then out he set, and his braw men  
 Rode a’ the country roun’,  
 Ere lang they fand \* the Lammikin  
 Had sheltered near to Downe.

They carried him a’ airts o’ wind,  
 And mickle pain had he,  
 At last before Lord Weire’s gate  
 They hanged him on the tree.

\* Found.

## SWEET WILLIE.



[This old ballad owes its present perfect state to the research of the late Mr Finlay of Glasgow, who, by conjoining its several fragments, has rendered it as complete as possible. Many of the lines are beautiful, and the story is told in a simple and natural manner.]

“ WILL you marry the southland lord,  
A queen o’ fair England to be?  
Or will you mourn for sweet Willie,  
The morn upon yon lea?”

“ I will marry the southland lord,  
Father sen it is your will;  
But I’d rather it were my burial day,  
For my grave I’m going till.

“ O go, O go now my bower wife,  
O go now hastilie,  
O go now to sweet Willie’s bower,  
And bid him cum speak to me.—

“ Now, Willie gif ye love me weel,  
 As sae it seems to me,  
 Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,  
 Gar build it speedilie ;

“ And we will sail the sea sae green  
 Unto some far countrie ;  
 Or we’ll sail to some bonny isle,  
 Stands lanely midst the sea.”

But lang or e’er the ship was built,  
 Or deck’d or rigged out,  
 Cam sic a pain in Annet’s back,  
 That down she cou’dna lout. \*

“ Now, Willie, gin ye love me weel,  
 As sae it seems to me,  
 O haste, haste, bring me to my bower,  
 And my bower-maidens three.”

He’s ta’en her in his arms twa,  
 And kiss’d her cheek and chin,  
 He’s brocht her to her ain sweet bower,  
 But nae bower-maid was in.

“ Now leave my bower, Willie,” she said,  
 “ Now leave me to my lane ; †  
 Was never man in a lady’s bower  
 When she was travailing ?”

He’s stepped three steps down the stair,  
 Upon the marble stane,  
 Sae loud’s he heard his young son greet,  
 But and his lady manc. ‡

\* Stoop.

† Myself.

‡ Moan.

"Now come, now come, Willie," she said,  
 "Tak your young son frae me,  
 And hie him to your mother's bower,  
 With speed and privacie."

And he is to his mother's bower,  
 As fast as he could rin,  
 "Open, open, my mother dear,  
 Open and let me in ;

"For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
 The dew stands on my chin,  
 And I have something in my lap,  
 And I wad fain be in."

"O go, O go, now, sweet Willie,  
 And make your ladie blithe,  
 For wherever you had ae nourice,  
 Your young son shall hae five."—

Out spak Annet's mother dear,  
 An' she spak a word o' pride,  
 Says, "Whare is a' our bride's maidens,  
 They're no busking the bride?"

"O haud your tongue, my mother dear,  
 Your speaking let it be,  
 For I'm sae fair and full o' flesh,  
 Little busking will serve me."

Out an' spak the bride's maidens,  
 They spak a word o' pride,  
 Says, "Whare is a' the fine cleiding,  
 Its we maun busk the bride?"



“ Deal hooly \* wi’ my head, maidens,  
 Deal hooly wi’ my hair,  
 For it was washen late yestreen,  
 And it is wonder sair.

“ My maidens, easy wi’ my back,  
 And easy wi’ my side;  
 O set my saddle saft, Willie,  
 I am a tender bride.”

O up then spak the southland lord,  
 And blinkit wi’ his e’e;  
 “ I trow this lady’s born a bairn,”  
 Then laucht loud laughters three.

“ Ye hae gi’en me the gowk, Annet,  
 But I’ll gie you the scorn;  
 For there’s no a bell in a’ the town  
 Shall ring for you the morn.”

Out and spak then sweet Willie,  
 “ Sae loud’s I hear you lie,  
 There’s no a bell in a’ the town  
 But shall ring for Annet and me.”

And Willie swore a great great oath,  
 And he swore by the thorn,  
 That she was as free o’ a child that night,  
 As the night that she was born.

“ O up and spak then sweet Willie,  
 And he spak up wi’ pride,  
 “ Gin I should lay my gloves in pawn,  
 I will dance wi’ the bride.”

\* Softly.

“ Now haud your tongue, Willie,” she said,  
 “ Wi’ dancing let me be,  
 I am sae thin in flesh and blude,  
 Sma’ dancing will serve me.”

But she’s ta’en Willie by the hand,  
 The tear blinded her e’e;  
 “ But I wad dance wi’ my true love,  
 But bursts my heart in three.”

She’s ta’en her bracelet frae her arm,  
 Her garter frae her knee,  
 “ Gie that, gie that, to my young son,  
 He’ll ne’er his mother see.”

## GLENKINDIE.



If we may trust to internal evidence, this ballad is very ancient. It exhibits the manners of a rude age in broad and striking characters, but is not remarkable either for poetic beauty or delicacy of expression. A ballad on the same subject, under the title of Glasgerion, will be found in the third volume of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,  
 He harped to the king;  
 And Glenkindie was ance the best harper  
 That ever harp'd on a string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,  
 Or water out o' a stane;  
 Or milk out o' a maiden's breast,  
 That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,  
 He harpit and he sang;  
 And ay as he harpit to the king,  
 To haud him unthought lang.

“ I’ll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,  
 A robe o’ the royal pa’,  
 Gin ye will harp i’ the winter’s night  
 Afore my nobles a’.”

And the king but and his nobles a’  
 Sat birling\* at the wine;  
 And he wad hae but his ae † dochter,  
 To wait on them at dine.

He’s ta’en his harp intill his hand,  
 He’s harpit them a’ asleep,  
 Except it was the young countess,  
 That love did wauken keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
 And syne he has harpit a gay;  
 And mony a sich atween hands  
 I wat the lady gae.

Says, “ When day is dawen, and cocks hae crawen,  
 And wappit their wings sae wide,  
 It’s ye may come to my bower door,  
 And streek ‡ you by my side.

“ But look that ye tell na Gib your man,  
 For naething that ye dee; §  
 For an ye tell him, Gib your man,  
 He’ll beguile baith you and me.”

He’s taen his harp intill his hand;  
 He harpit and he sang;  
 And he is hame to Gib his man,  
 As fast as he could gang.

\* Carousing. † Only. ‡ Stretch. § Do.

“ O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
Gin I a man had slain ?”

“ O that ye micht, my gude master,  
Altho’ ye had slain ten.”

“ Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,  
My bidden for to dee;  
And, but an ye wauken me in time,  
Ye sall be hangit hie.

“ Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,  
And wappit their wings sae wide,  
I’m bidden gang till yon lady’s bower,  
And streek me by her side.”

“ Gae hame to your bed, my good master;  
Ye’ve waukit, I fear, o’er lang;  
For I’ll wauken you in as good time,  
As ony cock i’ the land.”

He’s ta’en his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he harpit his master asleep,  
Syne fast awa did gang.

And he is till that lady’s bower,  
As fast as he could rin;  
When he cam till that lady’s bower,  
He chappit at the chin.

“ O wha is this,” says that lady,  
“ That opens nae and comes in ?”  
“ It’s I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,  
O, open and let me in !”

She kent he was nae gentle knight  
 That she had latten in ;  
 For neither whan he gaed nor cam,  
 Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam,  
 Nor clappit her whan he gaed ;  
 And in and at her bower window,  
 The moon shone like the gleed.\*

“ O, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,  
 And riven is your sheen,  
 And reavell'd † is your yellow hair  
 That I saw late yestreen.”

“ The stockings they are Gib my man's,  
 They came first to my hand ;  
 And this is Gib my man's shoon ;  
 At my bed feet they stand.  
 I've reavell'd a' my yellow hair  
 Coming against the wind.”

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,  
 He harpit and he sang,  
 Until he cam to his master,  
 As fast as he could gang.

“ Won up, won up, my good master ;  
 I fear ye sleep o'er lang ;  
 There's nae-a cock in a' the land  
 But has wappit his wings and crown.”

\* Flame.

† Dishevelled.



Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand ;  
 He harpit and he sang,  
 And he has reach'd the lady's bower,  
 Afore that e'er he blan. \*

When he cam to the lady's bower,  
 He chappit at the chin ;  
 " O, wha is that at my bower door,  
 That opens na and comes in ?"  
 " It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,  
 And in I canna win."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,  
 " That ever sic shame betide ;  
 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,  
 And than a young knight's bride."

There was nae pity for that lady,  
 For she lay cald and dead ;  
 But a' was for him, Glenkindie,  
 In bower he must gō mad.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water ;  
 The water out o' a stane ;  
 The milk out o' a maiden's breast,  
 That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand ;  
 Sae sweetly as it rang,  
 And wae and weary was to hear  
 Glenkindie's dowie sang.

\* Stopped.

But cald and dead was that lady,  
 Nor heeds for a' his maen;  
 An he wad harpit till domisday,  
 She'll never speak again.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand;  
 He harpit and he sang;  
 And he is hame to Gib his man  
 As fast as he could gang.

"Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,  
 Till I pay you your fee;  
 Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man;  
 Weel payit sall ye be!"

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,  
 And he has hang'd him hie;  
 And he's hangit him o'er his ain yate,  
 As high as high could be.

## THE YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

[This ballad is very old, and relates the issue of a quarrel which arose between two young gentlemen at table, when the hero of the ballad taking fire at the terms in which his companion expresses himself regarding his sister, draws his sword and runs him through the body. He flies from justice, and scarcely reaches his mistress's bower till the deceased's friends, who were in search of him, also arrive; although the young man who was slain was brother to this lady, yet her affection for her lover prompts her to conceal him. Her fidelity is ill rewarded, for his pursuers no sooner leave the house, than, in a fit of a passion, he stabs her. He immediately repents the rash act, but the wound which he had inflicted proves mortal, and the young lady expires, after forgiving him.]

The poem has been often published in an incomplete state, under the title of "The Cruel Knight," but Mr Finlay has rendered it more perfect from two recited copies.]

YOUNG Johnstone and the young col'nel  
 Sat drinking at the wine,  
 "O gin ye wad marry my sister,  
 Its I wad marry thine."

" I wadna marry your sister,  
 For a' your houses and land,  
 But I'll keep her for my leman,  
 When I come o'er the strand.

" I wadna marry your sister,  
 For a' your gowd and fee ;  
 But I'll keep her for my leman,  
 When I come o'er the sea."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,  
 Hung low down by his gair, \*  
 And he ritted † it through the young col'nel,  
 That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa to his sister's bower,  
 And he's tirl'd at the pin ;  
 " Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
 Sae late a coming in ?

" I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,  
 " I wish it may be good,  
 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
 And the young col'nel was dead."—

" They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,  
 As I trow well they be ;  
 For I have killed the young col'nel,  
 And thy own true love was he."

" If ye hae killed the young col'nel,  
 A dule and woe is me ;  
 But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,  
 An' hae nae power to flee."—

\* Dress.

† Thrust violently.

And he's awa to his lover's bower,  
 He's tirl'd at the pin ;  
 " Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
 Sae late a coming in ?

" I've dreamed a dream; this night," she says,  
 " I wish it may be good,  
 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
 And the young col'nel was dead."

" They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,  
 As I trow well they be,  
 For I have killed the young col'nel,  
 And thy ae brother was he."

" If ye hae killed the young col'nel,  
 A dule and woe is me ;  
 But I gie na sae much for the young col'nel,  
 If thy ain body is free.

" Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,  
 Come in and take a sleep,  
 And I will go to my casement,  
 And carefully I'll thee keep."

She hadna weel gane up the stair,  
 And entered in her tower,  
 Till four-and-twenty belted knights  
 Came riding to the door.

" O did you see a bloody squire,  
 A bloody squire was he ;  
 O did you see a bloody squire  
 Come riding o'er the lea ?"

“ What colour were his hawks ? ” she cried,  
 “ What colour were his hounds ?  
 What colour was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him from the bounds ? ”

“ Bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
 And bloody were his hounds,  
 And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him from the bounds. ”

“ Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
 And bloody were his hounds,  
 And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him from the bounds : ”

“ But light ye down, now, gentlemen,  
 And take some bread and wine ;  
 An’ the steed be good he rides upon,  
 He’s past the bridge of Tyne. ”

“ We thank you for your bread, lady,  
 We thank you for your wine ;  
 I wad gie thrice three thousand pounds  
 Your fair bodie was mine. ”

“ Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,  
 Lie still and take a sleep,  
 For there’s four-and-twenty belted knights  
 Just gone out at the gate. ”

But young Johnstone had a wee penknife,  
 Hung low down by his gair,  
 And he ritted it through his dear lady,  
 And wounded her sae sair.



“ What aileth thee, now, dear Johnstone?  
 What aileth thee at me?  
 Hast thou not got my father's gold,  
 Bot and my mother's fee?”

“ Now live, now live, my dear lady,  
 Now live but half an hour;  
 And there's no a leech \* in a' Scotland,  
 But shall be in thy bower.”

“ How can I live, my dear Johnstone?  
 How can I live for thee?  
 O do ye na see my red heart's blood  
 Run trickling down my knee?

“ But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,  
 And ride along the plain;  
 And think no more of thy true love,  
 Than she had never been.”

\* Physician.

## LORD BARNABY.

[The story of this ballad is the same with that of "Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard;" in Dr Percy's, "Reliques," here altered by reciters to the meridian of Angus-shire. Lady Barnaby, in the absence of her husband, makes an assignation with young Musgrave to "lodge wi' her a' night;" promises to reward her page if he keeps the secret, but threatens him with death if he reveals it; on their retiring to her chamber, the page, faithful to his master, hastens to give him information of the infidelity of his lady; Lord Barnaby speedily returns to his house, where he finds his lady with her paramour in bed; challenges him to single combat, in which the young man falls. The ballad closes with the death of Lady Barnaby, who, it appears, was in the last stage of pregnancy.]

" I HAVE a tower in Dalisberry,  
Which now is dearly dight,  
And I will gie it to young Musgrave  
To lodge wi' me a' night."

“ To lodge wi’ thee a’ night, fair lady,  
 Wad breed baith sorrow and strife;  
 For I see by the rings on your fingers,  
 You’re good Lord Barnaby’s wife.”

“ Lord Barnaby’s wife although I be,  
 Yet what is that to thee?  
 For we’ll beguile him for this ae night—  
 He’s on to fair Dundee.

“ Come here, come here, my little foot-page,  
 This gold I will give to thee,  
 If ye will keep thir secrets close  
 ’Tween young Musgrave and me.

“ But here I have a little penknife,  
 Hangs low down by my gare;  
 Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,  
 Ye’ll find it wonder sair.”

Then she’s ta’en him to her chamber,  
 And down in her arms lay he:—  
 The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,  
 And ran to fair Dundee.

When he cam to the wan water,  
 He slack’d his bow and swam;  
 And when he cam to growin grass,  
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to fair Dundee,  
 Wad neither chap nor ca’;  
 But set his brent bow to his breast,  
 And merrily jump’d the wa’.

" O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
Waken, and come away !"

" What ails, what ails my wee foot-page,  
He cries sae lang ere day.

" O, is my bowers brent, \* my boy?  
Or is my castle won?

Or has the lady that I lo'e best  
Brought me a daughter or son?"

" Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,  
And free frae all alarms ;

But, oh ! the lady that ye lo'e best  
Lies sound in Musgrave's arms."

" Gae saddle to me the black," he cried ;

" Gae saddle to me the gray ;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
To hie me on my way."—

" O lady, I heard a wee horn toot, †  
And it blew wonder clear ;

And ay the turning o' the note,  
Was ' Barnaby will be here !'

" I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,  
And it blew loud and high ;

And ay at ilka turn it said,  
' Away, Musgrave, away !'

" Lie still, my dear ; lie still, my dear ;  
Ye keep me frae the cold ;

For it is but my father's shepherds  
Driving their flocks to the fold."

\* Burnt.

† Sound.

Up they lookit, and down they lay,  
 And they're fa'en sound asleep ;  
 Till up stood good Lord Barnaby,  
 Just close at their bed feet.

" How do you like my bed, Musgrave?  
 And how like ye my sheets?  
 And how like ye my fair lady,  
 Lies in your arms and sleeps?"

" Weel like I your bed, my lord,  
 And weel like I your sheets ;  
 But ill like I your fair lady,  
 Lies in my arms and sleeps."

" You got your wale o' se'en sisters,  
 And I got mine o' five ;  
 Sae tak ye mine, and I's tak thine,  
 And we nae mair sall strive."

" O, my woman's the best woman  
 That ever brak world's bread ;  
 And your woman's the worst woman  
 That ever drew coat o'er head."

" I hae twa swords in ae scabbert,  
 They are baith sharp and clear :  
 Tak ye the best, and I the warst,  
 And we'll end the matter here.

" But up, and arm thee, young Musgrave,  
 We'll try it han' to han' ;  
 It's ne'er be said o' Lord Barnaby,  
 He strack at a naked man."

The first straik that young Musgrave got,  
 It was baith deep and sair ;  
 And down he fell at Barnaby's feet,  
 And word spak never mair.

\* \* \* \* \*

" A grave, a grave !" Lord Barnaby cried,  
 " A grave to lay them in ;  
 My lady shall lie on the sunny side,  
 Because of her noble kin."

But oh, how sorry was that good lord,  
 For a' his angry mood,  
 Whan he beheld his ain young son  
 All welt'ring in his blood !



## THE GYPSIE LADDIE.



[The story upon which this ballad is founded is said to be as follows:

“That the Earl of Cassillis had married a nobleman’s daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl’s absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, ‘nothing loth:’ That the Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort’s ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

——the meanest of them all,  
Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoro*, and it is said confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassillis house, is still denominated the Gypsies Steps."—FINLAY'S *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii.]

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
And wow but they sang sweetly;  
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,  
That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a' her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd \* face,  
They coost the glamer † o'er her.

"O come with me," says Johnie Faw,  
"O come with me, my dearie;  
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

\* Well-favoured.

† Magical charm.

Then she gied them the beer and the wine,  
 And they gied her the ginger ;  
 But she gied them a far better thing,  
 The goud ring aff her finger.

“ Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a pladie ;  
 For if kith and kin and a’ had sworn,  
 I’ll follow the gypsie laddie.

“ Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
 Wi’ my good lord beside me ;  
 But this night I’ll lye in a tennant’s barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.”

“ Come to your bed,” says Johnie Faw,  
 “ Oh ! come to your bed, my dearie ;  
 For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.”

“ I’ll go to bed to my Johnie Faw,  
 I’ll go to bed to my dearie ;  
 For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,  
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

“ I’ll mak a hap \* to my Johnie Faw,  
 I’ll mak a hap to my dearie ;  
 And he’s get a’ the coat gaes round,  
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

And when our lord came hame at e’en,  
 And spier’d † for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry’d, and the other replied,  
 “ She’s away wi’ the gypsie laddie.”

\* Covering.

† Inquired.

“ Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready ;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I’ll gae seek my fair lady.”

And he’s rode east, and he’s rode west,  
 Till he came near Kirkaldy ; \*  
 There he met a packman lad,  
 And speir’d for his fair lady.

“ O cam’ ye east, or cam’ ye west,  
 Or cam’ ye through Kirkaldy ?  
 O saw na ye a bonny lass,  
 Following the gypsie laddie ?”

“ I cam’ na east, I cam’ na west,  
 Nor cam’ I through Kirkaldy ;  
 But the bonniest lass that e’er I saw,  
 Was following the gypsie laddie.”

And we were fifteen weel-made men,  
 Altho’ we were na bonny ;  
 And we were a’ put down but ane,  
 For a fair young wanton lady.

\* This is not agreeable to what tradition points out as the course which the Earl followed in quest of the fugitives ; these verses must not on this account, however, be rejected as forming no part of the ballad, reciters in many instances adapting the words of a poem to their own neighbourhood,

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.



[Fragments of this old ballad have frequently been published, but it was reserved for the industry of Mr Scott to restore it to its present state. It is very beautiful, abounding in many fine touches of nature.

Fair Annie, a lady, who had been carried off from her father's house when very young, becomes housekeeper to a nobleman, to whom she has a large family; he resolves on marrying a rich nobleman's daughter, and accordingly gives directions for the reception of his bride; on his returning home with her and a large retinue, they are met by fair Annie and her children, who welcome them into the house; a sumptuous entertainment is prepared, at which she performs the duties of her office, and during which, with great difficulty, she represses her grief for the infidelity of her lord; on retiring to her chamber, however, her sorrow gets vent, when she is overheard by the bride, who comes to her and desires to know the cause of her mourning, and imagining she bears some resemblance to her sister who had been stolen away, inquires her pedigree, when she is surprised to learn that the disconsolate Annie is in reality her sister; the bride prepares to return home, but previous to her setting sail gives great part of her dowry to fair Annie and her children.

It is somewhat remarkable, that a poem on the same subject, and bearing the title of Skicæn Anna, or Fair Annie,

was found a few years ago by Mr Jamieson, in the "Kæmpe Viser," a Collection of Danish traditionary poems published in 1591. The story is not so complete in the following ballad as in that of Skioen Anna, a translation of which will be found in Mr Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," vol. ii.]

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane;  
For I'm ga'n o'er the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;  
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring o'er the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale;  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring o'er the dale."

"But she, that welcomes my brisk bride,  
Maun gang like maiden fair,  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair."

"But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child again?"



She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
 Another in her hand ;  
 And she's up to the highest tower,  
 To see him come to land.

" Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
 And look o'er yon sea-strand,  
 And see your father's new-come bride,  
 Before she come to land."

" Come down, come down, my mother dear !  
 Come frae the castle wa' !  
 I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
 Ye'll let yoursell down fa'."

And she gaed down, and farther down,  
 Her love's ship for to see ;  
 And the top-mast and the main-mast  
 Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,  
 The bride's ship to behold ;  
 And the top-mast and the main-mast  
 They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand ;  
 I wot she didna fail !  
 She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
 As they cam o'er the dale.

" You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas ;  
 You're welcome to your land ;  
 You're welcome, with your fair ladye,  
 That you lead by the hand.

“ You’re welcome to you ha’s, ladye ;  
 You’re welcome to your bowers ;  
 You’re welcome to your hame, ladye :  
 For a’ that’s here is yours.”

“ I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie ;  
 Sae dearly as I thank thee ;  
 You’re the likest to my sister, Annie,  
 That ever I did see.

“ There came a knight out o’er the sea,  
 And steal’d my sister away ;  
 The shame scoup \* in his company,  
 And land where’er he gae !”

She hang ae napkin at the door,  
 Another in the ha’ ;  
 And a’ to wipe the trickling tears,  
 Sae fast as they did fa’.

And aye she served the lang tables,  
 With white bread and with wine ;  
 And aye she drank the wan water,  
 To had her colour fine. †

And aye she served the lang tables,  
 With white bread and with brown ;  
 And aye she turned her round about,  
 Sae fast the tears fall down.

And he’s ta’en down the silk napkin,  
 Hung on a silver pin ;  
 And aye he wipes the tear trickling  
 Adown her cheik and chin.

\* Go.

† i. e. To keep her from fainting.

And aye he turned him round about,  
 And smil'd amang his men:  
 Says—" Like ye best the old ladye,  
 Or her that's new come hame?"

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' men bound to bed,  
 Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,  
 To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forebye,  
 To hear what they might say;  
 " And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,  
 " That I should see this'day!

" Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,  
 Running on the castle-wa',  
 And I were a grey cat mysell!  
 I soon would worry them a'.

" Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,  
 Running o'er yon lilly lee,  
 And I were a grew hound mysell!  
 Soon worried they a' should be."

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,  
 And drearie was her sang;  
 And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,\*  
 " Wae to the man that did the wrang!"

" My gown is on," said the new-come bride,  
 " My shoes are on my feet,  
 And I will to fair Annie's chamber,  
 And see what gars her greet.

\* Wept.

“ What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,  
 That ye make sic a moan?  
 Has your wine barrels cast the girds, \*  
 Or is your white bread gone?

“ O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
 Or wha was't was your mother?  
 And had ye ony sister, Annie,  
 Or had ye ony brother?”

“ The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
 The Countess of Wemyss my mother;  
 And a' the folk about the house,  
 To me were sister and brother.”

“ If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,  
 I wot sae was he mine;  
 And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,  
 That ye your love sall tyne. †

“ For I have seven ships o' mine ain,  
 A' loaded to the brim;  
 And I will gie them a' to thee,  
 Wi' four to thine eldest son.  
 But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,  
 That I gae maiden hame!”

\* Hoops.

† Lose.

## THE CRUEL BROTHER.



[This ballad is popular throughout Scotland. A gentleman falls in love with a young lady, and obtains her and her parents' consent to their union, but neglects to inform her brother of his intention, who considers the omission as an unpardonable insult; the marriage, however, is consummated with much splendour, at which the utmost harmony and conviviality prevail; the company begin to separate, the happy pair are also on the eve of setting off to their own house, the lady takes leave of all her relations, and is in the act of saluting her brother, when he draws out a knife and mortally wounds her. While our sorrow is excited for the fate of the young lady, and we are prepared to hear what punishment is inflicted on the perpetrator, our curiosity is disappointed by the childish questions and answers which conclude the poem.]

THERE was three ladies in a ha',  
 Fine flowers i' the valley;  
 There came three lords amang them a',  
 The red, green, and the yellow.

The first of them was clad in red,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 " O lady fair, will ye be my bride ?  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

The second of them was clad in green,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 " O lady fair, will ye be my queen ?  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

The third of them was clad in yellow,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 " O lady fair, will ye be my marrow ?  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

" You must ask my father dear,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Likewise the mother that did me bear,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

" You must ask my sister Ann,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 And not forget my brother John,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

" I have ask't thy father dear,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Likewise the mother that did thee bear,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

" I have ask't thy sister Ann,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 But I forgot thy brother John,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."



Now when the wedding day was come,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 The knight would take his bonny bride home,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

And many a lord and many a knight,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Came to behold that lady bright,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

And there was nae man that did her see,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 But wished himself bridegroom to be,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her through the ha',  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Her mother danc'd before them a',  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her sister Ann led her through the close,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Her brother John put her on her horse,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

" You are high and I am low,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Let me have a kiss before you go,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

She was louting down to kiss him sweet,  
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;  
 Wi' his penknife he wounded her deep,  
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Ride up, ride up,” cry’d the foremost man,  
 “ Fine flowers i’ the valley ;  
 I think our bride looks pale and wan,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ O lead me over into yon stile,  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley ;  
 That I may stop and breathe a while,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ O lead me over into yon stair,  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley ;  
 For there I’ll lie and bleed nae mair,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ O what will you leave your father dear?  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley.”  
 “ The milk-white steed that brought me here,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ O what will you leave your mother dear?  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley.”  
 “ The silken gown that I did wear,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ What will you leave your sister Ann?  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley.”  
 “ My silken snood and golden fan,  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

“ What will you leave your brother John?  
 Fine flowers i’ the valley.”  
 “ The highest gallows to hing him on:  
 Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.”

"What will you leave your brother John's wife?  
Fine flowers i' the valley."

"Grief and sorrow to end her life,  
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

"What will you leave your brother John's bairns?  
Fine flowers i' the valley."

"The world wide for them to range,  
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow."

## SIR HUGH.

[In the dark ages the prejudices against the Jews gave rise to many stories of their cruelties to Christians, which were fostered by the priests, and believed by the people. The subject on which this ballad is founded, is a supposed murder committed by the Jews at Lincoln on a boy, in the reign of Henry III.—While amusing himself at an innocent pastime with other youths, near a Jew's house, Sir Hugh strikes the ball through the window; he solicits the Jew's daughter to throw it back to him, but she refuses, and endeavours to entice him into the house, which he at last enters; when in her power, she puts him to death, and to conceal her guilt, throws his body into a deep well; his mother makes every search for him, and in her lamentation invokes his spirit to tell her where he is laid; the poet here calls to his aid the superstition of the times, makes the boy answer his mother from the bottom of the well, meet her at an appointed place, and sets the bells a-ringing without human aid. Miracles such as these were not only current, but implicitly believed, and are even at this day not discredited.]

A' THE boys of merry Linkin,  
 War playing at the ba',  
 An' up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,  
 The flower among them a'.

He keppit the ba' than wi' his foot,  
 And catcht it wi' his knee,  
 And even in at the Jew's window,  
 He gart the bonny ba' flee.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,  
 Cast out the ba' to me."

"Ah never a bit of it," she says,  
 "Till ye come up to me."

"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,  
 Come up and get the ba':"

"I winna come, I manna come,  
 Without my bonny boys a'."

"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,  
 Come up, and speak to me:"

"I manna come, I winna come,  
 Without my bonny boys three."

She's ta'en her to the Jew's garden,  
 Whar the grass grew lang and green,  
 She's pu'd an apple red and white,  
 To wyle the bonny boy in.

She's wyl'd him in through ae chamber,  
 She's wyl'd him in through twa,  
 She's wyl'd him till hir ain chamber,  
 The flower out ower them a'.

She's laid him on a dressin' board,  
 Whar she did often dine,  
 She stack a penknife to his heart,  
 And dress'd him like a swine.

She's row'd him in a cake of lead,  
 Bade him lie still and sleep;  
 She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,  
 Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' the bairns came hame,  
 When every lady gat hame her son,  
 The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,  
 Her coffer by the hand;  
 And she's gane out to seek her son,  
 And wander'd o'er the land:

She's doen her to the Jew's castell,  
 Where a' were fast asleep;  
 "Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak."

She's doen her to the Jew's garden,  
 Thought he had been gathering fruit;  
 "Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak."

She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,  
 Was fifty fathom deep;  
 "Whare'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak."

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,  
 Prepare my winding sheet;  
 And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,  
 The morn I will you meet."



Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,  
 Made him a winding sheet ;  
 And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,  
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,  
 Without men's hands were rung ;  
 And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,  
 Were read without man's tongue ;  
 And ne'er was such a burial-  
 Sin Adam's days begun.

## LADY MAISRY.

[This fine ballad is very old. It relates a melancholy instance of enmity in a young gentleman to his sister, because she was betrothed to an English baron, to whom she is with child; when the young man learns this, he sternly demands of her to forego her lover's company, which she obstinately refuses to do; on this he commands his men to tie her to a stake and burn her; in the mean time her lover receives intimation of her danger, and hastens to her relief, but before he reaches her father's house she is nearly dead; the poem concludes with his threatening vengeance on all her relations.]

THE young lords o' the north country  
 Have all a-wooing gane,  
 To win the love of Lady Maisry;  
 But o' them she wou'd hae nane.

O, thae hae sought her, Lady Maisry,  
 Wi' broaches, and wi' rings;  
 And they hae courted her, Lady Maisry,  
 Wi' a' kin kind of things.

And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,  
 Frae father and frae mither;  
 And they hae sought her, Lady Maisry,  
 Frae sister and frae brither.

And they hae follow'd her, Lady Maisry,  
 Thro' chamber and through ha';  
 But a' that they could say to her,  
 Her answer still was "Na."

"O, haud your tongues, young men," she said,  
 "And think nae mair on me,  
 For I've gi'en my love to an English lord;  
 Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchey-boy heard that,  
 (An ill death mot he die!)  
 And he is in to her brother,  
 As fast as gang cou'd he.

"O, is my father and my mother weel,  
 Bot, and my brothers three?  
 Gin my sister Lady Maisry be weel,  
 There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother is weel,  
 Bot and your brothers three;  
 Your sister, Lady Maisry's, weel;  
 Sae big wi' bairn is she.

"A malison \* light on the tongue,  
 Sic tidings tells to me!—  
 But gin it be a lie you tell,  
 You shall be hanged hie."

\* Curse.

He's doon him to his sister's bower,  
 Wi' mickle dool and care;  
 And there he saw her, Lady Maisry,  
 Kembing her yellow hair.

"O, wha is aucht that bairn," he says,  
 "That ye sae big are wi'?"  
 And gin ye winna own the truth,  
 This moment ye sall die."

She's turned her richt and round about,  
 And the kembe fell frae her han';  
 A trembling seized her fair bodie,  
 And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,  
 And the truth I'll tell to thee;  
 My bairn it is to Lord William,  
 And he is betrothed to me."

"O cou'dna ye gotten dukes, or lords,  
 Intill your ain countrie,  
 That ye drew up wi' an English dog,  
 To bring this shame on me?"

"But ye maun gi'e up your English lord,  
 Whan your young babe is born;  
 For, gin ye keep by him an hour langer,  
 Your life shall be forlorn."

"I will gi'e up this English lord,  
 Till my young babe be born;  
 But the never a day nor hour langer,  
 Though my life should be forlorn."

“ O whare is a’ my merry young men,  
 Wham I gi’e meat and fee,  
 To pu’ the bracken and the thorn,  
 To burn this vile whore wi’ ?”

“ O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 To help me in my need,  
 To rin wi’ haste to Lord William,  
 And bid him come wi’ speed ?”

O out it spak a bonny boy,  
 Stood by her brother’s side ;  
 “ It’s I wad rin your errand, lady,  
 O’er a’ the world wide.

“ Aft ha’e I run your errands, lady,  
 When blawin baith wind and weet ; \*  
 But now I’ll rin your errand, lady,  
 With saut tears on my cheek.”

O whan he came to broken briggs,  
 He bent his bow and swam ;  
 And whan he came to the green grass growin’,  
 He slack’d his shoon and ran.

And whan he came to Lord William’s yeats,  
 He badena to chap or ca’ ; †  
 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
 And lightly lap the wa’;  
 And, or the porter was at the yeat,  
 The boy was in the ha’,

\* Rain.

† i. e. He stopt not to knock.

“ O is my biggins \* broken, boy ?  
 Or is my towers won ?  
 Or is my lady lighter yet,  
 O’ a dear daughter or son ? ”

“ Your biggin isna broken, sir,  
 Nor is your towers won ;  
 But the fairest lady in a’ the land  
 This day for you maun burn.”

“ O saddle to me the black, the black,  
 Or saddle to me the brown ;  
 Or saddle to me the swiftest steed  
 That ever rade frae a town.”

Or he was near a mile awa’,  
 She heard his weir-horse † sneeze ;  
 “ Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
 It’s nae come to my knees.”

O, whan he lighted at the yeat,  
 She heard his bridle ring :  
 “ Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
 It’s far yet frae my chin.

“ Mend up the fire to me, brother,  
 Mend up the fire to me ;  
 For I see him comin’ hard and fast,  
 Will soon men’t up for thee.—

“ O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,  
 Sae hard as they are boun’,  
 I wad hae turn’d me frae the gleed,  
 And casten out your young son.”

\* Buildings.

† War-horse.



“ O I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your father and your mother ;  
And I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your sister and your brother ;

“ And I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
The chief o’ a’ your kin ;  
And the last bonfire that I come to,  
Myself I will cast in.”

## FAUSE FOODRAGE.



[The hero of this ballad is a nobleman at the court of a King Honour, against whom he heads a conspiracy and assassinates in his chamber; the queen begs her life, which he spares, on condition that the child with which she is pregnant, shall be put to death if it prove to be a male, and suffered to live if a female; a very short time before her delivery, she eludes the vigilance of her keepers, escapes from them, and is delivered of a son; the wife of one of the conspirators discovers her, but, to save the life of the child, exchanges it for her daughter; the boy is brought up in this family till he reaches manhood, when, on a hunting with his reputed father, he is informed of his noble birth; he immediately storms the castle of his father's murderer, slays him, and sets his mother at liberty; as a reward for the care bestowed on him by Wise William, he gives him large possessions, and marries his daughter.

The ballad is old, popular, and contains many fine passages; the meeting of the conspirators, their irresolution, the progress of Foodrage to the chamber of the king, the conversation of the queen with Wise William's wife, and particularly that of Wise William with King Honour's son, are related in a manner that prove the author to have known well the "workings of the human heart," and give to the poem a fine dramatic effect.]

KING Easter has courted her for her lands;  
 King Wester for her fee;  
 King Honour for her comely face,  
 And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,  
 As I have heard them tell,  
 Until the nobles of the land  
 Against them did rebel.

And they cast keviles \* them amang,  
 And keviles them between;  
 And they cast keviles them amang,  
 Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay;  
 Their words did not agree;  
 Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,  
 And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' men bound to bed,  
 King Honour and his gaye ladye  
 In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,  
 When a' were fast asleep,  
 And slew the porter in his lodge,  
 That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys;  
 Hang hie upon a pin;  
 And aye, as ae door he did unlock,  
 He has fastened it him behind.

\* Lots.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,  
 Says—"What means a' this din?  
 Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,  
 Or wha has loot \* you in?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,  
 Before that I depart."  
 Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,  
 And fell low down on her knee:  
 "O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!  
 For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage,  
 Until I lighter be!  
 And see gin it be lad or lass,  
 King Honour has left me wi'."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,  
 "Weel nursed it sall be;  
 But gin it be a lad bairn,  
 He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,  
 Nor yet for his hie, hie, kin;  
 But soon as e'er he born is,  
 He sall mount the gallows pin."

O four and twenty valiant knights  
 Were set the queen to guard;  
 And four stood aye at her bour door,  
 To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,  
 That she suld lighter be,  
 She cast about to find a wile,  
 To set her body free.

O she has birl'd these merry young men  
 With the ale but and the wine,  
 Until they were as deadly drunk  
 As any wild wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,  
 And big, big, am I grown!"  
 Yet, thro' the might of Our Ladye,  
 Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,  
 She wandered out and in;  
 And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,  
 The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevels them amang,  
 Which suld gae seek the queen;  
 And the kevil fell upon Wise William,  
 And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,  
 The queen fell on her knee;  
 "Win up, win up, madame!" she says:  
 "What needs this courtesie?"

"O out o' this I winna rise,  
 Till a boon ye grant to me;  
 To change your lass for this lad bairn,  
 King Honour left me wi'.

“ And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk  
 Right weel to breast a steed ;  
 And I sall learn your turtle dow \*  
 As weel to write and read.

“ And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk  
 To weild baith bow and brand ;  
 And I sall learn your turtle dow  
 To lay gowd wi’ her hand.

“ At kirk and market when we meet,  
 We’ll dare make nae avowe,  
 But—“ Dame, how does my gay goss hawk ?”  
 “ Madame, how does my dow ?”

When days were gane, and years came on,  
 Wise William he thought lang ;  
 And he has ta’en King Honour’s son .  
 A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,  
 Upon a simmer’s day,  
 That they came by a fair castell,  
 Stood on a sunny brae.

“ O dinna ye see that bonny castell,  
 Wi’ halls and towers sae fair ?  
 Gin ilka man had back his ain,  
 Of it ye suld be heir.”

“ How I suld be heir of that castell  
 In sooth I canna see ;  
 For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,  
 And he is na kin to me.”



“ O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
 You would do but what was right ;  
 For I wot he kill'd your father dear,  
 Or ever ye saw the light.

“ And, gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
 There is no man durst you blame ;  
 For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
 And she darna take ye hame.”

The boy stared wild like a gray goss hawk :  
 Says—“ What may a' this mean ? ”  
 “ My boy, ye are King Honour's son,  
 And your mother's our lawful queen.”

“ O gin I be King Honour's son,  
 By Our Ladye I swear,  
 This night I will that traitor slay,  
 And relieve my mother dear ! ”

He has set his bent bow to his breast,  
 And leaped the castell wa' ;  
 And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,  
 Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

“ O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage !  
 Frae me ye shanna flee.”  
 Syne, pierc'd him thro' the fause, fause, heart,  
 And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William  
 Wi' the best half of his land ;  
 And sae has he the turtle dow,  
 Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

## THE YOUNG TAMLANE.



[In this poem are accurately delineated, the popular belief in the power which fairies or invisible agents were supposed to possess of transforming a human being into one of their number, their modes of life, and some of the spells practised to restore the person again to his original shape.—The hero of the ballad, when a boy, fell asleep upon his horse, and in dropping to the ground, the queen of the fairies caught him, and metamorphosed him into one of her subjects; Carterhaugh, in the vicinity of Selkirk, was the scene of his nightly revels, where he became well known for his amorous tricks; Lady Janet is advised not to go near his haunts, lest she fall into his snares; she despises the counsel, goes to the place and raises him, but has soon cause to rue her rashness; in an interview which she has again with him, he relates the manner of life which the fairies lead, informs her of a procession which was to take place, in which he would bear a conspicuous part, and strictly enjoins her to follow the instructions which he gives, that he may be relieved from fairy thralldom; she promises to obey his orders, appears at the appointed place, and succeeds in restoring him to human society.

The story is well told, and highly interesting, particularly where the occupations and actions of the fairies are detailed.—The belief that invisible agents interest themselves in the affairs of men, is an opinion which has

prevailed from the most remote ages. From the barbarity in which our ancestors were sunk, and which was rendered of long duration by the unsettled state of the country, it was some ages after the introduction of Christianity, that the light of religion could penetrate the dark chaos, and the faint glimmerings served rather to bewilder than direct men in the path of truth; natural causes were mistaken by the mass of the people for the operations of invisible power, and consequently had the effect of binding them firmer in their erroneous notions. The fairies, elves, goblins, of Gothic mythology, therefore long retained their place in the public creed, but the tide of knowledge, which has rolled in upon us, has put them to flight, at least from the low country, where they have now ceased to perform their nocturnal pranks; but that they may shew their enmity (as is yet believed by some) for being deprived of their accustomed haunts, they occasionally torment children in sickness, and play off their stone artillery at harmless cattle. We have thus almost survived the belief in their existence, and have only to acknowledge our obligations to them for having been the means of giving intellectual pleasure in furnishing machinery for the "Fairy Queen," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and in being the subject of a learned and acute inquiry in the second volume of the "Border Minstrelsy."

This ballad was popular prior to 1549, as it is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," published at that period.]

O I forbid ye, maidens a',  
 That wear gowd on your hair,  
 To come or gae by Carterhaugh;  
 For young Tamlane is there.

There's nane, that gaes by Carterhaugh,  
 But maun leave him a wad ; \*  
 Either goud rings, or green mantles,  
 Or else their maidenheid.

Now, gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,  
 Green mantles ye may spin ;  
 But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,  
 Ye'll ne'er get that agen.

But up then spak her, fair Janet,  
 The fairest o' a' her kin,  
 " I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,  
 And ask nae leave o' him."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle, †  
 A little abune her knee ;  
 And she has braided her yellow hair,  
 A little abune her bree. ‡

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
 She gaed beside the well ;  
 And there she fand his steed standing,  
 But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,  
 A rose but barely three ;  
 Till up and starts a wee wee man,  
 At Lady Janet's knee.

Says—" Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,  
 What gars ye break the tree ?  
 Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,  
 Withoutten leave o' me ?"

\* Token.

† Petticoat.

‡ Brow.

Says—"Carterhaugh it is mine ain;  
 My daddie gave it me;  
 I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
 And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
 Amang the leaves sae green;  
 And what they did I cannot tell,  
 The green leaves were between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
 Amang the roses red;  
 And what they did I cannot say—  
 She ne'er returned a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha',  
 She looked pale and wan;  
 They thought she'd dried\* some sair sickness,  
 Or been wi' some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,  
 Nor make meikle o' her heid;  
 And ilka thing, that lady took,  
 Was like to be her deid.†

Its four and twenty ladies fair  
 Were playing at the ba';  
 Janet, the wightest of them anes,  
 Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
 Were playing at the chess;  
 And out there came the fair Janet,  
 As green as any grass.

\* Suffered.

† Death.

Out and spak an auld gray-headed knight !

Lay o'er the castle wa'—

“ And ever alas ! for thee, Janet,  
But we'll be blamed a' !”

“ Now haud your tongue, ye auld gray knight !

And an ill deid may ye die !

Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.”

Out then spak her father dear,

And he spak meik and mild—

“ And ever' alas ! my sweet Janet,  
I fear ye gae with child.”

“ And, if I be with child, father,

Mysell maun bear the blame ;

There's ne'er a knight about your ha',  
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

“ And, if I be with child, father,

'Twill prove a wondrous birth ;

For well I swear I'm not wi' bairn  
To any man on earth.

“ If my love were an earthly knight,

As he's an elfin grey,

I wadna gie my ain true love  
For nae lord that ye hae.”

She princked hersell and prin'd hersell,

By the ae light of the moon,

And she's away to Carterhaugh,

To speak wi' young Tamlane.



And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
 She gaed beside the weil;  
 And there she saw the steed standing,  
 But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
 A rose but only twae,  
 When up and started young Tamlane,  
 Says—"Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,  
 Within this garden grene,  
 And a' to kill the bonny babe,  
 That we got us between!

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane;  
 A word ye mauna lie;  
 Gin ere ye was in haly chapel,  
 Or sained \* in Christentie."

"The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,  
 A word I winna lie;  
 A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
 As well as they did thee.

"Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
 Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
 We loved when we were children small,  
 Which yet you well may mind.

"When I was a boy just turned of nine,  
 My uncle sent for me,  
 To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,  
 And keep him cumpanie.

\* Hallowed.

“ There came a wind out of the north,  
 A sharp wind and a snell ; \*  
 And a dead sleep came over me,  
 And frae my horse I fell.

“ The queen of fairies keppit me,  
 In yon green hill to dwell ;  
 And I’m a fairy, lyth and limb ;  
 Fair ladye, view me well.

“ But we that live in Fairy land,  
 No sickness know, nor pain ;  
 I quit my body when I will,  
 And take to it again.

“ I quit my body when I please,  
 Or unto it repair ;  
 We can inhabit, at our ease,  
 In either earth or air.

“ Our shapes and size we can convert  
 To either large or small ;  
 An old nut-shell’s the same to us,  
 As is the lofty hall.

“ We sleep in rosebuds, soft and sweet,  
 We revel in the stream,  
 We wanton lightly on the wind,  
 Or glide on a sun-beam.

“ And all our wants are well supplied  
 From every rich man’s store,  
 Who, thankless, sins the gifts he gets,  
 And vainly grasps for more.

\* Cold.

“ Then would I never tire, Janet,  
 In elfish land to dwell,  
 But aye at every seven years,  
 They pay the teind to hell;  
 And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,  
 I fear 'twill be mysell.

“ This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,  
 The morn is Hallowday;  
 And, gin ye dare your true love win,  
 Ye hae na time to stay.

“ The night it is good Hallowe'en,  
 When fairy folk will ride;  
 And they that wad their true love win,  
 At Miles Cross they maun bide.”

“ But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?  
 Or how shall I thee know,  
 Amang so many unearthly knights,  
 The like I never saw?”

“ The first company, that passes by,  
 Say na, and let them gae;  
 The next company, that passes by,  
 Say na, and do right sae;  
 The third company, that passes by,  
 Than I'll be ane o' thae.

“ First let pass the black, Janet,  
 And syne let pass the brown;  
 But grip\* ye to the milk-white steed,  
 And pu' the rider down.

\* Hold.

“ For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
 And ay nearest the town ;  
 Because I was a christened knight,  
 They gave me that renown.

“ My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
 My left hand will be bare ;  
 And these the tokens I gie thee ;  
 Nae doubt I will be there.

“ They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
 An adder and a snake ;  
 But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
 Gin ye wad by my maik. \*

“ They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
 An adder and an ask : †  
 They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
 A bale ‡ that burns fast,

“ They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
 A red-hot gad o’ airn ; §  
 But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
 For I’ll do you no harm.

“ First, dip me in a stand o’ milk,  
 And then in a stand o’ water ;  
 But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
 I’ll be your bairn’s father.

“ And next they’ll shape me in your arms,  
 A toad, but and an eel ;  
 But haud me fast, nor let me gang,  
 As you do love me weel.

Mate.    † Newt.    ‡ Faggot.    § Bar of iron.

“ They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
 A dove, but and a swan :  
 And last they’ll shape me in your arms,  
 A mother-naked man :  
 Cast your green mantle over me—  
 I’ll be mysell again.”

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
 And eiry was the way,  
 As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
 To Miles Cross she did gae.

The heavens were black, the night was dark,  
 And dreary was the place ;  
 But Janet stood with eager wish,  
 Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,  
 A north wind tore the bent ;  
 And straight she heard strange elritch \* sounds,  
 Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o’ the night,  
 She heard the bridles ring ;  
 And Janet was as glad o’ that,  
 As any earthly thing !

Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,  
 The hemlock small blew clear ;  
 And louder notes from hemlock large  
 And bog-reed struck the ear ;  
 But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,  
 The fairies cannot bear.

\* Frightful sounds.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,  
 Like sky-larks in the air ;  
 Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,  
 You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood with mind unmoved,  
 The dreary heath upon,  
 And louder, louder, wax'd the sound,  
 As they came riding on.

Will o' Wisp before them went,  
 Sent forth a twinkling light ;  
 And soon she saw the fairy bands,  
 All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed,  
 And then gaed by the brown ;  
 But fast she gript the milk-white steed,  
 And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
 And loot the bridle fa' ;  
 And up there raise an elrish cry—  
 “ He's won amang us a' ! ”

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,  
 An ask, but and an adder ;  
 She held him fast in every shape,  
 To be her bairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,  
 A mother-naked man ;  
 She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
 And sae her true love wan.



Up then spake the queen o' fairies,  
 Out o' a bush a broom—  
 "She that has borrowed young Tamlane,  
 Has gotten a stately groom."

Up then spake the queen o' fairies,  
 Out o' a bush of rye—  
 "She's ta'en awa the bonniest knight,  
 In a' my cumpanie.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,  
 A lady wad borrowed thee—  
 I wad ta'en out thy twa gray een,  
 Put in twa een o' tree.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,  
 "Before ye came frae hame—  
 I wad tane out your heart o' flesh,  
 Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,  
 That I hae coft \* the day—  
 I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,  
 Ere you'd been won away!"

\* Bought.

## JAMIE DOUGLAS.



[The incontinence of Douglas, Earl of Morton, regent of Scotland, was so notorious, that it formed one of the charges exhibited against him at his trial. The following lament is conjectured to have been composed on his conduct towards his lady, by whom it is supposed to be uttered.]

WHEN I fell sick, an' very sick,  
 An' very sick, just like to die,  
 A gentleman of good account  
 He cam on purpose to visit me;  
 But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear,  
 He was owre lang in the room wi' me.

"Gae, little page, an' tell your lord,  
 Gin he will come and dine wi' me,  
 I'll set him on a chair of gold,  
 And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair,—  
 "Lord Douglas, dine wi' your ladie,  
 She'll set ye on a chair of gold,  
 And servè you on her bended knee."

“ When cockle shells turn silver bells,  
 When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,  
 When frost and snaw will warm us a’,  
 Then I’ll cum down an’ dine wi’ thee.”

But whan my father gat word o’ this,  
 O what an angry man was he !  
 He sent fourscore o’ his archers bauld  
 To bring me safe to his countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,  
 My goodly palace for to lea’, \*  
 I knocked at my lord’s chamber door,  
 But ne’er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,  
 And slowly, slowly, cam he down,  
 And when he saw me set on my horse,  
 He caused his drums and trumpets soun’.

“ Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace,  
 And fare ye weel, my children three ;  
 God grant your father grace to love you,  
 Far more than ever he loved me.”

He thocht that I was like himsel,  
 That had a woman in every hall ;  
 But I could swear by the heavens clear,  
 I never loved man but himsel.

As on to Embro’ town we cam,  
 My guid father he welcomed me ;  
 He caused his minstrels meet to sound,  
 —It was nae music at a’ to me.

“ Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 Leave off your weeping, let it be,  
 For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over,  
 Far better lord I'll provide for thee.”

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
 And of such talking let me be ;  
 For never a man shall come to my arms,  
 Since my lord has sae slighted me.”

O an' I had ne'er crossed Tweed,  
 Nor yet been owre the river Dee,  
 I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,  
 Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

The ladies they will cum to town,  
 And they will cum and visit me,  
 But I'll set me down now in the dark,  
 For ochanie ! \* who'll comfort me ?

An' wae betide ye, black Fastness !  
 Ay, and an ill deid may ye die ;  
 Ye was the first and foremost man  
 Wha parted my true lord and me.

\* Alas.

## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.



[The rancorous jealousy of a young lady towards her lover, because he had treated her name with disrespect at a social party, is finely portrayed in the following poem. The young knight, when on his death-bed, solicits an interview with his mistress, to which she reluctantly consents; she there upbraids him for his neglect of her, which hastens on his dissolution, and she returns home lamenting her precipitate conduct.]

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Græme in the west countrie,  
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,  
 To the place where she was dwelling;  
 "O haste and cum to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,  
 To the place where he was lying,  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 "Young man, I think you're dying."

“ O its I’m sick, and very sick,  
And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan.”

“ O the better for me ye’s never be,  
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spilling.

“ O dinna ye mind, young man,” said she,  
“ When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan.”

He turned his face unto the wa’,  
And death was with him dealing,  
“ Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a’,  
Be kind to Barbara Allan.”

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him ;  
And sighing, said, “ She could not stay,  
Since death of life had ’rest him.”

She hadnae gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the deid-bell ringing,  
And ev’ry jow \* that the deid-bell gied,  
It cry’d Woe to Barbara Allan !

“ O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
O mak it saft and narrow ;  
Since my luve died for me to-day,  
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

\* Toll.



## FAIR HELEN.



[The affecting incident on which this ballad is founded, is thus related by Mr Pennant:—

“In the burying-ground of Kirkconnel is the grave of the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover: she was daughter of the house of Kirkconnel, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment; and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washes these grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed; and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death; then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the Infidels: on his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with *hic jacet Adam Fleming.*”—*Tour in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 101.

The ballad is divided into two parts; the first is an address by one of the lovers to the young lady,—the second is the lamentation of the disconsolate Fleming over the grave of his beloved fair one.]

## PART FIRST.

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,  
Of birth and worth beyond compare,  
Thou art the causer of my care,  
Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,  
The which to thee shall prove as kind,  
As any one that thou shalt find,  
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,  
The deadeest pool the deepest linn,  
The richest man least truth within,  
Tho' he preferred be.

Yet nevertheless I am content,  
And never a whit my love repent,  
But think the time was a' weel spent,  
Tho' I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,  
My captive spirit's at thy feet!  
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat  
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave;  
 Of thy poor slave some pity have,  
 And do him save that's near his grave,  
 And dies for love of thee.

---

## PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
 And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
 When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,  
 I hacked him in pieces sma',  
 I hacked him in pieces sma',  
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
 I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
 Untill the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !  
 Night and day on me she cries ;  
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
 Says, " Haste, and come to me !"

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
 If I were with thee I were blest,  
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,  
 And I in Helen's arms lying,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !  
 Night and day on me she cries ;  
 And I am weary of the skies,  
 For her sake that died for me.

## GILDEROY.

[This beautiful lament is said to be the production of Sir Alexander Halket, of whom we have been unable to learn any particulars.—The hero was a notorious free-booter in the upper district of Perthshire, where he committed great outrages on the inhabitants. It is related by Spalding, in his History, that in February, 1638, seven of his followers were taken by the Steuarts of Athol, brought to Edinburgh, and executed. “Gilderoy,” says the historian, “seeing these his men taken and hanged, went and burnt up some of the Steuarts houses in Athol, in recompence of this injury.]

“Gilderoy, and five other lymmers, were taken and had to Edinburgh, and all hanged upon the day of July.”—*SPALDING'S History*, vol. i. pp. 49, 53.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,  
 Had roses till his shoon;  
 His stockings were of silken soy,  
 Wi' garters hanging down.  
 It was, I ween a comelie sight  
 To see sæe trim a boy:  
 He was my joy, and heart's delight,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming een he had !  
 Breath sweet as ony rose :  
 He never ware a Highland plaid,  
 But costly silken clothes.  
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,  
 Nane e'er to him was coy :  
 Ah ! wae is me, I mourn the day  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
 Baith in ae town togethier ;  
 We scant were seven years befor  
 We 'gan to luvè ilk ither :  
 Our dadies and our mamies they  
 Were fill'd we mickle joy,  
 To think upon the bridal day  
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,  
 Gude faith, I freely bought  
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,  
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought ;  
 And he gied me a wedding ring  
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy :  
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime  
 Till we were baith sixteen,  
 And aft we past the langsame time  
 Amang the leaves sae green :  
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
 And sweetly kiss and toy ;  
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.



Oh ! that he still had been content  
 Wi' me to lead his life !  
 But ah ! his manfu' heart was bent  
 To stir in feats of strife :  
 And he in many a ventrous deed  
 His courage bauld wad try ;  
 And now this gars my heart to bleed  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
 'The tears they wat mine ee :  
 I gied him sic a parting luik :  
 " My benison gang wi' thee !  
 God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy :  
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy."

The Queen of Scots possessed nought  
 That my love let me want ;  
 For cow and ew he to me brought,  
 And e'en whan they were skant :  
 All these did honestly possess  
 He never did annoy,  
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess  
 To my love Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in every toun ;  
 And bauldly bare away the geir,  
 Of mony a lawland loun :  
 For man to man durst meet him nane,  
 He was sae brave a boy ;  
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws  
 To hang a man for gear;  
 To reave of life for sic a cause  
 As stealing horse or mare!  
 Had not their laws been made sae strick  
 I ne'er had lost my joy;  
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek;  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
 He mought hae banisht been;—  
 Ah what sair cruelty is this,  
 To hang sic handsome men!  
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy:—  
 Nae lady had sae white a hand  
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,  
 Wi' irons his limbs they strung;  
 To Edinborow led him thair,  
 And on a gallows hung.  
 They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 He was sae bauld a boy;  
 Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best;  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpse away;  
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I wash'd his comelie clay;  
 And sicker in a grave right deep  
 I laid the dear lued boy:  
 And now for ever I maun weep—  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

TO LADY JANE HOME.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTISH MANNER.



[This elegant ballad is the composition of William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. a poet of considerable merit. He was born in 1704, and consequently was contemporary with Allan Ramsay, whom he warmly patronised, and even contributed some pieces to the *Tea-Table Miscellany* of that bard. He died in 1754, leaving behind him several poems that were published in one volume six years afterwards.—This ballad is written in the dramatic form, being a conversation between a young lady and other two persons, one of whom is her suitor, who pressingly solicits her to wed him, although he had but a short time before slain his more fortunate rival in the lady's affection; she refuses to listen to his entreaties, and reproaches him for his cruelty in slaying her lover.]

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

*A.* I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
Nor let thy heart lament to lieve  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow:  
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun  
she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;  
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver luvver dear,  
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholeous weeds  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
 His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,  
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,  
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
 And weep around in waeful wise,  
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,  
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,  
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,  
 O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm  
 Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows  
 the grass,  
 Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,  
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,  
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair fair indeed thy lue,  
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;  
 Tho' he was fair and weil beluv'd again,  
 Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
 That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover;  
 For there was basely slain my lue,  
 My lue, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing;  
 Ah! wretched me! I little little kend  
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,  
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;  
 But ere the toofal of the night \*  
 He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;  
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:  
 But lang e'er night the spear was floun  
 That slew my lue, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,  
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
 My luer's blood is on thy spear,  
 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

\* i. e. Before nightfall.



My happy sisters may be may be proud,  
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,  
 May bid me seek on Yarrow braes  
 My luvèr nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
 And strive with threat'ning words to muvè me:  
 My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,  
 How can'st thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,  
 With bridal sheets my body cover;  
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?  
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;  
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
 Take aff take aff these bridal weids,  
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,  
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
 Yet lye all night between my briests,  
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely-lovely youth,  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lye all night between my briests,  
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,  
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;  
 Thy luvèr heeds nought of thy sighs,  
 He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

---

---

The foregoing ballad is probably founded on the following fragment:—

•   •   •   •   •   •  
 “ I DREAM’D a dreary dream last night;  
 God keep us a’ frae sorrow!  
 I dream’d I pu’d the birk sae green,  
 Wi’ my true luvè on Yarrow.”

“ I’ll read your dream, my sister dear,  
 I’ll tell you a’ your sorrow:  
 You pu’d the birk wi’ your true luvè;  
 He’s kill’d, he’s kill’d on Yarrow.”

“ O gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
 To where my love repaireth,  
 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
 And tell me how he fareth!

“ But o’er yon glen run armed men,  
 Have wrought me dule and sorrow:  
 They’ve slain, they’ve slain the comliest swain;  
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.”

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

[The subject of the following lament is the grief of a young woman for the death of her lover, who was drowned in the Yarrow. She is supposed to be on the banks of that rivulet, which recal to her memory scenes that had passed there between her and her lover; and her recollection being thus awakened, every circumstance connected with their interviews is reflected on with delight.—Although the poem cannot lay claim to originality of idea, being founded on the fragment of “Willie’s drowned in Yarrow,” yet the simple, natural, and pathetic style in which it is composed, place it on a level with any poem of the same kind in our language. It was written by the Rev. John Logan, late one of the ministers of South Leith, a man of genius and refined taste.]

“THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!

When first on them I met my lover;

Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!

When now thy waves his body cover!

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

For never on thy banks shall I

Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

" He promised me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
 He promised me a little page,  
 To squire me to his father's towers ;  
 He promised me a wedding-ring,—  
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

" Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
 My passion I as freely told him !  
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should never more behold him !  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;  
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;  
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend ;  
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,  
 'With all the longing of a mother ;  
 His little sister weeping walk'd  
 The green-wood path to meet her brother :  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

" No longer from thy window look,  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid !  
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother !  
 No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough :  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The ear shall never leave my cheek,  
 No other youth shall be my marrow;  
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
 The tear did never leave her cheek,  
 No other youth became her marrow;  
 She found his body in the stream,  
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

---

### WILLIE'S DROWNED IN YARROW.

"WILLIE'S rare, and Willie's fair,  
 And Willie's wondrous bonny,  
 And Willie hecht \* to marry me,  
 Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid;  
 This night I'll make it narrow,  
 For a' the live lang winter-night  
 I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

"O came you by yon water-side?  
 Pu'd you the rose or lily?  
 Or came you by yon meadow-green?  
 Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him braid and narrow;  
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig,  
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

\* Promised.

## SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

[In the following ballad the rivalry of two young chieftains to obtain the hand of Lord Buchan's daughter, is attended with fatal consequences to all the parties. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand, and the incidents narrated in a clear and distinct manner. The poem was written by Michael Bruce, a young man of promising genius. He was born at Kinneswood, in Kinross-shire, in 1746; being intended for the church, he prosecuted the studies essential for that calling with success, but a delicate frame of body was ill calculated to support the intense application that "poverty's insuperable bar" made it necessary for him to undergo, and he fell a victim to a consumption in his twenty-first year. His poems were published in 1770, by his intimate friend the Rev. John Logan, and evince a luxuriance of fancy, and liveliness of imagination, that, by study and culture, might have rendered him an ornament to his country, had his life been prolonged to the usual period of human existence.]

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs,  
 Of high and mighty name,  
 The bravest was Sir James the Ross,  
 A knight of meikle fame.



His growth was like a youthful oak,  
 That crowns the mountain's brow;  
 And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
 His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields; his herds were large;  
 And large his flocks of sheep;  
 And num'rous were his goats and deer  
 Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Ross,  
 A firm and warlike band;  
 Five hundred warriors drew the sword,  
 Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,  
 Against the English keen;  
 Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs  
 This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,  
 A maid of beauty-rare;  
 Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne,  
 Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd  
 With seeming scorn and pride:  
 Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love  
 Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she bless'd his well-try'd love,  
 Allow'd his tender claim:  
 She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
 And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
 Their passion disapprov'd,  
 And bade her wed Sir John the Græme,  
 And leave the youth she lov'd.—

One night they met, as they were wont,  
 Deep in a shady wood,  
 Where on a bank, beside the burn,  
 A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood,  
 The crafty Donald lay,  
 The brother of Sir John the Græme,  
 To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began: "My sire  
 Our passion disapproves;  
 And bids me wed Sir John the Græme;  
 So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obey'd,  
 Nought boots me to withstand:  
 Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,  
 Shall bless thee wi' her hand.

"Soon will Matilda be forgot,  
 And from thy mind effac'd;  
 But may that happiness be thine  
 Which I can never taste!"—

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"  
 Sir James the Ross reply'd:  
 "And wilt Matilda wed the Græme,  
 Tho' sworn to be my bride?"

“ His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,  
 Than 'reave me of thy charms ;”—  
 And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,  
 Fast lock'd within her arms.

“ I spake to try thy love,” she said ;  
 “ I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;  
 The grave shall be my bridal bed,  
 If Græmie my husband be.

“ Take then, dear youth ! this faithful kiss,  
 In witness of my troth :  
 And ev'ry plague become my lot  
 That day I break my oath.”

They parted thus :—the sun was set :  
 Up hasty Donald flies ;  
 And, “ Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !”  
 He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,  
 And soon his sword he drew ;  
 For Donald's blade before his breast,  
 Had pierc'd his tartans thro'.

“ This for my brother's slighted love,  
 “ His wrongs sit on my arm.”—  
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,  
 And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd  
 Frae Donald's head above ;  
 And thro' the brain and crashing bone,  
 His furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; he fell  
 A lump of lifeless clay :  
 " So fall my foes," quo' valiant Ross,  
 And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood in haste he passed  
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;  
 Beneath Matilda's window stood,  
 And thus on her did call :

" Art thou asleep, Matilda fair !  
 Awake, my love ! awake :  
 Behold thy lover waits without,  
 A long farewell to take :

" For I have slain fierce Donald Græme ;  
 His blood is on my sword :  
 And far far distant are my men,  
 Nor can defend their lord.

" To Skye I will direct my flight,  
 Where my brave brothers bide,  
 And raise the mighty of the Isles  
 To combat on my side."

" O do not so," the maid replies ;  
 " With me till morning stay,  
 For dark and dreary is the night,  
 And dang'rous the way.

" All night I'll watch thee in the park  
 My faithful page I'll send  
 In haste to raise the brave Clan Ross,  
 Their master to defend.

He laid him down beneath a bush,  
 And wrapp'd him in his plaid;  
 While, trembling for her lover's fate,  
 At distance stood the maid.—

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,  
 Till, in a lowly glen,  
 He met the furious Sir John Græme  
 With twenty of his men.

“Where goest thou, little page?” he said,  
 “So late, who did thee send?”—  
 “I go to raise the brave Clan Ross,  
 Their master to defend:

“For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,  
 His blood is on his sword;  
 And far, far distant are his men,  
 Nor can assist their lord.”—

“And has he slain my brother dear?”  
 The furious chief replies;  
 “Dishonour blast my name, but he  
 By me ere morning dies.

“Say, page! where is Sir James the Ross?  
 I will thee well reward.”—  
 “He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;  
 Matilda is his guard.”

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew  
 Like lightning o'er the lea:  
 They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs  
 By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
 Upon a rising ground,

And watch'd each object in the dawn,  
All ear to every sound.

“Where sleeps the Ross?” began the Græme,  
“Or has the felon fled?  
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth  
By whom my brother bled.”

And now the valiant knight awoke,  
The virgin shrieking heard:  
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

“Your sword last night my brother slew,  
His blood yet dims its shine:  
And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,  
Your blood shall reek on mine.”

“Your words are brave,” the chief return'd,  
“But deeds approve the man;  
Set by your men, and, hand to hand,  
We'll try what valour can.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dar'd him to the fight:  
Then Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,  
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword;  
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,  
And pierc'd him in the side:  
Out spouting came the purple stream,  
And all his tartans dy'd.



But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,  
 Nor sunk he to the ground,  
 Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel  
 Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,  
 Fell breathless on the clay;  
 And down beside him sunk the Ross,  
 And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:  
 "O spare his life," she cry'd;  
 "Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;  
 Let her not be deny'd."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;  
 He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;  
 He fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
 And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life  
 By death's arrest deny'd;  
 My race is run—adieu, my love!"—  
 Then clos'd his eyes, and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side  
 With frantic hand she drew,  
 "I come, Sir James the Ross," she cry'd,  
 "I come to follow you."

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,  
 And bar'd her snowy breast;  
 Then fell upon her lover's face,  
 And sunk to endless rest.

## THE WEE WEE MAN.

A FRAGMENT.



[This fragment was first published in Herd's Collection.—

“The original of this song,” says Mr Ritson, “is extant in a Scottish or Northumbrian poem of Edward the First or Second's time, preserved in the British Museum,” from whence it was copied and published by Mr Finlay of Glasgow, in his Collection of Scottish Ballads, 1808.

As I was walking all alane  
Between a water and a wa',  
And there I spyed a wee wee man,  
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's\* length,  
And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
Between his brows there was a span,  
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,  
And he flang't † as far as I could see;  
Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
I coudna listen't to my knee.

\* A measure of six inches in length.

† Threw it.

“ O, wee wee man, but thou be strong !

O tell me where thy dwelling be ? ”

“ My dwelling’s down by yon bonny bower,

O will you go with me and see ? ”

On we lap, \* and awa’ we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny green ;

We lighted down to bate our horse,

And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,

And they were a’ clad out in green ;

Though the king of Scotland had been there,

The warst o’ them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa’ we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny ha’,

Where the roof was o’ the beaten gould,

And the floor was o’ the crystal a’.

When we came to the stair-foot,

Ladies were dancing jump and sma’ ;

But in the twinkling of an ee,

My wee wee man was clean awa’.

\* Leapt.

## CLERK COLVILL; OR, THE MERMAID.

A FRAGMENT.



[The inhabitants of our northern and western coasts, at no distant period, firmly believed, that the dangerous shelves around them were tenanted with sea-monsters; the chief of these was the mermaid, who was represented as a beautiful female dragging a fish's tail; so fatal was her appearance considered, that whoever beheld her was supposed to survive the sight but a very short time: this part of the popular superstition is exemplified in the following fragment, where the hero's temerity in approaching and accosting one hastens his death.—The scene of the poem is laid at Slains on the coast of Buchan, which is indented by the sea with immense chasms, excavated in many places to a great extent.]

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
 Were walking in the garden green;  
 The belt around her stately waist  
 Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

“ O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
Or it will cost ye muckle strife ;  
Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
If ye wad live and brook your life.”

“ Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
Now speak nae mair of that to me ;  
Did I ne’er see a fair woman,  
But I wad sin with her fair body ?”

He’s ta’en leave o’ his gay lady,  
Nought minding what his lady said ;  
And he’s rode by the wells of Slane,  
Where washing was a bonny maid.

“ Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
That wash sae clean your sark of silk ;”  
“ And weel fa’ you, fair gentleman,  
Your body’s whiter than the milk.”

Then loud, loud cried the Clerk Colvill,  
O my head it pains me sair ;  
“ Then take, then take,” the maiden said,  
“ And frae my sark you’ll cut a gare.”

Then she’s gi’ed him a little bane-knife,  
And frae his sark he cut a share ;  
She’s ty’d it round his whey-white face,  
But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cried the Clerk Colvill,  
“ O sairer, sairer akes my head ;”  
“ And sairer, sairer ever will,”  
The maiden cries, “ ’till you be dead.”

Out then he drew his shining blade,  
Thinking to stick her where she stood :  
But she was vanish'd to a fish,  
And swam far off a fair mermaid.

“ O mother, mother, braid my hair ;  
My lusty lady, make my bed ;  
O brother, take my sword and spear,  
For I have seen the false mermaid.”

\* \* \* \* \*



## WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

## A FRAGMENT.



[In opposition to the advice of his mother a young man determines on going in the evening to his lover's house; the night is very stormy, but his affection for the young woman, and the thoughts of the happiness of their meeting, keep up his spirits, and make him brave every danger; his hopes are woefully disappointed, for notwithstanding the most pressing entreaties, his lover will not admit him into her house, and he is obliged to take his leave; in crossing the Clyde on his return home, he is overwhelmed by the strength of the current, and drowned.]

“GIE corn to my horse, mither;  
 Gie meat unto the man;  
 For I maun gang to Margaret's,  
 Before the nicht comes on.”

“O stay at home now, my son Willie;  
 The wind blaws cald and sour;  
 The night will be baith mirk and late  
 Before ye reach her bower.”

“O though the night were ever sae dark,  
 Or the wind blew never sae cald,  
 I will be in my Margaret's bower  
 Before twa hours be tald.”

“ O gin ye gang to may \* Margaret  
 Without the leave of me,  
 Clyde’s waters wide and deep enough;  
 My malison † drown thee !”

He mounted on his coal-black steed,  
 And fast he rade awa’;  
 But ere he came to Clyde’s water,  
 Fu’ loud the wind did blaw.

As he rode o’er yon hich hich hill,  
 And down yon dowie den,  
 There was a roar in Clyde’s water,  
 Wad fear’d a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up;  
 Sweet Willie kentna fear;  
 But yet his mither’s malison  
 Ay sounded in his ear.

O he has swam through Clyde’s water,  
 Tho’ it was wide and deep:  
 And he came to may Margaret’s door,  
 When a’ were fast asleep.

O he’s gane round and round about,  
 And tirl’d at the pin;  
 But doors were steek’d and window’s barr’d,  
 And nane wad ‡ let him in.

“ O open the door to me, Margaret,  
 O open and lat me in!  
 For my boots are full o’ Clyde’s water,  
 And frozen to the brim.”

\* Maid.

† Curse.

‡ Would.

" I darena open the door to you,  
 Nor darena lat you in ;  
 For my mither she is fast asleep,  
 And darena mak nae din."

" O gin ye winna open the door,  
 Nor yet be kind to me,  
 Now tell me o' some out-chamber,  
 Where I this nicht may be."

" Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
 Nor here ye canna be ;  
 For I've nae chambers out nor in,  
 Nae ane but barely three.

" The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,  
 The tither is fu' o' hay ;  
 The tither is fu' o' merry young men,  
 They winna remove till day."

" O fare ye weel, then, may Margaret,  
 Sin better manna be ;  
 I've win my mother's malison,  
 Coming this nicht to thee."

He's mounted on his coal-black steed,  
 O, but his heart was wae !  
 But ere he came to Clyde's water,  
 'Twas half up o'er the brae.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 he plunged in,  
 But never raise again.



---

POPULAR SCOTISH  
BALLADS, TALES, AND SONGS.

---

PART II.—*Tales.*

---

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101: INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY  
LECTURE 1: THE PHILOSOPHER'S TOOLBOX

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

1. The philosopher's toolbox is a collection of concepts and methods that philosophers use to analyze and solve problems. It includes logic, epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, and political philosophy. The toolbox is not a fixed set of tools, but rather a collection of tools that can be used in different ways. The philosopher's toolbox is a collection of concepts and methods that philosophers use to analyze and solve problems. It includes logic, epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, and political philosophy. The toolbox is not a fixed set of tools, but rather a collection of tools that can be used in different ways.



## PART II.—TALES.

---

---

### PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

---

[The merriment, sports, and quarrels of a country fair are ludicrously described in the following poem, written about 1430, by James I. a prince of great genius and rare accomplishments for the age in which he lived.—The preparations making by the young women within doors, previous to setting off to the fair, and the impatience, anxiety, and nicety displayed on these occasions by the female sex, are finely burlesqued in the commencement of the poem; the royal poet then describes the rustic tricks, mirth, and tattle on the road, and conveys part of the company to a tavern, where, after carousing for some time, they propose to pay their reckoning, and one of them accordingly prepares to collect the money, but is interrupted and chided by another for his bashfulness, which brings on a quarrel between the two, that is

espoused by both parties, who rush out of the house into the street, where a scene of confusion ensues that is very humorously detailed; seven of the most riotous are apprehended and put into the stocks, by which means order is restored, when dancing begins, which continues throughout the day; in the evening the poet departs from the town, which was still a scene of noisy mirth.

The scene of the poem is laid at Peebles, in Tweeddale, where our kings frequently spent the summer months in administering justice, and the diversions of the chace, and where a great annual fair was held on the 1st of May, or Beltain, which was attended by multitudes from the surrounding country. James was undoubtedly present at one of these fairs; and as he frequently strolled about the country under an assumed character, was probably an actor in the scuffle which he so admirably delineates.

This excellent commentary on ancient manners was long supposed to have been irretrievably lost, being only known to have existed from being mentioned in the first stanza of "Christis Kirk of the Grene;" through the research and industry, however, of the celebrated editor of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," it was fortunately discovered in an ancient MS. collection of old Scottish Songs and Poems, in folio, preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, which had been a present to the founder of that library (Mr Pepys) from the Duke of Lauderdale, minister to Charles II. It had originally belonged to that Duke's ancestor Sir Richard Maitland, knt. who lived in the reign of Queen Mary, and her son James VI.]

AT Beltane, \* quhen ilk bodie bounis  
 To Peblis to the Play,  
 To heir the singin and the soundis,  
 The solace, suth to say ;  
 Be Firth and Forrest furth they found ;  
 Thay graythit tham full gay ;  
 God † wait that wald they do that stound,  
 For it was thair feist day,

Thay said;

Of Peblis to the Play:

All the wenchis of the west  
 War up or the cok crew ;  
 For reiling thair nicht na man rest,  
 For garray, ‡ and for glew : §  
 Ane said, " My curches ar nocht prest ;"  
 Then answerit Meg full blew,

\* " The time of the Peebles festival was at Beltein, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies the fire of Bell or Baal, because on the first day of May, our heathen ancestors, by kindling fires and offering sacrifices on eminences or tops of mountains, held their great anniversary festival in honour of the sun, whose benign influences on all nature began to be strongly felt at this time, and men wished more and more to feel as the summer advanced. The name Beltein-day, continued and gave designation to the Beltein fair of Peebles, long after the religion of the country, and the festivals of the season, were changed."—" Horse races continued to be held at Beltein, till the middle of the present century."—*Statistical Account*, vol xii. pp. 14, 15.

† Our ancestors were so much addicted to prophane swearing, both in their writings and conversation, that " to swear like a Scot," was once a proverbial expression.

‡ Talk.

§ Mirth.

"To get an hude, I hald it best ;"

"Be Goddis saull that is true,"

Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play.

She tuik the tippet be the end,

To lat it hing scho leit \* not ;

Quod he, "Thy bak sall beir ane bend ;"

"In faith," quod scho, "we meit not."

Scho was so guckit, and so gend, †

That day ane byt scho eit nocht ;

Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend,

"Be still, my joy, and greit ‡ not

Now."

Of Peblis to the Play.

"Evir allace !" than said scho,

"Am I nocht cleirlye tynt ? §

I dar nocht cum yon mercat to

I am so evvil sone-brint ;

Amang yon merchands my dudds || do ?

Marie I sall anis mynt ¶

Stand of far, and keik †† thaim to ;

As I at hame was wont,"

Quod scho.

Of Peblis to the Play.

Hop, Calyé, and Cardronow

Gaderit out thik-fald,

With hey and how rohumbelow ;

The young folk were full bald.

The bagpype blew, and thai out threw

Out of the townis untald.

\* Did let.

† Weep.

¶ Offer.

† Foolish and wild.

§ Lost.

†† Look.

|| Clothes.

Lord! sic ane schout was thame amang,  
 Quhen thai were ower the wald \*

Thair west,

Of Peblis to the Play.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,  
 Als cant † as ony colt,  
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,  
 With ane bow and ane bolt; ‡  
 Said, "Mirrie madinis, think not lang;  
 The wedder is fair and smolt."

He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,

"*Thair fure ane man to the holt,*" §

Quod he.

Of Peblis to the Play.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait  
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame,  
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait,

How at thai wald dispone thame:

Ane said, "The fairest fallis me;

Tak ye the laif and fone thame." ||

Ane uther syd, "Wys me lat be."

"On," Twedell syd, and on thame

Swyth,

Of Peblis to the Play.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga,

And never ane bad abyld you:

Ane winklot fell, and her taill up;

"Wow," quod Malkin, "hyd yow

Quhat neidis you to maik it sua?"

\* Wood.

† Merry.

‡ Arrow.

§ i. e. "There went a man to the wood." The first line of a song now lost.

|| The remainder, and fondle them.

Yon man will not ourryd you.  
 Ar ye owr gude," quod scho, " I say,  
 To lat thame gang besyd yow  
 Yonder,  
 Of Peblis to the Play?"

Than thai come to the townis end  
 Withouttin more delai,  
 He befoir, and scho befoir,  
 To see quha was maist gay.  
 All that luikit thame upon  
 Leuche \* fast at thair array :  
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk ;  
 Sum said the Quene of May  
 Was cumit  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Than thai to the taverne hous  
 With meikle oly prance ;  
 Ane spak wi' wourdis wonder crous,  
 " A done with ane mischance !  
 Braid up the burde, † (he hydis tyt) †  
 We ar all in ane trance ;  
 Se that our napre be quhyt,  
 For we will dyn and daunce,  
 Thair out,  
 Of Peblis to the Play."

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,  
 Ane scorit upon the wauch.  
 Ane bad pay ; ane ithir said, " Nay,  
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch."  
 The gud wyf said, " Have ye na dreid ?  
 Ye sall pay at ye aucht."

\* Laughed.

† Draw up the table.

‡ Hastens quickly.



Ane young man start upon his feit,  
 And he began to lauche  
 For heyden,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

He gat ane trincheour\* in his hand,  
 And he began to compt;  
 "Ilk man twa and ane happenie,  
 To pay thus we war wount."  
 Ane ither stert upon his feit,  
 And said "Thow are our blunt  
 To tak sic office upoun hand;  
 Be God thow servite ane dunt †  
 Of me,  
 Of Peblis to the Play."

"Ane dunt," quod he, "quhat dewil is that?  
 Be God yow dar not du'd." ‡  
 He stert till ane broggit stauf, §  
 Wincheand || as he war woode. ¶  
 All that hous was in an reirde; ††  
 Ane cryit, "The halie rude! †††  
 Help us, Lord, upon this erde,  
 That thair be spilt na blude  
 Heirin,  
 Of Peblis to the Play."

Thay thrang out at the dure §§ at anis  
 Withouttin ony reddin; ||||  
 Gilbert in ane guttar glayde ¶¶  
 He gat na better beddin.

\* Wooden dish

§ Pike staff

†† Uproar

|||| Order

† Deserve a blow

|| Stamping

†† Cross

¶¶ Slipped down

‡ Do it

¶ Mad

§§ Door

Thair wes not ane of thame that day  
 Wald do ane utheris biddin,  
 Thairby lay thre-and-threttie-sum, \*  
 Thrunland † in ane midding ‡  
 Of draff.

Of Peblis to the Play.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait §  
 Hard thame bargane begin;  
 He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;  
 Scantlie scho micht ourhye him:  
 He held, scho drew, for dust that day  
 Micht na man se ane styme ||  
 To red thame.

Of Peblis to the Play.

He stert to his greit gray meir,  
 And off he tumblit the creilis.  
 "Alace!" quod scho, "hald our gude man:"  
 And on hir knees scho knelis.  
 "Abyd," quod scho; "Why nay," quod he,  
 In till his stirrapis he lap;  
 The girding brak, and he flew off,  
 And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

His wyf came out, and gaiff ane schout,  
 And be the fute scho gat him;  
 All bedirtin drew him out;  
 "Lord God! richt weil that sat him!"  
 He said, "Quhiar is yon culroun ¶ knaif?"  
 Quod scho, "I reid †† ye lat him

\* About thirty-three  
 § Way || Sight

† Tumbled  
 ¶ Silly

‡ Dunghill  
 †† Advice

Gang hame his gaites." "Be God," quod he,  
 "I sall anis have at him  
 Yit."

Of Peblis to the Play.

"Ye fylit \* me, fy for schame!" quod scho:  
 "Se as ye have drest me;"  
 "How feil ye, schir, as my girdin brak  
 Quhat meikle devil may lest me.  
 I wait weil what it wes  
 My awin gray meir that kest me:  
 Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,  
 And syn lay down to rest me  
 Yonder,  
 Of Peblis to the Play."

Be that the bargan was all playit  
 The stringis stert out of thair nokks;  
 Sevin-sum † that the tulye ‡ maid,  
 Lay gruffling § in the stokks.  
 John Jaksoun of the nether warde  
 Had lever have giffin an ox,  
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,  
 He sware be Goddis cokkis,  
 And mannis bayth,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

With that Will Swane come sueitand out,  
 Ane meikle miller man;  
 "Gif I sall dance have donn lat se  
 Blaw up the bagpyp than:  
 The schamon's dance I mon begin;  
 I trow it sall not pane."

\* Foul'd    † Some seven    ‡ Tumult    § Grumbling

So hevelie he hockit \* about  
 To se him, Lord, as thai ran  
 That tyd,  
 Of Peblis to the Play!

Thay gadderit out of the toun  
 And neirar him thai dreuche; †  
 Ane bade gif the daunsaris rowme,  
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche,  
 Than all the wenschis, "Tè hé!" thai playit;  
 But, Lord, as Will Young leuche!  
 "Gude gossip, come hyn your gaitis,  
 For we have daunsit aneuche

At anis  
 At Peblis at the Play."

So ferslie fyr-heit ‡ wes the day  
 His face began to frekill.  
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,  
 (Was new cuming frae the Seckill)  
 "Allace!" quod scho, "quhat sall I do?  
 And our doure hes na stekill."  
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt;  
 And all the cairlis to kekill

At hir.  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

The pyper said, "Now I begin  
 To tyre for playing to;  
 Bot yit I have gottin nathing  
 For all my pyping to you;  
 Thre happenis for half ane day  
 And that will not undo you:

\* Hobbled

† Drew

‡ Fire-hot

And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,  
 The meikill devill gang wi' you,"  
 Quod he,  
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Be that the daunsing wes all done,  
 Thair leif tuik les and mair;  
 Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit\*  
 To se it was hart sair.  
 Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,  
 "My bird now will I fayr:"  
 The dewill a wourde that sho might speik,  
 But swonit that sweit of swair  
 For kyndnes.

Of Peblis to the Play.

He fippilit lyk ane faderles sole;  
 "And be still my sweit thing.  
 Be the halyrud of Peblis  
 I may nocht rest for greting!"  
 He quhissilit, and he pypit bayth,  
 To mak hir blyth that meiting:  
 "My bony hart, how sayis the sang?  
*Thair sall be mirth at our meting*  
*Yit."*

Of Peblis to the Play.

Be that the sone was setting schaftis,  
 And neir done wes the day,  
 Thair men nicht heir schriken of chaftis  
 Quhen that thai went thair way.  
 Had thair bein mair made of this sang,  
 Mair suld I to yow say.  
 At Beltane ilka bodie bownd  
 To Peblis to the Play.

\* Suitors parted.

## CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.



[This poem, like the preceding, is a humorous picture of rustic merriment and rustic quarrels.—The earliest edition of the first canto, (which, unquestionably, was written by James I.) was published at Oxford in 1691 by Bishop Gibson, who ascribes it to James V., but on what authority does not appear. Slight as are the grounds on which this opinion rests, it has given rise to a controversy as to the real author of the poem, in which several eminent writers, who have bestowed great attention on the early poetry of the country, have coincided with Bishop Gibson, but evidently without examination, for Dr Irvine, the learned author of the “Lives of the Scottish Poets,” in his memoir of James I., after a dispassionate inquiry into the claims of both monarchs to this inimitable production, not only refutes the arguments of the writers who attribute it to James V., but produces the most convincing evidence to prove it to be the work of the elder James. That the real author of “Christis Kirk of the Grene,” he says, “was James the First, is rendered more than probable by the testimony of George Bannatyne. James the Fifth died in 1542: Bannatyne formed his collection of Scottish poetry about the year 1568; and, if that monarch had in reality been



the author of so excellent a production, his claims could not have escaped the knowledge of one who paid such laudable attention to the poetical literature of his native country. This collector has, however, attributed 'Christie Kirk' to James the First: nor can any other testimony of the same antiquity be produced in support of either opinion."—IRVINE'S *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, vol. i. pp. 310, 311.

Throughout the first canto the prince paints with a masterly pencil and in glowing colours the rustic manners of his age. He begins with describing the dress and coyness of the young women, among whom Gillie was not the least the attractive; takes notice of the merits of the minstrel, whose powers have a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of the parties assembled to dance; and having thus arrested the attention of his readers, he causes an ordinary occurrence give rise to the brawl which is the subject of the poem, for in the midst of the hilarity, Rob Roy seizes hold of one of the young women, and roughly pulls her towards him; this is instantly resented by her paramour, who rescues her from his grasp after a violent struggle; all the company take a part in the quarrel, the sportive dance, the frolicsome gaiety of the meeting, are changed to a scene of tumult and uproar, which is detailed with great spirit in the remainder of the poem. The awkward manner in which several of the combatants use the bow, is humorously burlesqued; while the cowardice of one, the affected bravery of another, and the bustling noise of all, are drawn with nice discrimination, and in strict consonance to nature.

The exquisite pleasantry of James's poem caught the fancy of Allan Ramsay, who, in 1715, added a second, and afterwards, in 1718, a third canto. These we have in-

serted in their order; although they do not possess the rich humour and exuberant fancy of the royal bard, descending frequently to coarseness of expression, yet they are not deficient in merit, giving a faithful picture of the rustic pranks and debauch that took place at the celebration of a country wedding in the beginning of last century.

It is conjectured by the Rev. George Donaldson, with some degree of plausibility, that the scene of the exploits described in the first canto was Christ's Kirk in the parish of Kennethmont, in that part of the county of Aberdeen, near Lesly, called Garrioch, where a fair was formerly held during the night. "It is well known," he observes, "that James visited the most distant parts of his kingdom to hear complaints and redress grievances. And it is not impossible, nor even very improbable, that in his progress he may have seen or heard of Christ's Kirk. Now, what place more likely to strike the fancy of this monarch, than one distinguished by so singular a custom? The circumstance of the market at midnight may be supposed to fall in with his humour, and give birth to such scenes as he has described. Even the name of the performance is descriptive of the place: for the green still encircles the ruins of the kirk; and it is besides the only one in Scotland that I am acquainted with, to which the name of the ballad is applicable."—*Statistical Account*, vol. xiii. p. 77.

The first canto is here given from the "Poetical Remains of James I." printed at Edinburgh in 1783, in which the ingenious editor has followed Bannaryne's MS. 1568, preserved in the Advocates Library. The notes also are taken from that edition.]



Thair kirtillis war of Lynkome licht, <sup>2</sup>  
 Weil prest with mony plaitis,  
 Thay war sa nyss quhen men thame nicht, <sup>3</sup>  
 Thay squelit lyke ony gaitis, <sup>3</sup>  
 Sa loud,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,  
Wes nane sa jympt as Gillie,  
As ony rose hir rude wes reid, <sup>4</sup>  
Hir lyre <sup>5</sup> wes lyke the lillie:  
Fow zellow zellow wes hir heid,  
Bot scho of lufe wes sillie;  
Thot all hir kin had sworn hir deid, <sup>6</sup>  
Scho wald haif bot sweet Willie  
Alane,  
At Christis Kirk, &c.

Scho skornit Jok, and skrapit<sup>7</sup> at him,  
And murgeonit<sup>8</sup> him with mokkis,  
He wald haif lufit, scho wald not lat him,  
For all his zellow lokkis.  
He chereist hir, scho bad gae chat him,<sup>9</sup>  
Scho compt him not twa clokkis,<sup>10</sup>

- 1 Gowns or petticoats of Lincoln manufacture
- 2 When men came nigh or toyed with them
- 3 Shrieked like wild goats
- 4 Her colour or complexion was red
- 5 Her skin, bosom, or neck. The lyre, or lure, in vulgar  
speech is the breast or bosom
- 6 Should have doomed her to death
- 7 Mocked or scorned
- 8 Made mouths at, or ridiculed him
- 9 Go to the gallows
- 10 She reckoned him not worth two clocks or beetles

Sa schamefully his schort gown<sup>r</sup> set him,  
His lymis wer lyk twa rokkis,<sup>r</sup>  
Scho said,  
At Christis Kirk, &c.

Tam Lutar wes thair menstral meit,  
O Lord, as he could lanns ! <sup>3</sup>  
He playit sa schrill, and sang sa sweit,  
Quhile Tousy tuke a transs, <sup>4</sup>  
Auld Lightfute thair he did forleit, <sup>5</sup>  
And counterfuttet Franss ; <sup>6</sup>  
He used himself as man discreit,  
And up tuke Moreiss danss <sup>7</sup>  
Full loud,  
At Christis Kirk, &c.

Then Steven cam steppand in with stendis,  
Na rynk mycht him arreist;  
Platefute he bobit up with bendis,  
For Mald he made request:  
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,<sup>s</sup>  
But rysand he wes priest,

1 A short cloak or gown was the dress of the time, and continued so till the Restoration in 1660

2 Distaffs; or, according to another Scottish phrase, he was spindle-shanked.

### 3 Skip

#### 4 A hop or skip

5 Forsake, or desert

## 6 Aped to dance after the French mode

7 Morrice or Moorish dances, rather of slow solemn movement, performed usually by gypsies after the Moorish manner. —For an account of the actors in those dances, see STEEVENS'S *Shakespeare*, vol. xi. p. 434. 8vo edit. Lond. 1803.—*E.*

8 i. e. He leapt and capered so high, that he fell at his length

Quhill that he oisted at bayth endis, <sup>1</sup>

For honour of the feist

That day,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Syne Robene Roy begouth to revell, <sup>2</sup>

And Downy till him druggit; <sup>3</sup>

"Let be," quo' Jok, and caw'd him javell, <sup>4</sup>

And be the taill him tuggit; <sup>5</sup>

The kensy cleikit <sup>6</sup> to the cavell,

Bot, Lord, than how thay luggit! <sup>7</sup>

Thay partit manly with a nevell, <sup>8</sup>

God wait gif hair was ruggit

Betwixt thame

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt <sup>9</sup> coud steir him,

Grit skayth wes'd to haif skard him, <sup>10</sup>

He cheset a flane as did affeir him, <sup>11</sup>

The toder said, "dirdum dardum!" <sup>12</sup>

1 "Hosted, or coughed at baith ends, (i. e. broke wind) in honour of the feast." A coarse, though most humorous picture!

2 Began to be riotous

3 Dragged

4 A troublesome fellow

5 Pulled

6 Snatched up; a common Scotch phrase. Cavell, or gavel, probably a cudgel or ring

7 Pulled each other by the ears

8 A blow with the fist

9 Trouble, disturbance

10 Hindered him

11 He choosed an arrow, as did effeir, belong to, or was fit for his purpose

12 The other, in great fright, bawled out "dirdum dardum!" Confusion! blood and murder!



Throw baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,  
 Or throw the crss heif chard <sup>1</sup> him,  
 Bot by an aikerbraid it cam not neir him,  
 I can nocht tell quhat marr'd him  
 Thair,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

With that a freynd of his cry'd, "Fy!"  
 And up ane arrow drew,  
 He forgit it <sup>2</sup> sa furiously,  
 The bow in flenderis flew;  
 Sa wes the will of God, trow I,  
 For had the tré bene trew,  
 Men said, that kend his archery,  
 That he had slane enow

That day,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Ane haistie hensour, callit Harie,  
 Quhilk was ane archer heynd, <sup>3</sup>  
 Tilt up ane takill, <sup>4</sup> but ony tary,  
 That turment so him teynd. <sup>5</sup>  
 I wait nocht quidder his hand culd varie,  
 Or gif the man was his freynd;  
 Bot he eschapeit throw the michts of Marie, <sup>6</sup>  
 As man that na evil meynd,  
 That tyme,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

1 Pierced

2 Drew his bow

3 Expert, handy

4 Fitted up without delay his tackle, his bow and arrow

5 That torment or vexation so angered him

6 Through the power and assistance of St Mary.—A common saying

Than Lowrie as ane lyoun lap,  
 And sone ane flane culd fedder : <sup>2</sup>  
 He hecht <sup>3</sup> to pers him at the pap,  
 Thairon to wed ane wedder. <sup>3</sup>  
 He hit him on the wambe ane wap, <sup>4</sup>  
 And it buft lyke ane bladder :  
 But lo ! as fortoun was and hap,  
 His doublat was of ledder,  
 And sauft him,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

The buff so housteouslie abaift <sup>5</sup> him,  
 To the erd he duschit down : <sup>6</sup>  
 The tother for dreid he preissit him,  
 And fled out of the toun.  
 The wyffs come furth, and up thay paisit him,  
 And fand lyf in the loun,  
 Then with three routis <sup>7</sup> thay raisit him,  
 And 'coverit him of swoun  
 Agane,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

A yaip <sup>8</sup> young man, that stude him neist,  
 Lous'd aff a schott with yre,  
 He ettlit <sup>9</sup> the bern in at the breist,  
 The bolt <sup>10</sup> flew ou'r the byre,

1 And soon feathered an arrow

2 Eagerly aimed at the pap

3 To pledge or wager a wedder

4 Blow on the belly

5 Stunned

6 Fell suddenly down

7 With three outcries they raised him up

8 Eager, ready, alert

9 Aimed

10 Arrow

Ane cry'd Fy! he had slane a priest  
 A myle beyond ane myre;  
 Then bow and bag<sup>1</sup> fra him he keist,  
 And fled as ferss as fyre

Off flint,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

With forks and flails they lent grit flappis,  
 And flang togidder lyk friggis,  
 With bongars<sup>2</sup> of barnis thay best blew kappis,  
 Quhyle thay of bernes maid briggis;<sup>3</sup>  
 The reird<sup>4</sup> rais rudely with the rapps,  
 Quhen rungis wer layd on riggis,<sup>5</sup>  
 The wyffis cam furth with cryis and clappis,  
 "Lo quhair my lyking ligs!"<sup>6</sup>

Quo' thay,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Thay gyrnit and lait gird<sup>7</sup> with grainis,  
 Ilk gossip uder grievit,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sum strak with stings, sum gatherit stainis,  
 Sum fled and ill mischevit;  
 The menstral wan within twa wainis,  
 That day full weil he previt,<sup>9</sup>

1 The quiver which held his arrows

2 Rafter of barns dang aff blue eaps

3 Made bridges or stepping-stones of the bernes, or lads,  
 that fell down

4 The noise

5 On backs

6 Lo, where my love lies!

7 Let drive, or gave a stroke

8 Companion grieved or hurt his neighbour

9 i. e. Proved himself a cautious man, that kept himself out  
 of the fray

For he cam hame with unbirst bainis,  
 Quhair fechtaris wer mischievit

For evir,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Heich Hutchon with a hissil ryss,<sup>1</sup>

To red<sup>2</sup> can throw thame rummill,

He muddlit<sup>3</sup> thame down lyk ony myss,

He wes na baity bummil;<sup>4</sup>

Thoch he wes wight, he wes nocht wyss

With sic jangleurs to jummil,

For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyss,

Quhile he cryed, " Barlafummil,<sup>5</sup>

I am slane,

At Christis Kirk," &c.

Quhen that he saw his blude sa reid,

To flé might na man let<sup>6</sup> him,

He weind<sup>7</sup> it bene for auld done feid,

He thocht ane cryed, " Haif at him!"

He gart his feit defend his heid,

The far fairer it set him,

Quhyle he wes past out of all pleid,<sup>8</sup>

He suld bene swift that gat him

Throw speid,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

1 A hazel rung or sapling.

2 To separate.

3 Overturned, drove them down like mice before him.

4 A bumbler or bungler of any piece of work.

5 A Scotch phrase, in use among boys at their sports, for a stop or cessation. When one trips or stumbles, they cry barle; probably from the Fr. word parler, and fumble a fall.

6 Stop.

7 He thought or imagined

8 Out of all challenge or opposition.

The town-soutar in grief was bowdin,<sup>1</sup>  
 His wyfe hang in his waist,  
 His body wes with blud all browdin,<sup>2</sup>  
 He grainit lyk ony gaist;  
 Her glitterand hair that wes full gowdin,  
 Sa hard in lufe him laist,<sup>3</sup>  
 That for hir sake he wes na yowdin  
 Seven myle that he wes chaist,  
 And mair,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

The millar wes of manly mak,  
 To meit him wes na mowis,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thai durst not ten cum him to tak,  
 Sa nowitit he thair powis;<sup>5</sup>  
 The buschment haill about him brak,<sup>6</sup>  
 And bickert him with bows,  
 Syn traytoursly behind his back  
 They hewit him on the howiss<sup>7</sup>  
 Behind,  
 At Christis Kirk, &c.

Twa that wer herdsmen of the herd,  
 Ran upon udderis lyk rammis,  
 Than followit feymen<sup>8</sup> richt unaffeird,  
 Bet on with barrow trammis;  
 But quhair thair gobbis wer ungeird,<sup>9</sup>  
 Thay gat upon the gammis,<sup>10</sup>

1 Full of, or swelled with rage

2 Besmeared or embroidered

3 Laced

4 No sport or jest

5 He so annoyed their heads

6 The whole body lay in ambush, and broke forth on him

7 Houghs

8 Unhappy, mischievous

9 Their cheeks were undefended

10 Gums

Quhyle bludy berkit wes their baird,  
As thay had worriet lammis

Maist lyk,

At Christis Kirk, &c.

The wyves kest up a hideous yell,  
When all thir younkeris yokkit,  
Als ferss as ony fyre flaughts <sup>1</sup> fell,  
Freiks <sup>2</sup> to the field thay flokit;  
The carlis with clubbis cou'd udir quell,  
Quhyle blude at breistis out bokkit, <sup>3</sup>  
Sa rudely rang the common bell,  
Quhyll all the steipill rokit <sup>4</sup>

For reid, <sup>5</sup>

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Quhyn thay had berit <sup>6</sup> lyk baitit bullis,  
And branewod <sup>7</sup> brynt in bails, <sup>8</sup>  
Thay wer als meik as ony mulis  
That mangit wer with mailis; <sup>9</sup>  
For faintness tha forfochtin fulis <sup>10</sup>  
Fell down lyk flauchtir failis, <sup>11</sup>

1 Flashes of lightning

2 Light-headed, freakish forward fellows

3 Vomited

4 Shook

5 Warfare

6 Perhaps bearded or baited each other like bulls

7 Or distempered in their brains

8 In flames:—the phrase seems now quite obsolete

9 Meek as mules that are tired, and manged or galled with mails, or heavy burdens

10 These fools that had tired themselves with fighting

11 Or turfs cast with a spade well known in Scotland, called a flaughter-spade



And fresch men cam in and hail'd the dulis, <sup>1</sup>

And dang tham down in dailis, <sup>2</sup>

Bedene, <sup>3</sup>

At Christis Kirk, &c.

Quhen all wes done, Dik with ane aix

Cam furth to fell a fuddir, <sup>4</sup>

Quod he, "Quhair ar yon hangit smaix,

Rycht now wald slane my bruder?"

His wyf bad him ga hame, Gib glaiks, <sup>5</sup>

And sa did Meg his muder,

He turnit and gaif them bayth thair paikis, <sup>6</sup>

For he durst ding nane udir,

For feir,

At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

1 A well-known phrase at foot-ball: when the ball touches the goal or mark, the winner calls out "Hail!" or it has hailed the dule or dail

2 Heaps

3 Instantly, out of hand

4 A load or heap. Perhaps from fouth, a vulgar Scotch word for plenty, or many in number

5 Light-headed, foolish braggadocio

6 For which he gave the women their paiks, or a threatening scold, which is sometimes accompanied with blows; as he durst not ding or encounter any others.

## CANTO II. \*

BUT there had been mair blood and skaith,  
 Sair harship and great spulie,  
 And mony a anc had gotten his death  
 By this unsonsy tooly,  
 But that the bauld good-wife of Baith,  
 Arm'd wi' a great kail-gully,  
 Came bellyflaught, † and loot an aith,  
 She'd gar them a' be hooly ‡  
 Fou fast that day.

\* To this Canto Ramsay has the following observations:—  
 “The King having painted the rustic squabble with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring the words for crambo's sake, where they return so frequently; I have presumed to imitate his Majesty in continuing the laughable scene. Ambitious to imitate so great an original, I put a stop to the war, called a congress, and made them sign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing, and singing.—The following Cantos were written, the one in 1715, the other in 1718; about 300 years after the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality; good sense will be always the same, in spite of the revolutions of fashion, and the change of language.”

This and the following Canto are given from RAMSAY'S *Poems*, 2 vols. Lond. 1800. The notes, with a few exceptions, are also taken from the same source

† Came in great haste, as it were flying full upon them with her arms full spread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes sousing upon her prey.

‡ Desist immediately.

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,  
 Tho' mony had clow'r'd pows;  
 And draggl'd sae 'mang muck and stanes,  
 They look'd like wirrykows: \*  
 Quoth some, who maist had tint their aynds,  
 " Let's see how a' bowls rows, †  
 And quat this brulziement at anes;  
 You gully is nae mows,  
 Forsooth this day."

Quoth Hutchon, ‡ " I am weel content,  
 I think we may do war;  
 Till this time towmond I'se indent  
 Our claiths of dirt will sa'r; §  
 Wi' nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,  
 My chafths are dung a-char."  
 Then took his bonnet to the bent,  
 And dadit aff the glar  
 Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, || wha in time o' battle,  
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him,  
 Gat up now wi' an unco rattle,  
 As nane there durst a quell'd him:  
 Bauld Bess flew till him wi' a brattle,  
 And, spite of his teeth, held him

\* Scarecrows.

† A bowling-green phrase, commonly used when people would examine any affair that is a little ravelled.

‡ Vide Canto I. He is brave, and the first man for an honourable peace.

§ Smell, or savour

|| He is a coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the rest in peace.

Close by the craig, and with her fatal  
 Knife shored she wad geld him,  
 For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,  
 As they stood in a ring;  
 Some red their hair, some set their bands,  
 Some did their sark-tails wring;  
 Then for a hap to shaw their brands,  
 They did their minstrel bring,  
 Where clever houghs like willi-wands,  
 At ilka blythsome spring,  
 Lap high that day.

Claud Pcky was na very blate,  
 He stood nae lang a-dreigh,  
 For by the wame he gripped Kate,  
 And gar'd her gi'e a skreigh:  
 "Ha'd aff," quoth she, "ye filthy slate,  
 Ye stink o' leeks, O feigh!  
 Let gae my hands, I say, be quait;"  
 And vow gin she was skeigh  
 And mim that day.

Now settled gossies sat, and keen  
 Did for fresh bickers birle;\*  
 While the young swankies on the green  
 Took round a merry tirl:  
 Meg Wallet, wi' her pinky cen,  
 Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle;  
 And fouk wad threap, that she did green  
 For what wad gar her skirle  
 And skreigh some day.

\* Contributed for fresh bottles.

The manly miller, haff and haff, \*  
 Came out to shaw good will,  
 Flang by his mittens and his staff,  
 Cry'd, " Gi'e me *Pally's Mill* ;"  
 He lap bawk-hight, † and cry'd, " Ha'd aff ;"  
 They rees'd him that had skill :  
 " He wad do't better," quoth a cawff,  
 " Had he anither gill  
 Of usquebay."

Furth started neist a pensy blade,  
 And out a maiden took,  
 They said that he was Falkland bred, ‡  
 And danc'd by the book ;  
 A souple taylor to his trade,  
 And when their hands he shook,  
 Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,  
 Videlicet, the yuke,  
 To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd'out he did sae weel,  
 He Meg and Bess did call up ;  
 The lasses babb'd about the reel,  
 Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,  
 And swat like pownies when they speel  
 Up braes, or when they gallop ;  
 But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,  
 And wives had him to haul up,  
 Haff fell'd that day.

\* Half fuddled.

† So high as his head could strike the loft, or joining of the couples.

‡ He had been a journeyman to the King's tailor, and had seen court dancing.

But mony a pawky look and tale  
 Gaed round when glowming hous'd them,\*  
 The ostler wife brought ben good ale,  
 And bade the lasses rouze them :  
 " Up wi' them, lads, and I'se be bail  
 They'll loo you an' ye touze them :"  
 Quoth gawsie, " This will never fail  
 Wi' them that this gate wooes them,  
 On sic a day."

Syne stools and forms were drawn aside,  
 And up raise Willy Dadle,  
 A short-hought man, but fou o' pride,  
 He said the fidler play'd ill ;  
 " Let's hae the pipes," quoth he, " beside ;"  
 Quoth a', " That is nae said ill."  
 He fits the floor syne wi' the bride,  
 To *Cuttymun* † and *Treeladle*,  
 Thick, thick, that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,  
 And by some right did claim  
 To kiss and dance wi' Mausie Aird,  
 A dink and dorty dame :  
 But O poor Mause was aff her guard,  
 For back-gate frae her wame,  
 Beckin' she loot a fearfu' raird,  
 That gart her think great shame,  
 And blush that day.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forsyth,  
 He was her ain good-brither ;

\* Twilight brought them into the house  
 † A tunc that goes very quick



And ilka ane was unco blyth,  
 To see auld fouk sae clever.  
 Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,  
 "What think ye o' my mithler?  
 Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive  
 But she wad get anither  
 Goodman this day."

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,  
 And betwixt ilka tune,  
 He laid his lugs in't like a fish,  
 And suckt till it was done:  
 His bags were liquor'd to his wish,  
 His face was like a moon; \*  
 But he could get nae place to pish  
 In, but his ain twa shoon,  
 For thrang that day.

The letter-gae of haly rhyme, †  
 Sat up at the board-head,  
 And a' he said was thought a crime  
 To contradict indeed:  
 For in clark lear he was right prime,  
 And cou'd baith write and read, ‡  
 And drank sae firn, till ne'er a styme  
 He could keek on a bead §  
 Or book that day.

\* Round, full, and shining. When one is staring full of drink, he is said to have a face like a full moon

† The reader, or church precentor, who lets go, *i. e.* gives out the tune to be sung by the rest of the congregation

‡ A rarity in those days

§ He could not count his beads, after the Roman Catholic manner, which was the religion then in fashion

Whan he was strute, twa sturdy chieles,  
 Be's oxter and be's collar,  
 Help up frae cowping o' the creels \*  
 The liquid logic scholar.  
 Whan he came hame, his wife did reel,  
 And rampage in her choler,  
 With that he brake the spinning-wheel,  
 That cost a good rix-dollar  
 And mair, some say.

Near bed-time now, ilk weary wight  
 Was gaunting for his rest;  
 For some were like to tyne their sight,  
 Wi' sleep and drinking strest.  
 But ithers that were stomach-tight,  
 Cry'd out, " It was nae best  
 To leave a supper that was dight †  
 To brownies, ‡ or a ghaist,  
 To eat or day."

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,  
 On them stood mony a goan, §  
 Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,  
 And milk het frae the loan.  
 Of daintiths they had routh and wale,  
 Of which they were right fon';

\* From turning topsy-turvy

† Made ready

‡ Many whimsical stories are handed down to us, by old women, of these brownies: they tell us, they were a kind of drudging spirits, who appeared in the shape of rough men, would have lain familiarly by the fire all night, threshed in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many such kind offices: but none of them have been seen in Scotland since the Reformation, as saith the wise John Brown.

§ A wooden dish for meat

But naething wad gae down but ale  
 Wi' drunken Donald Don,  
 The smith, that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,  
 And twa good junts o' beef,  
 Wi' hind and fore spaul of a sheep,  
 Drew whistles frae ilk sheath:  
 Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,  
 They kempit wi' their teeth;  
 A kebbuck syn that maist could creep  
 Its lane pat on the sheaf\*  
 In stous that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,  
 Her left leg ho was flung;†  
 And Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,  
 Because it hit Jean Gunn:  
 She was his jo, and aft had said,  
 "Fy, Geordie, ha'd your tongue,  
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride:"  
 But chang'd her mind when bung,  
 That very day.

Tehee!‡ quoth Touzie, when she saw  
 The cathel coming ben;  
 It pyping het ged round them a';  
 The bride she made a fen,  
 To sit in wyliccoat sae braw,  
 Upon her nether en';

\* A cheese full of crawling mites crowned the feast

† The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they are going to bed, is well known: the person whom it lights on is to be next married of the company

‡ An interjection of laughter

Her lad like ony cock did craw,  
 That meets a clockin hen, \*  
 And blyth were they.

The souter, miller, smith, and Dick,  
 Lawrie, and Hutcheon bauld,  
 Carles that keep nae very strict  
 Be hours, tho' they were auld:  
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick;  
 But whare good drink was sald,  
 They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld Nick  
 Should tempt their wives to scald  
 Them for't neist day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
 Sic banqueting and drinkin,  
 Sic revelling and battles keen,  
 Sic dancing and sic jinkin,  
 And unco wark that fell at e'en,  
 Whan lasses were haff winkin,  
 They lost their feet and baith their een,  
 And maidenheads gaed linkin.  
 Aff a' that day.

\* A hatching hen.

## CANTO III. \*

Now frae th' east nook of Fife † the dawn  
 Speel'd westlines up the lift,  
 Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,  
 Begoud to rax and rift;  
 And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,  
 Cry'd lasses up to thrift;  
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand  
 Bang'd to their breeks like drift,  
 Be break of day.

\* Ramsay likewise prefixes to this Canto a summary of its contents:—"Curious to know," he says, "how my bridal folks would look next day after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a description of the morning; then the friends come and present their gifts to the new-married couple; a view is taken of one girl (Kirsh), who had come fairly off, and of Mause who had stumbled with the laird; next, a scene of drinking is represented, and the young goodman is creeled; then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew is drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang; next, Maggy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wise wife; deep drinking and bloodless quarrels make an end of an old tale."

† Where day must break upon my company, if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly church.—Ramsay mistook the place where the scene of James's poem was laid, imagining it to be Lesly in the county of Fife, instead of the place of the same name in Aberdeenshire.—E.

But some who had been fou yestreen,  
 Sie as the letter-gae,  
 Air up, had nae will to be seen,  
 Grudgin their groat to pay. \*  
 But what aft fristed's † no forgeen,  
 When fouk has nought to say ;  
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een ; ‡  
 Sic dizzy heads had they,  
 And het that day.

Be that time it was fair four days, §  
 As fou's the house could pang,  
 To see the young fouk ere they raise,  
 Gossips came in ding dang,  
 And wi' a soss aboon the claiths, ||  
 Ilk ane their gifts down fiang:  
 Twa toop-horn spoons down Maggy lays,  
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,  
 For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,  
 Right bald she spake and spruce:—  
 “ Gin your goodman shall make a din,  
 And gabble like a goose,  
 Shorin, ¶ whan fou, to skelp ye're skin,  
 Thir tangs may be of use :

\* Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning ; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are passed for twopence.

† Is trusted.

‡ Rub open their eyes.

§ Broad day-light.

|| They commonly throw their gifts of household furniture above the bed-clothes where the young folks are lying.

¶ Threatening.



Lay them en'lang his pow or shin,  
 Wha wins syn may mak roose,  
 Between you twa."

Auld Bessy in her red coat braw,  
 Came wi' her ain oe \* Nanny,  
 An odd-like wife, they said, that saw  
 A moupin runckled granny :  
 She fley'd the kimmers † ane and a',  
 Word gaed she was nae kanny ; ‡  
 Nor wad they let Lucky awa',  
 Till she was fou wi' branny,  
 Like mony mae.

Steen, fresh and fastin, 'mang the rest  
 Came in to get his morning,  
 Speer'd gin the bride had ta'en the test, §  
 And how she lo'ed her corning ;  
 She leugh as she had fan a nest,  
 Said, " Let a-bee ye'r scorning."  
 Quoth Roger, " Fegs, I've done my best,  
 To gi'e 'er a charge of horning, ||  
 As well's I may."

Kind Kirsh was there, a kanty lass,  
 Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny ;  
 Right weel red up and jimp she was,  
 And woers had fou mony : .

\* Grandchild.

† She frightened the female gossips.

‡ It was reported she was a witch.

§ I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

|| Is a writ in the Scottish law, charging the debtor to make payment, on pain of rebellion.—N. B. It may be left in the lock-hole, if the doors be shut.

I wat na how it came to pass  
 She cuddled in wi' Jonnie,  
 And tumbling wi' him on the grass,  
 Dang a' her cockernonny  
 A-jee that day.

But Mause begrutten was and bleer'd,  
 Look'd thowless, dowf, and sleepy;  
 Auld Maggy ken'd the wyte, and sneer'd,  
 Caw'd her a poor daft heepy:  
 "It's a wise wife that kens her weird,\*  
 What tho' ye mount the creepy;†  
 There a good lesson may be learn'd,  
 And what the war will ye be  
 To stand a day?

"Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,  
 I learn'd this frae my mammy,  
 And coost a legen girth ‡ mysel,  
 Lang or I married Tammie:  
 I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell,  
 Of bonny Andrew Lammy,  
 Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,  
 As soon as e'er he saw me—  
 That was a day!"

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks, and cheese,  
 That held their hearts aboon,  
 Wi' clashes, mingled aft wi' lies,  
 Drave aff the hale forenoon:  
 But, after dinner, an ye please,  
 To weary not o'er soon,

\* Fate or destiny. † The stool of repentance.

‡ Like a tub that loses one of its bottom hoops.

We, down to e'enning edge wi' ease,  
 Shall loup, and see what's done  
 I' the doup o' day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,  
 They that were right true blue:  
 Was e'en to get their wysons wat,  
 And fill young Roger fou: \*  
 But the bauld billy took his maut,  
 And was right stiff to bow;  
 He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,  
 And scour'd aff healths anew,  
 Clean out that day.

A creel 'bout fou of muckle steins, †  
 They clinked on his back,  
 To try the pith o' his rigg and reins,  
 They gart him cadge this pack.  
 Now as a sign he had ta'en pains,  
 His young wife was na slack,  
 To rin and ease his shoulder-banes,  
 And sneg'd the raips fou snack,  
 Wi' her knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,  
 Fell keenly to the wark;  
 To ease the gantrees of the ale,  
 And try wha was maist stark;

\* It is a custom for the friends to endeavour, the next day after the wedding, to make the new-married man as drunk as possible.

† For merriment, a creel or basket is bound, full of stones, upon his back; and, if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burden; if she does not, he is rallied for a fumbler.

Till boord, and floor, and a' did sail,  
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark;  
 Gart Jock's fit slide, he, like a fail,  
 Play'd dad, and dang the bark  
 Aff's shin that day.

The souter, miller, smith, and Dick,  
 Et cet'ra, closs sat cockin,  
 Till wasted was baith cash and tick,  
 Sae ill were they to slocken:  
 Gane out to pish in gutters thick,  
 Some fell, and some gaed rockin,  
 Sawny hang sneering on his stick,  
 To see bauld Hutchon bockin  
 Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary sought,  
 And fand him skin and birn: \*  
 Quoth she, "This day's wark's be dear bought."  
 He damn'd and ga'e a girn,  
 Ca'd her a jad, and said she mucht  
 "Gae hame and scum her kirn:  
 Whish't, ladren, for gin ye say ought  
 Mair, I'se wind ye a pirn, †  
 To reel some day."

"Ye'll wind a pirn! ye silly snool,  
 Wae worth ye'r drunken saul;"  
 Quoth she, an' lap out o'er a stool,  
 And caught him by the spaul.

\* She found him with all the marks of her drunken husband about him.

† A threatening expression, when one designs to contrive some malicious thing to vex you.

He shook her, and sware " Muckle dool  
 Ye'se thole for this, ye scaul;  
 I'se rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,  
 And learn ye to be baul  
 On sic a day."

" Your tippanizing scant o' grace,"  
 Quoth she, " gars me gang duddy:  
 Our nibour Pate sin break o' day's  
 Been thumping at his studdy.  
 An it be true that some fowk says,  
 Ye'll girn yet in a woody." \*  
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,  
 Made a' his black baird bloody  
 Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,  
 I wat he was nae lang,  
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught  
 Wild hempies stout and strang;  
 They frae a barn a kaberaught, †  
 Ane mounted wi' a bang,  
 Betwisht twa's shoulders, and sat straught  
 Upon't and rade the stang ‡  
 On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' spawn'd out  
 O'er middings and o'er dykes,

\* The gallows.

† A rafter reached.

‡ The riding of the stang on a woman that hath beat her husband is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a sting, or long picce of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders; where, like a herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,  
 Like bumbees frae their bykes;  
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,  
 Plashing thro' dubs and sykes,  
 And sic a reird ran thro' the rout,  
 Gart a' the hale town tykes  
 Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see fou better bred  
 Was mensfou Maggy Murdy,  
 She her man like a lammy led  
 Hame wi' a weel-wail'd wordy.  
 Fast frae the company he fled,  
 As he had ta'en the sturdy;\*  
 She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,  
 Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,  
 Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap  
 Upon a mow of pease;  
 And Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap;  
 He said it ga'e him ease.  
 Hutchon with a three-lugged cap,  
 His head bizzzen wi' bees,  
 Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,  
 And brak the brig o's neese  
 Right sair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,  
 Chanlers, boord, stools, and stowps,  
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,  
 And there was little hopes,

\* A disease among sheep, that makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the herd.



But there had been some ill-done deed,  
 They gat sic thrawart cowps;  
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,  
 Was only on their dowps,  
 Wi' fa's that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,  
 Till a' their sense was smoor'd:  
 And in their maws there was nae mank;  
 Upon the forms some snor'd:  
 Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,  
 Wi' een like collops scor'd;  
 Some ramm'd their noddles wi' a clank,  
 E'en like a thick-scu'll'd lord,  
 On posts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,  
 His dear the door did lock in;  
 Crap down beyont him, and the rim  
 O' 'er wame he clapt his dock on.  
 She fand her lad was not in trim,  
 And be this same good token,  
 That ilka member, lith and lim,  
 Was souple like a doken,  
 'Bout him that day.

## THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.



[The awkward conduct of a man in the management of the interior affairs of his house, in the absence of his wife, is very humorously related in the following poem.—Tired with the labours of the day, cold, and drenched with rain, the husband when he comes home finds his wife seated comfortably at the fire; comparing his present state with hers, he considers her situation as far preferable to his, and in an angry mood informs her that next day she must direct the plough in his stead, while he would remain at home and perform her work; to this she consents, at same time giving him directions how he was to conduct himself. According to agreement she rises early in the morning, and goes out to labour; shortly afterwards the husband also enters on his new office, his bungling execution of which is most ludicrously described by the poet; finding every thing go wrong with him, he gives up his office to his wife on her return home in the evening, promising never to forsake his own employment.—The poem may be viewed as a satire on those who imagine that there is no difficulty in any profession except their own.

To the copy of this poem in the Bannatyne MS. the name of Moffat is subjoined in a more modern hand; if that ecclesiastic and poet was really the author, it must have been written early in the sixteenth century, as he died about that period.]

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,  
 An husband, as I hard it tauld,  
 Quha weil could tippil out a can;  
 And naithir luvit hunger nor cauld.  
 Quhill anis it fell upon a day  
 He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain,  
 Gif it be trew, as I heard say,  
 The day was fowll for wind and rain.

He lowsit the pleuch at the landis en',  
 And draife his oxen hame at ene,  
 Quhen he came in he lukit ben,  
 And saw the wife baith dry and clene,  
 Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,  
 With ane fat soup, as I heard say;  
 The man being very weit and cauld,  
 Betwein thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, "Quhair is my horsis corn?  
 My ox hes naithir hay nor stray:  
 Dame ye maun to the pleuch the morn;  
 I sall be hussy gif I may."  
 "Husband," quoth scho, "content am I  
 To tak the pleuch my day about;  
 Sa ye will rewll baith kavis and ky,\*  
 And all the house baith in and out.

\* Calves and kine.

" But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,  
 First ye sall sift, and syne sall kned ;  
 And ay as ye gang but and ben  
 Luk that the bairnis fyle not the bed.  
 Yeis lay ane soft wisp to the kill ;  
 (We haif ane deir ferme on our heid).  
 And ay as ye gang furth and till,  
 Keip weill the gaislings fra the gled." \*

The wyfe was up richt late at ene;  
 I pray God gife her weil to fair!  
 Scho kirm'd the kirm, and skum'd it clene,  
 Left the gudeman bot bledoch † bair.  
 Than in the morning up scho gat,  
 And on her hairt laid her disjune ;  
 And pat als meikle in her lap  
 As micht haif serd them baith at nune.

Says, " Jok, be thou maister of wark,  
 And thou sall had, and I sall ka ;  
 I'se promise thee ane gude new sark,  
 Outhir of round claith or of sma."  
 Scho lousit the oxin aught or nine;  
 And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand.—  
 Up the gudeman raise after syne,  
 And saw the wyfe had done command.

He cawd the gaislings furth to feid,  
 Thair was but sevensume of them a',  
 And by thair cumis the gredy gled,  
 And likkit up fyve, left him but twa :  
 Than out he ran, in all his mane,  
 How sune he hard the gaislings cry,  
 But than or he cam in agane  
 The calvis brak louse and suckit the ky.

\* Goslins from the hawk.

† Skimmed milk.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,  
 The mar ran with ane rung to red;  
 Than thair cumis ane illwilly cow,  
 And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled.  
 Than hame ran to a rok of tow,  
 And he satt down to say the spinning;  
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low—  
 Quoth he, “This work has ill beginning.”

Hynd to the kirn than did he stoure,  
 And jumlit at it quhill he swat;  
 Quhen he had fumlit a full lang hour,  
 The sorrow a scrape of butter he gat;  
 Albeit na butter he could get,  
 Yit he was cummerit with the kirne.  
 And syne he het the milk our het,  
 And sorrow a spark of it wald yirne.

Than ben thair cam ane griedy sow,  
 I trow he cund hir little thank,  
 For in scho shot her mekle mow,  
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank:  
 He cleikit up an cruiked club,  
 And thocht to hit the sow a rout;  
 The twa gaislings the gled had left  
 That straik dang baith their harnis out.

Than he bare kindling to the kill,  
 But scho stert up all in ane low;  
 Quhatevir he hard, quhatevir he saw,  
 That day he had na will to wow.  
 Than he gied to tak up the bairnis,  
 Thocht to haif fand thame fair and clene;  
 The first that he gat in his armis  
 Was a’ bedirtin to the ene.

The first it smelt sae sappellie,  
 To touche the lave he did nocht greine:  
 "The devil cut off thair hands," quoth he,  
 "That fill'd ye a' sa fow yestrene!"  
 He trailit the fowll sheites down the gait,  
 Thocht to haif waschet thame on a stane;  
 The burne was risen grit of spait,  
 Away fra him the sheitis has tane.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,  
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout;  
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,  
 Bot stoutly steirid the stottis about.  
 Scho draif al day unto the nicht;  
 Scho lousit the pleuch, and syne came hame:  
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt;  
 I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

Quoth he, "My office I forsaik  
 For all the dayis of my lyfe;  
 For I wald put ane house to wraik,  
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife."  
 Quoth scho, "Weil meit ye bruke your place,  
 For trewlie I will nevir accep it:"  
 Quoth he, "Feind fall the lyaris face,  
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to git it."

Then up scho gate ane mekle rung,  
 And the gudman maid to the doir:  
 Quoth he, "Deme I sall hald my tung,  
 For an we fecht I'll get the woir."  
 Quoth he, "Quhen I forsuik my pleuch,  
 I trow I but forsuik my sell:  
 And I will to my pleuch agane,  
 For I and this hous will neir do weil."



## THE FREIRS OF BERWIK.



[The dissolute lives of the priests in the 15th and 16th centuries, afforded ample scope to the satirists and poets of that period, to whose writings, aided by the dissemination of knowledge by means of printing, the overturn of the established faith may be attributed. By placing the follies of the ministers of religion in a ludicrous light, contempt was thus brought on the whole order, which the exemplary piety of some could neither wipe away, nor stem the torrent that swept them from the country. In this tale the loose morals of the superior of an abbey of gray friars brings him into a disgraceful situation, being forced to conceal himself from an honest countryman, whose wife he had seduced by gifts and presents. He had taken the opportunity while the husband was absent from home on business to visit the wife, bringing along with him wine and provisions, intending to spend the night in sumptuous debauch. The unexpected knocking at the gate of Symon the husband, disconcerts his plans, puts him into fear lest he should be discovered, and he is fain to hide himself under a kneading-trough; the wife mean time hurries from the table all the dainties, and retires to her bed, feigning not to hear her husband till he calls to her from under the window of the chamber where she slept. On gaining admittance, hungry and cold, he

orders her to bring him something to eat, but she excuses herself by alleging that there were little or no provisions in the house; he however insists on being obeyed, and she presents him with very ordinary fare; sorry as it is, he wishes for the company of some one to partake with him. Two white friars, who had returned from the country that evening, and were too late to gain admittance into their abbey, had prevailed on the wife to allow them to remain all night in a loft of the house, from whence, by means of a small hole, they witnessed her infidelity, and particularly observed the places where the wine and provisions were huddled, and the concealment of the gray friar: hearing Symon wish for a companion; they cough loudly; Symon inquires who they are, gladly learns that they are his acquaintances, and desires that they be brought in, which is accordingly done, when the honest landlord regrets that it is not in his power to enliven their meeting with suitable cheer, but is informed by Friar Robert that, if he chooses, he will procure whatever he desires, by means of magical powers; Symon readily assents, and Robert conducts his spells with a skill and solemnity that would not have disgraced a Katterfelto or a Boaz; the wine and viands are produced at his word, and Symon partakes of them with pleasure and astonishment; his curiosity being excited, he requests of Robert to shew him the spirit that had contributed to their entertainment, who consents, and again resuming his spells, calls on the gray friar to come forth from the kneading-trough, conceal himself under his cowl, and leave the house; but that he might not escape without receiving some correction, Symon is placed at the door with a stick, and as the friar passes him is called to by Robert to strike, which he does so vigorously, that the

friar is knocked over the stair, and he himself, by the swinging blow which he takes, falls against the opposite wall and cuts his face.

It is one of the best tales in our language; and from the genuine humour and striking descriptions, is supposed to be the composition of Dunbar, no name being affixed to the poem in the Bannatyne MS. It is the prototype of Allan Ramsay's *Monk and Miller's Wife*, which, although possessing comic wit and humour in no ordinary degree, bears no comparison to the energetic delineation of characters, intimate knowledge of mankind, and powerful description of the inimitable original.—The poem here is taken from Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," who compiled it "from Mr Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, 1786, collated with the Bannatyne MS."]

As it befell, and hapinit into deid,  
 Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;  
 At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane noble toun,  
 Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renoune,  
 And mony a lady bene fair of face,  
 And mony ane fresche lusty galand was.  
 Into this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,  
 Apoun the sey, thair standis nane it lyk,  
 For it is wallit weill about with stane,  
 And dowbil stankis castin mony ane.  
 And syne the castell is so strang and wicht,  
 With staitelie towrs, and turrats hé on hicht,  
 With kirkalis wrocht craftelie with all;  
 The porteulis most subtellie to fall,  
 Quhen that thame list to draw thame upon hicht,  
 That it may be into na mannis micht,  
 To win that hous by craft or subiltie.  
 Quhairfoir it is maist fair alluterrlie;

Into my tyme, quhairver I have bein,  
 Most fair, most gudelië, most plesand to be sene;  
 The toun, the castel, and the plesand land;  
 The sea wallis upon the uther hand;  
 The grit Croce kirk, and eik the Mason dew;\*  
 The Jacobine of the quhyt hew,  
 The Carmeletis, and the monks eik  
 Of the four ordours war nocht to seik;  
 Thay wer all into this toun dwelling.

So hapinit it in a May morning,  
 That tua of thir quhyt Jacobine freiris,  
 As thai wer wount and usit mony yeiris,  
 To pass amang thair brether upaland,  
 Wer send of thame best practisit and cunnand.  
 Freir Allane and Freir Robert the udder:  
 Thir syllie freyrs with wyfis weil cowld gludder;  
 Richt wonder weil plesit thai all wyvis;  
 And tell thame tailis of halie Sanctis lyvis.

Quhill; on ane tyme, thai purpost till pass hame;  
 Bot weyrie tyrit was and wet Freir Allane,  
 For he was auld, and micht not now travel,  
 And als he had ane littil spyce of gravel.  
 Freyr Robert was young, and wonder hait of blude;  
 And by the way he bure bayth clothis and hade,  
 And all the geir; for he was strang and wicht.  
 Be that it drew near toward the nicht;  
 As thai war cummand to the toun weill neyr,  
 Freyr Allan said than, "Gude brother deir,  
 It is so layt I dreid the yett be closit;  
 And I am tyrit, and verry evil disposit  
 To luge out of the toun; bot gif that we  
 In sum gude hous this nycht mot herbryt be."  
 Swa wunnit† thair ane woundir gude hostillar  
 Without the toun, intil ane fair manar;  
 And Symon Lawder was he callit be name.  
 Ane fayr blyth wyfe he had, of ony ane;

\* *Maison Dieu*, the house of God.

† There dwelt.

But scho was sumthing dynk, and dengerous.  
 Thir sillie freyris quhen thay cum to the house,  
 With fair hailsing and bekking curtaslie,  
 To thame scho anserit agane in hie.\*  
 Freyr Robert speirit after the gudman,  
 And scho agane answerit thame than:—  
 “He went fra hame, God wait, on Wednisday,  
 Into the cuntré, to se for corne and hay,  
 And uther thingis quhairof we have neid.”  
 Freyr Allane said, “I pray grit God him speid,  
 And sauf him sound in till his travale.”  
 Freyr Robert said, “Dame, fill ane stoip of ailé,  
 That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.”  
 With that the wyf went furth richt schortly,  
 And fild the stoip, and brought in breid and cheiss:  
 Thay eit, and drank, and sat at thair awin eiss.  
 Freyr Allane said to the gudwyf in hy,  
 “Cum heir, fayr dame, and sit yow doun me by,  
 And fill this stoip-agane, ainis to me;  
 For er we pairt full weill payit sall ye be.”  
 The freirs woxe blyth, and mirrie tales culd tell;  
 And ewin so thai hard the prayar bell  
 Of thair awin abbay; and than thai war agast,  
 Becaus thai wist the yetts war lokit fast,  
 That thai nicht nocht fra thyn get enterie.  
 The gudwyf than thai pray, for charité,  
 To grant thame herberie thair that ane nicht.  
 And scho to thame gaif answer on grit hicht,  
 “The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tauld;  
 And God waitis gif I dar be so bauld  
 To harbrie freyris into this hous with me.  
 What wald Symon say? Ha *benedicite*!  
 I trow I durst neir luik him in the face.  
 Our deir Lady Mary keip fra sic cace!  
 And saif me out of perel, and fra schame!”  
 Than auld Freyr Allane said, “Na, fair dame,



For Godis luif heir me what I sall say ;  
 Put ye us out, we will be deid or day.  
 The way is evil, and I am tyrit and wett ;  
 And, as ye know, it is now sa lait,  
 That to our abbay we may nocht get in :  
 To causs us perreiss bot help, ye wald haif grit syn.  
 Thairfoir of verrey neid we mon byd still,  
 And us commit hailleie \* to your will."  
 The gudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay ;  
 And, at the last, to thame thus can scho say :—  
 " Ye byd nocht heir, be Him that us all coft ;  
 Bot gif ye list to lig up in yon loft,  
 The quhilk is wrocht into the hallis end,  
 Ye sall find stray, and clayths I sall you send ;  
 Quhilk gif ye list, pas on bayth on feir ;  
 For on no wayis repair will I haif heir."

Hir madin than scho sendis on befoir,  
 And bad thame wend † withoutin wordis more :  
 Thay war full blyth to do as scho thame kend :  
 And up thay wend, richt in the hallis end,  
 Intil ane loft was maid for corne and hay.  
 Scho maid thair bed, and syn went but delay ;  
 Syne closit the trap, and thai remenit still  
 Into the loft, and had nocht all thair will.  
 Freyr Allane liggis down as he best nicht.  
 Freyr Robert sayd, " I hecht to walk this night :  
 Quha wait perchance sum sport I may espy ?"  
 Thus in the loft I lat the freyris ly.

And of this fayr wyff I will tellyne mair.  
 She was full blyth that thai war closin thair,  
 For scho had made ane tryst that samyn nicht,  
 Freyr Johne hir luffis supper for to dicht. ‡  
 Thairfoir scho wald nane uther cumpany,  
 Becaus Freyr Johne all nicht with hir sould ly :  
 Quhilk duelland was within that nobill toun ;  
 Ane gray freyr he was of grit renoun.

\* Wholly.

† Go.

‡ Prepare.



He governit all the haly abbasy :  
 Silver and gold he had abundantlie ;  
 He had ane previe postroun of his awin,  
 That he micht usché, quhen him list, unknowin.

Thus into the toun I will him leven still,  
 Bydand his tyme ; and turne agane I will  
 To this fayr wyf, how scho the fyre culd beit : \*  
 And thristit on fat capouns on the speit,  
 And fat cunyngs to the fyre can lay ;  
 And badé hir madin, in all the haste scho may,  
 To flawme, and turne, and rost thame tendyrlie.  
 Syn till hir chalmers scho is went in hie.  
 Scho cleithis hir in ane kirtil of fyne reid ;  
 Ane quhyt curchey scho puttis upon hir heid.  
 Hir kyrtil was of silk, her keyis gingling syne,  
 Within ane proud purs the reid gold did schyne.  
 On ilkane fyngar scho weirit ringis tuo :  
 Scho was als proud as ony papingo. †  
 The burde scho euerit with claith of costlie grein,  
 The napry aboif wes wounder weill besene.  
 Than but ‡ scho went to sie gif ony come,  
 Scho thocht full lang to meit hir lufe Frier Johum.

And ewin so Freyr Johne knokit at the yet.  
 His knock scho knew ; and in scho culd him lat,  
 And wylcumit him in all hir best maneir.  
 He thankit hir, and said, " My awin luif deir,  
 Thair is ane pair of bossis, gude and fyne,  
 Thay hald ane galloun-full of Gaskon wyne ;  
 And als ane payr of pertrikis new slane ;  
 And als ane creill full of breid of mane.  
 This have I brocht to yow, my sueit luif deir :  
 Thairfoir I reid now that we mak gude cheyr.  
 Sen it is so that Symon is fra hane ;  
 I will tak ye hameliar heir now, dame."  
 Scho sayis, " Ye ar weill mayr welcum heir,  
 Than Symon is, quhen that ye list appeir."

\* Mend, or increase.    † Parrot.    ‡ The outer room.

With that scho smylit wounder lustelie:  
He thristis hir hand agane full previlie.

Thus at theyr sport I will thame levin still,  
Bydand their tyme; and turne agane I will  
To tell yow of thir sillie freyris tuay,  
That liggit in the loft amang the stray.  
Freyr Allane still into the loft can ly.  
Freyr Robert had a little jelosy;  
For in his hart he had ane persavin.  
And throw the burde he maid, with his botkin,  
A lytil hole on sic a wayis maid he,  
All that they did thair-down he mycht weill se;  
And micht heir all that ever thay culd say.  
Quhon scho was proud, richt wounder fresche and gay,  
Scho callit him baith hert, lemman, and luvē,  
Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif.  
So prelat lyk sat he intill his cheyre!  
Scho rounis than ane pistil in his eyre;  
Thus sportand thame, and makand melodie.  
And quhen scho saw the supper was reddie,  
Scho gois and coveris the burde anone;  
And syne the payr of bossis hes scho tone,  
And set thame down upon the burde him by.  
And ewin with that thay hard the gudman cry.

He knokit at the yet and cryit fast.  
Fra thay him knew, thay war all sayr agast.  
And als Freyr Johne was in a fellone afray;  
And stertis up fast, and wald have bene away.  
Bot all for nocht he micht na way get out.  
The gudwyf spak than, with ane visage stout,  
“Yon is Symon that makis all this fray,  
That I micht now have thoecht was weill away.  
I sall him quit, an I leif half a yeir,  
That hes merrit \* us in this maneir:  
Becaus for him we may not byd togidder;  
I sair repent as now that we come hidder.

\* Marred.

For gif we war weil, he had bene away."  
 "Quhat sall I do, allace!" the freyr can say.  
 "Into this case, Lord, how sall I me beir?  
 For I am schent\* and Symon fynd me heir.  
 I dreid me sair, and he cum in this innis,  
 And fynd me heir, that I los both my quhynnis."  
 "Perchance," scho sayis, "all cumis for the best.  
 I mon you hyd till he be broecht till rest."  
 Ane kneddin-troche, that lay intill ane nuke,  
 Wald hald ane boll of flour quhen that scho buik;  
 Rycht intill it scho gart him creip in hy,  
 And bad him lurk thair verry quyetly.

Syne to hir madin spedilie scho spak,  
 "Ga to the fyre, and the meitis fra it tak.  
 Be bisy als, and slokin out the fyre.  
 Go cleir the burde; and tak awa the chyre.  
 And lok up all into yon almory;  
 Bayth meit, and drink, baith wyne and ale put by.  
 The cunnynge, caponis, and wyld fowlis fyne;  
 The mane breid als thow hyd it with the wync.  
 That being done, thow soupe the hous clein,  
 That no liknes of feist-meits heir be sein."  
 Than syn withoutten ony mair delay,  
 Scho castis off her haill fresche array.  
 And bounit hir richt till hir bed anone:  
 And tholit him knok his fill, Symon.

Quhen he for knocking tyrit was, and cryit;  
 About he went onto the tother syd,  
 Till ane windo wes at her beddis heid,  
 And cryit, "Alesoun, awalk for Goddis deid!"  
 And ay on Alesoun fast couth he cry.  
 And at the last scho answert crabbitlic,  
 "Say quha be this that knawis sa weill my name?  
 Go hens," scho says, "for Symon is fra hame.  
 And I will herbry no gaistis heir, perfay.  
 Thairfor I pray yow to wend on your way;

\* Disgraced.

For at this time ye may nocht lugit \* be."  
 Than Symon said, "Fair dame, knaw ye nocht me?  
 I am your Symon, and husband of this place."  
 "Ar ye my spous Symon?" scho said, "Allace!  
 Throw misknawlege almaist I had mis-gaine:  
 Quha wend that ye sa late wald have cum hame?"  
 Scho stertis up, and gettis licht in hy;  
 And oppinit than the yet full haistily.  
 Scho tuik fra him his geir, at all devyiss:  
 Syne welcomit him on maist hairty wyiss.  
 He bad the madin kindil on ane fyre:  
 "And graith me meit, and tak ye all thy hyrc."  
 The gudwyf said richt schortlie, "Ye me trow,  
 Heir is na meit that ganeand is for yow."—  
 "How sa, fair dame? Ga get me cheis and breid;  
 And fill the stoip; hald me na mair in pleid;  
 For I am tyrit, and verry wett and cauld."  
 Than up scho rais, and durst nocht mair be bauld:  
 Bot coverit the burde; thairon set meit in hy;  
 And syn cauld meit scho brocht delyverlie:  
 Ane sowsit fute, and nolt scheip-heid, haistely;  
 And fillit the stowp; and fenyet to be blyth.  
 Than satt he down, and swoir, "Be Allhallow  
 I fayr richt weill, had I but ane gud fallow.  
 Dame, eit with me, and drink gif that ye may."  
 Said the gudwyf, "Devill inche cun I;—nay,  
 It war mair meit into your bed to be,  
 Than now to sit desyrand cumpanie."  
 The freyris tua, that in the loft can ly,  
 They hard him weill desyrand company.  
 Freyr Robert said, "Allane, gud brother deir,  
 I wald the gudman wist that we war heir!  
 Quha wait perchance sum better wald he fayr!  
 For sickerlie my hart will ewir be sair  
 Gif yon scheip-heid with Symon birneist † be;  
 And sa mekill gud cheir in yon almorie."

\* Lodged.

† Picked clean.

And with that wourd he gave ane hoist anone.  
 The gudman heird and speirit, "Quha is yon?  
 Methink that thair is men into yon loft."  
 The gudwyf answerit, with wourdis soft,  
 "Yon ar your awin freyris brether tuay."  
 Symon said, "Tell me quhat freyrs are thay?"  
 "Yon is Freyr Robert, and sillie Freyr Allane,  
 That all this day has gane with meikle pane.  
 Be thay cam heir it was sa verray lait,  
 Curfew was rounge, and closit was thair yait.  
 And in yon loft I gave thame harborye."  
 The gudman said, "Sa God have part of me,  
 Thay freiris tua ar hartlie wyleum hidder,  
 Ga call thame doun, that we may drink togidder."  
 The gudwyf said, "I reid yow lat thame ly.  
 Thay had levir sleip, nor sit in cumpanie.  
 To drink, and dot, it ganis nocht for thame."—  
 "Lat be, fair dame, thay wourdis ar in vane.  
 I will thame have, be Goddis dignitie!  
 Mak no delay, bot bring thame doun to me."  
 The gudman said unto his madin thone,  
 "Go pray thame bayth to cum till me annone."  
 And sone the trap the maydin openit than,  
 And bad tham bayth cum doun to the gudman.  
 Freyr Robert said, "Fair madin, be Sanct Jame,  
 The gudman is full deirlic wylcum hame.  
 And we sall cum anone, ye may him say,  
 Him for to pleis in all that euer we may."

And with that wourde thai sterte up bayth anone,  
 And doun the trop delyverly ar gone:  
 Syne halsit \* Symon als sone as thay him se;  
 And he agane thame wylcumit hartfullie.  
 He said, "Cum ben, my awin brether deyr!  
 And sit you doun, ye bayth, besyd me heir.  
 For I am now alane, as ye may se;  
 Thairfoir sit doun, and beir me companie,

\* Saluted.



And tak your part of sic gude as we have."  
 Freyr Allane said, " Schyr, I pray God yow save!  
 Heir is aneuche forsuth of Goddis gude."

Than Symon answerit, " Be the halie rude,  
 Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold for me  
 For sum gude meit and drink amang us thré."

Freyr Robert said, " Quhat meitis wald ye crave?  
 Or quhat drink desire ye for to have?

For rycht mony sundry practiks seir  
 Beyond the sey in Paris did I leir,  
 Quhilk I wald preif, schir, glaidlie for your saik,  
 And for your damys, that harbrie cuth us maik.  
 I tak on hand, and ye will counsale keip,  
 That I shall gar yow have, or that ye sleip,  
 Of all the best that is in this cuntrey;  
 And Gaskane wyne, gif ony in it be;  
 Or, be thair ony within ane hundreth myle,  
 It sall be heir within ane lytil quhyle."

The gudman mervalls meikill of this taill;  
 And said, " My hart will neir be haill,  
 Bot gif ye preif that practik, or we pairt,  
 Be quhatkin science, nigromansy, or airt."

Freyr Robert said, " Of this ye have no dreid;  
 For I can do fer mair, and thair be neid."

Than Symon said, " Freyr Robert, I yow pray,  
 For my saik that science ye wald assay  
 To mak us sport." And than the freyr uprais,  
 And tuke his buik, and to the flure he gayis.  
 And turnis it our, and reidis ane lyttill space;  
 Syne to the eist he turnit evin his face,  
 And maid ane croce; and than the freyr cuth lout,  
 And to the west he turnit him evin about;  
 Than to the north he turnt, and lukit down:  
 And tuke his buke and said ane orisoune,  
 And ay his é was on the almery,  
 And on the trouche; quhar that the freyr cuth ly.



Than sat he down, and kaist abak his hude ;  
 He girnit, and he glourit, he gapt as he war woid.  
 And quhylum sat still in ane studyng ;  
 And quhylum on his buik he was reydng.  
 And quhylum bayth his handis he wald clap ;  
 And uther quhyllis wald he glour and gaip.  
 And on this wyse he yeid \* the hous about,  
 Weil twys or thrys ; and ay the freyr cuth lout.  
 Quhen that he came ocht neir the almerie.  
 Thairat our dame had wounder grit invy ;  
 For in hir hart scho had ane persavcing  
 That he had wit of all hir governing :  
 Scho saw him gif the almerie sic ane straik.  
 Ontill herself scho said, " Full weill I wait  
 I am bot schent ; he knawis all my thocht.  
 Quhat sall I do? Alace that I was wrocht !  
 Get Symon wit it war my undoing."  
 Be that the freyr hes left his studeing ;  
 And on his feit he stertis up full sture,  
 And come agane, and said, " All-haill my cure  
 Is done. Anone and ye sall have plentie  
 Of meit and wyne, the best in this cuntrie,  
 Quhairfoir, fair dame, get up delyverlie,  
 And gang belyf unto yonc almerie,  
 And oppin it ; and se ye bring us syne  
 Ane pair of bossis full of Gaskan wyne,  
 Thay hald ane galloun and mair, that wait I weill ;  
 And bring us als the mayne breid in the creil.  
 Ane pair of cunnynge, fat and het pyband,  
 And ane pair of capouns sall ye bring fra hand ;  
 Ane pair of pertrijs, I wait thair is no ma.  
 And eik of pluvaris se that ye bring us twa."

The gudwyf wist it was na variance :  
 Scho knew the freyr had sene hir govirnance.  
 Scho wist it was no hute for to deny :  
 With that scho yeid unto the almory.

And opent it, and than scho fand richt thoir  
 All that the freyr had spokin of befoir.  
 Scho stert abak, as scho war in effray;  
 And saynt hir;\* and smyland cuth scho say:  
 "Haly *benedicite*! Quhat may this mene!  
 Quha evir afoir hes sic ane fairlie sene?  
 Sa grit a mervill as now hes happint here!  
 Quhat sall I say? He is ane haly freyr!  
 He said full suth of all that he did say."  
 Scho brocht all furth, and on the burde coud lay,  
 Bayth meit, and breid, and wyne, withouttin moir;  
 The capouns, cunnyngs, as ye have hard before,  
 Petrikis and pluvaris befoir thame has scho brocht.  
 The freyr knew, and saw thair wantit nocht;  
 Bot all was furth brocht, evin at his devyiss.

Fra Symon saw it oppinnit on this wyiss,  
 He had greit wonder; and sueiris by the mone,  
 "Freyr Robert has richt weil his devoir done.  
 He may be callit ane man of greit science,  
 So suddanlie that all this purviance  
 Hes brocht us heir, all throw his subtilté,  
 And throw his arte, and his philosophie.  
 It was in richt gude tyme that he came hiddir.  
 Now fill the cop that we may drink togidder;  
 And mak us cheir after this langsum day;  
 For I have ridding a wonder wilsum way.—  
 Now God be lovit, heir is sufficiance  
 Ontill us all, thro' his wyse governance!"

And with that wourde thay drank all round about.  
 Of the gude wýn; and ay thay playit cop out.  
 Thay eit, and drank; and maid richt mirrie cheir  
 With sangis loud, bayth Symon and the freyr;  
 And on this wyse the lang nicht thay our draif;  
 Thay wantit nothing that thay desyre to craif.  
 Than Symone said to the gudwyf in hy,  
 "Cum heir, fair dame, and sett yow down me by;

\* Blessed or crossed herself.

And tak part of sic gude as we haif heir,  
 And hairtly, I yow pray, to thank the freir  
 Off his wondir grit business and cure  
 That he hes done to us upoun this flure;  
 And brocht us meit and drink haboundantlie;  
 Quhairfoir of richt we oucht mirry to be."  
 Bot all thair sport quhen thai wer maist at eiss,  
 Ontill our dame it nicht hir nothing pleis.  
 Uther thing now was more intill hir thocht;  
 Scho wes so red, hir hart was all on floucht,\*  
 Lest throw the freyr scho suld discoverit be.  
 To him scho lukit oft tymis effeiritle,  
 And ay dispairit in hir hart was scho,  
 That he had witting all hir purveynce to.  
 Thus satt scho still, but wist in uther waine;  
 Quhat euir thay say, scho lute them all allane.  
 Bot scho drank with thame into cumpany  
 With feinyeit cheir, and hert full wo and hevy.  
 Bot thay wer blyth aneuch, God wait, and sang,  
 For ay the wyne was raking thame amang.  
 Quhill at the last thay waxit blythe ilkone,  
 Than Symon said unto the freyr anone,  
 "I marvale meikle how that this may be!  
 Into schort tyme that ye, so suddainlie,  
 Hes brocht us heir so mony danteis deyr!"  
 "Thairof have ye nocht fairlie," quoth the freyr;  
 "I have ane page, full previe, of my awin,  
 Will cum to me quhen that I list, unknowin;  
 And bring to me sic thing as I wald have.  
 Quhat I so list, me neidis nocht to crave.  
 Quhairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience;  
 And traist weill I sall do diligence,  
 Gif that yow list, or lykis to have more,  
 He sall it bring, and that I sall stand fore,  
 Incontinent that samyn sall ye se.  
 Bot I protest that ye keip it previe;

\* In a flutter.

Lat no man wit that I can do sic thing."  
 Than Symon said, " I sweyr by hevinis King  
 It sal be kepit counsale, as for me.  
 Bot, brother deir, your servand wald I see,  
 Gif that ye pleis, that we may drink togidder;  
 For I want nocht gif ye may ay cum hidder,  
 Quher that we list, or lyk sic feist as this."  
 Than Robert says, " Sua have I Hevynnis blis,  
 Yow to haif the sight of my servand,  
 It can nocht be, ye sall weill understand;  
 Nor may ye se him graithlie in his awin kynd,  
 Bot ye annone sowld go out of your mynd.  
 He is so fowll and ugly for to se,  
 I dar nocht annter for to tak on me.  
 To bring him hidder heir into your sight,  
 And naimly now, so lait into the nicht.  
 Bot gif it war on sic a maner wyiss,  
 Him to translait into ane uther gyse,  
 Fra his awin kind intill ane ither stait."  
 Than Symon said, " I mak na mair debait.  
 How ewir ye will, it lykis weil to me.  
 Bot, brother deir, fain wald I him se."  
 Freyr Robert said, " Sen that your will is so,  
 Tell onto me, withouttin words mo,  
 Into quhat stait ye list that he appeir?"  
 Than Symon said, " In lyknes of ane freyr.  
 In quhyte habite, sic as yourself can weir:  
 For colour quhyt it will to no man deir.  
 And ewill spreitts quhyte colour ay will fle."  
 Freyr Robert said, " I say it may nocht be  
 That he appeir intill our habite quhyt.  
 For till our ordour it war grit dispyt,  
 That ony sic unwourthy wicht as he  
 Into our habite ony man suld se.  
 Bot, gif it plesis yow that ar here,  
 Ye sall him se in lyknes of ane freyr,

In habite blak, it was his kynd to weir.  
 Into sic wys that he sall no man deir,  
 Sua that ye do as I sall you devyss,  
 To hald you clois, and rewle you on this wys.  
 Quhat sua it be that outhir ye se or heir,  
 Ye speik nothing nor yit ye mak no steir;  
 Bot hald ye clois, quhil I have done my cuir.  
 And, Symon, ye man be upon the flure  
 Neir besyd me, with staff into your hand;  
 Have ye no dreid, I sall you ay warrand."  
 Than Symon said, "I consent that it be sua."  
 Than up he stert, and tuik ane libberla  
 Intill his hand, and on the flure he stert,  
 Sumthing effrayt, thoch stalwart was his hert.  
 Than Symon said onto Freyr Robert sone,  
 "Now tell me, maister, quhat ye will have done."  
 "Nathing," he said, "bot hald ye clois, and still;  
 And quhat I do ye tak gude tent thairtill.  
 And neir the dure ye hyd ye prevelie;  
 And quhen I bid you stryk, stryk hardelie:  
 Into the nek se that ye hit him richt."  
 "I warrand that," quoth he, "with all my micht."  
 Thus on the flure I leif him standand still,  
 Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will  
 Till Freyr Robert, that tuik his buik in hy,  
 And turnit our the levis bissely,  
 Ane full lang space; and quhen he had done swa,  
 Towart the troch, withoutten wordis ma  
 He gaiss belyfe, and on this wyiss said he,  
 "Ha! how! Hurlbass, now I conjure thé  
 That up thow ryse, and syne to me appeir,  
 In habite blak, in lyknes of ane freyr.  
 Out fra this trouche, quhair that thow dois ly,  
 Thow rax thee sone, and mak us no tary:  
 Thow turne out of the trouche, that we may see;  
 And syn till us thow schaw thé openlie.



And in this place se na man that thow greif;  
 Bot draw thy handis bayth into thy sleif,  
 And pow thy cowl down owttour thy face;  
 Thow may thank God thow gettis sic a grace.  
 Thairfoir thow turss thé to thy awin resett,  
 So this be done, and mak na mair debait.  
 In thy depairting, sie thow mak no deray  
 Unto no wycht, bot frely pass thy way.  
 And in this place sé that thow cum no moir,  
 Bot I command thé, and als charge as befoir.  
 And owr the stane, sé that ye ga gude speid.  
 Gif thow dois not, to thy awin perill beid."

With that the freyr under the trouche that lay  
 Raxit him sone, but his hart was in effray;  
 Than off the trouche he tumblit owr the stane,  
 And to the dure he schapis him to be gane:  
 With ewill cheyr, and dreyrie countenance,  
 For never befoir him happint sic ane chance.  
 Bot quhen Freyr Robert him saw gangand by,  
 Than on Symon full lowdly couth he cry,  
 "Stryk, stryk hardelie, for now is tyme for thé."  
 With that Symon ane felloun flap leit flie;  
 With his burdoun he hit him in the nek;  
 He was so fers he fell attour the sek,  
 And brak his heid upon ane mustard stane.  
 Be that the freyr attour the stayr was gane,  
 In sic ane wys he missit hes the trap;  
 And in ane myre he fell, sic wes his hap,  
 Was fourtie fute on breid, under the stayr:  
 Yet gat he up with cleithing nathing fair,  
 Full drerilie upon his feet he stude,  
 And throw the myre full smoitly than he yude.  
 And on the wall he clame full haistely  
 Was maid about, and all with stanis dry.  
 Of that eschape in hart he wes full fane.  
 Now he sall be richt layth to come agane.



With that Freyr Robert stert about, and saw  
 Quhair that the gudman lay so wounder law  
 Apon the fluir; and bleidand was his heid.  
 He stert till him, and went he had bene deid;  
 And claucht him up, withouttin wourdis mair,  
 And to the dure delyverly him bayr,  
 And, for the wynd was blawand in his face,  
 He sone ourcome, intill ane lytill space.  
 And syn the freir has franit \* at him fast  
 "Quhat alit yow to be so sair agast?"  
 He said, "Yon freir has maide me in effray."  
 "Lat be," quoth he, "the werst is all away;  
 And mak mirrie, and se ye murne na mair;  
 Ye have him striken quite out our the stayr.  
 I saw him skip, and the suth can tell,  
 Evin ovr the stayr intill ane myre he fell.  
 Lat him now ga; he is ane graceless gaist:  
 And to your bed ye bowne to tak your rest."

Thus Symon's heid upon the wall was brokin;  
 And ovr the stayr Freyr Johne in myre has loppin,  
 And tap ovr tail he fyld wes wounder ill:  
 And Alesoune on na wayiss gat her will.  
 This is the story that happint of that freir.  
 No moir thair is, bot Christ us keip most deir.

\* Questioned.

## THE MONK AND MILLER'S WIFE.



[Notwithstanding that this tale of Ramsay's is a copy of the preceding admirable poem, yet the execution is skillfully managed, and the spirit of the original kept up throughout. As a sure test of its merit, it ranks high among the popular tales of our language.]

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
Wha ken the benefit of wine;  
And you wha laughing, scud brown ale,  
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest miller won'd in Fife,  
That had a young and wanton wife,  
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest  
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast:  
He paid right mony visits till her;  
And to keep in with Hab the miller,  
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,  
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.  
Such condescension in a pastor,  
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;  
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.  
Thus all the three wère wonder pleas'd,  
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.

This ground his corns, and that did cherish  
Himself with dining round the parish.  
Bess, the gud-wife, thought it na skaith,  
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
And Ceres gives the schools the play,  
A youth, sprung frae a gentle *pater*,  
Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma-mater*,  
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,  
And him benighted by the gate.  
To lye without, pit-mirk did shure him,  
He coudna see his thumb before him ;  
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
Which led him by the lugs theretill.  
To tak the thread of tale alang,  
This mill to Halbert did belang ;  
Nor less this note your notice claims,  
The scholar's name was Master James:

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,  
Smoothly relate a tale shall last  
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,  
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,  
And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
With sic gude cheer as he cou'd make,  
Baith for his ain and father's sake.  
The scholar thought himself right sped,  
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.  
Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill  
As yet ;—but stap ye wast the kill  
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :  
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,  
'Till I set aff the mill, syne we  
Shall tak what Bessy has to gi'e."

James, in return, what's handsome said,  
O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.

Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him til't as with a line :  
 Arriv'd, he knock'd,—for doors were steekit ;—  
 Straight through a window Bessy keekit,  
 And cries, “ Wha's that g'ies fowk a fright  
 At sic untimous time of night ? ”  
 James, with good humour, most discreetly,  
 Told her his circumstance completely.  
 “ I dinna ken ye,” quoth the wife,  
 “ And up and down the thieves are rife ;  
 Within my lane, I am but a woman,  
 Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man ;—  
 But since 'tis very like, my dow,  
 That all ye're telling may be true,  
 Hae, there's a key, gang in your way  
 At the neist door, there's braw ait stra' ;—  
 Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn  
 They're no ill lodg'd wha' get a barn.”  
 Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,  
 James fand he cou'dna mend the matter ;  
 And since it might na better be,  
 With resignation took the key ;  
 Unlock'd the barn—clamb up the mou,  
 Where was an opening near the hou,  
 Through which he saw a glint of light  
 That gave diversion to his sight :  
 By this he quickly cou'd discern  
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,  
 And through this rive was in the wa',  
 All done within the house he saw :  
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gied credit to his een)  
 The parish priest of reverend fame  
 In active courtship with the dame !—  
 To lengthen out description here,  
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,

And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,  
Which we by satire strive to tame.  
Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
And James continuing still to glowr;  
He saw the wife as fast as able,  
Spread a clean servite on the table,  
And syne, frae the ha' ingle bring ben  
A piping-het young roasted hen,  
And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But, wicked luck! just as the priest  
Shot in his fork in chunky's breast,  
Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,  
Cry'd, "Bessy, haste ye open the door."—

With that the haly letcher fled,  
And darn'd himsell behind a bed;  
While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,  
That nought the cuckold might espy;  
Syne loot him in; but, out of tune,  
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon?

"I come," said he, "as manners claims,  
To wait and crack with Master James,  
Which I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy;  
I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?"

"Ye sent him here!" quoth Bessy grumbling,

"Kend I this James? A chiel came rumbling;  
But how was I assured, when dark,  
That he had been nae thievish spark,  
Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,  
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?"—

"But what came of him? speak nae langer,"  
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.

"I sent him to the barn," quoth she:

"Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.

James was brought in; the wife was bawked;  
The priest stood close; the miller cracked;



Then ask'd his sulky gloomy spouse,  
 What supper she had in the house,  
 That might be suitable to gi'e.  
 Ane of their lodger's qualitie?  
 Quoth she, "Ye may well ken, goodman,  
 Your feast comes frae the parritch-pan;  
 The stov'd or roasted we afford,  
 Are aft great strangers on our board."—  
 "Parritch," quoth Hab, "ye senseless tawpie!  
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpie;  
 Or that his gentle stamock's master  
 To worry up a pint of plaster,  
 Like our mill-knaves that lift the lading,  
 Whase kytes can rax out like raw plaiding?  
 Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,  
 And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens."—  
 "Hout aye," quoth she, "ye may well ken,  
 'Tis ill brought butt, that's no there ben;  
 When but last owk, nae farder gane,  
 The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guess  
 Of what was in the house as Bess,  
 With pawky smile, this plea to end,  
 To please himsell, and ease his friend,  
 First open'd with a slee oration.  
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.  
 Said he, "By this fell art I'm able  
 To whop aff any great man's table.  
 Whate'er I like to make a mail of,  
 Either in part, or yet the haill of;  
 And, if ye please, I'll shaw my art."—  
 Cries Halbert, "Faith, with a' my heart!"  
 Bess sain'd hersell,—cry'd, "Lord be here!"  
 And near-hand fell a swoon wi' fear.  
 James leugh, and bade her naithing dread;  
 Syne to conjuring went with speed:



And first he drew a circle round,  
 Then utter'd mony a magic sound  
 Of words part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,  
 Enough to fright a very witch:  
 That done, he says, "Now, now, 'tis come,  
 And in the boal beside the lum:  
 Now set the board, goodwife, gae ben,  
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."  
 She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd;  
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,  
 It smell'd sae well, short time he sought it,  
 And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka sense he did conveyen,  
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een;  
 They all in an united body,  
 Declared it a fine fat how-towdy.\*  
 "Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,  
 "The hen looks well, and we'll fa' till her."  
 "Sae be't," says James; and in a doup,  
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.  
 "Neist, O!" cries Halbert, "could your skill  
 But help us to a waught of ale,  
 I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 And offer to the de'il my wife,  
 To see if he'll discreeter mak her,  
 But that I'm ffeed he winna tak her."  
 Said James, "Ye offer very fair;  
 The bargain's hadden, say nae mair."  
 Then thrice James shook a willow-wand,  
 With kittle words thrice gave command;  
 That done, with looks baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, "Now ye'll get what ye would have;  
 Twa bottles of as nappy liquer  
 As ever ream'd in horn or bicker;

\* Chicken.

Behind the ark that hauds your meal,  
 Ye'll find twa standing corkit weel."  
 James said, syne fast the miller flew,  
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;  
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Whase magic gart him feed on roasted;  
 His father's neist, and a' the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
 Which were o'er langsome at the time  
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller and the youth,  
 Were blythly stocking of their drowth,  
 Bess fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,  
 The priest, inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

"O wow!" said Hab, "if ane might speer,  
 Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer?  
 Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',  
 We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

"To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"  
 Says James, "ken I'm a Rosicrucian,  
 Ane of the set that never carries  
 On traffic with black de'ils or fairies;  
 There's mony a sp'rit that's no a de'il,  
 That constantly around us wheel.  
 There was a sage call'd Albumazor,  
 Wha's wit was gleg as ony razor:  
 Frae this great man we learn'd the skill  
 To bring these gentry to our will;  
 And they appear, when we've a mind,  
 In ony shape of human kind:  
 Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,  
 I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view:  
 At last his courage wan the day,  
 He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy by this began to smell  
 A rat, but kept her mind to 'rsell:  
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
 But mean time tipt young James a wink.  
 James frae his e'e an answer sent,  
 Which made the wife right well content.  
 Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd:  
 "Whate'er you see, be nought surpris'd,  
 But for your saul move not your tongue,  
 And ready stand with a great rung;  
 Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
 Be sure to lend him a sound rout:  
 I bidna this by way of mocking,  
 For nought delights him mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent,—stood by the hallan,  
 And straight the wild mischievous callan  
 Cries, "Rhadamanthus husky mingo,  
 Monk, horner, hipock, jinko, jingo,  
 Appear in likeness of a priest,  
 No like a de'il in shape of beast,  
 With gaping chafts to fleg us a':  
 Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
 The priest approach'd, right well content;  
 With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
 'Till he was drawing near the door;  
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,  
 But was not miss'd by the goodman,  
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,  
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.  
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight:  
 Ben flew the miller in a fright;  
 "I trow," quoth he, "I laid well on;  
 But wow he's like our ain Mess John!"

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.



[The evil effects of dissipation in a young man, is the subject of this fine poem. The character of the Heir of Linne, the selfishness of those companions of his follies who refuse to give him relief when they find that all his means are consumed, and the griping avarice of the steward and his wife, are very ably delineated.

The period has not been ascertained when this poem was written, but from the language and phrases, it appears to be coeval with the ballad of *Johnie Armstrang*; it was first published by Dr Percy from a copy in his folio MS., "some breaches and defects in which," he says, "rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon.

"From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it would seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

"The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose title went along with his estate."—PERCY'S *Reliques*, vol. ii.]

## PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
 To sing a song I will beginne :  
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
 Which was the unthrifty Heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
 His mother a lady of high degree ;  
 But they, alas ! were dead, him free,  
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spende the daye with merrye cheare ;  
 To drink and revell every night ;  
 To cards and dice from even to morn,  
 It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
 To alwaye spende, and never spare ;  
 I wett, an' it were the king himselfe ;  
 Of gold and fee he mote\* be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;  
 And he man sell his landes sae broad,  
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,  
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :  
 But John is become a gentel-man,  
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

\* Might.



Sayes, " Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,  
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheare,  
 If thou wilt sell thy landes sãe broad,  
 Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
 My lande nowe take it unto thee;  
 Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,  
 And thine for aye my land shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he gave him a God's-pennie;  
 But for every pound that John agreed,  
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,  
 He was right glad his lande to winne:  
 " The land is mine, the gold is thine,  
 And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his lande sõe broad,  
 Baith hill, and holt, and moor, and fenne;  
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far aff in a lonely glenne.

For sõe he to his father hight: \*

" My sonne when I am gane," sayd hee,  
 " Then thou wilt spend thy lande sõe broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

" But sweare mee nowe upon the roode, †  
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;  
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

\* Promised.

† Cross.



The Heire of Linne is full of golde :

“ And come with me, my friends,” sayd hee,  
 “ Let’s drinke, and rant, and merry make,  
 And he that spares, ne’er mote \* he bee.”—

They ranted, drank, and merry made,

Till all his gold is waxed thinne ;  
 And then his friendes they slunk away ;  
 They left the unthrifty Heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,

Never a penny left but three,  
 The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,  
 The tother it was white money.

“ Nowe well a-way !” sayd the Heire of Linne,

“ Now well a-way and woe is mee ;  
 For when I was the Lord of Linne,  
 I never wanted gold or fee.

“ But many a trusty friend have I,

And why shold I feel dole or care ?  
 I’ll borrowe of them all by turnes,  
 Soe need I not be never bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home,

Another had payd his gold away ;  
 Another call’d him thriftless loone,  
 And bade him sharpely wend † his way.

“ Nowe well a-way,” sayd the Heire of Linne,

“ Nowe well a-way, and woe is me !  
 For when I had my landes so broad,  
 On me they liv’d right merrilee.

“ To beg my bread from door to door,  
 I wis, it were a brenning \* shame ;  
 To rob and steal it were a sinne ;  
 To worke, my limbs I cannot frame.

“ Now I’ll away to lonesome lodge,  
 For there my father bade me wend,  
 When all the world should frowne on mee,  
 I there should find a trusty friend.”

---

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the Heire of Linne,  
 O’er hill, and holt, and moor, and fenne,  
 Until he came to lonesome lodge,  
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glennie.

He looked up, he looked downe,  
 In hope some comfort for to winne,  
 But bare and lothly were the walles :  
 “ Here’s sorry cheare,” quo’ the Heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darkē  
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;  
 No shimmering † sun here ever shone ;  
 No halesome breeze here ever blewe.

\* Burning.

† Shining by glances.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,  
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,  
 These words were written so plaine to see:  
 "Ah! graceless wretch! hath spent thine all,  
 And brought thyselfe to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
 I therefore left this trusty friend:  
 Let it now shield thy foule disgrace,  
 And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent\* wi' this rebuke,  
 Sorely shent was the Heire of Linne,  
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast  
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the Heire of Linne,  
 Never a word he spake but three:  
 "This is a trusty friend indeed;  
 And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his neck the cord he drewe,  
 And sprang aloft with his bodie:  
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,  
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the Heire of Linne,  
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead;  
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
 And in it a key of gold soe redd.

\* Ashamed.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
 Strait good comfort found he there:  
 It told him of a hole in the wall,  
 In which there stood three chests in fere.\*

Two were full of the beaten gold,  
 The third was full of white money,  
 And over them in broad letters  
 These words were written so plaine to see:

“Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clear,  
 Amend thy life and follies past;  
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
 That rope must be thy end at last.”

“And let it bee,” sayd the Heire of Linne;  
 “And let it bee, but if I amend:  
 For here I will make mine avow,  
 This reade† shall guide me to the end.”

Away then went the Heire of Linne;  
 Away he went with merry cheare:  
 I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,  
 Till John o’ the Scales’ house he came neare,

And when he came to John o’ the Scales’,  
 Up at the speere‡ then looked hee;  
 There sat three lords at the borde’s end,  
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the Heire of Linne  
 To John o’ the Scales then louted hee:  
 “I pray thee now, good John o’ the Scales,  
 One fortye pence for to lend mee.

\* In company together. † Advice.

‡ A small hole in the wall of a house, for the purpose of receiving and answering inquiries from strangers.

“ Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
 Away, away, this may not bee:  
 For a curse fall on my head,” he sayd,  
 “ If ever I trust thee one pennie.”

Then bespake the Heire of Linne,  
 To John o’ the Scales’ wife then spake hee:  
 “ Madame, some almes on me bestowe,  
 I pray, for sweet Saint Charitie.”

“ Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
 I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;  
 For if we should hang any losel heere,  
 The first we wold begin with thee.”

Then bespake a good fellowe,  
 Which sat at John o’ the Scales his bord;  
 Sayd, “ Turn againe, thou Heire of Linne,  
 Some time thou wast a well good lord.

“ Some time a good fellowe thou hast been,  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
 Therefore I’ll lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if need bee.

“ And ever, I pray thee, John o’ the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companee;  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee.”

Up then spake him John o’ the Scales,  
 All wood he answered him agayne;  
 “ Now curse upon my head,” he sayd,  
 “ But I did lose by that bargaine.

“ And here I proffer thee, Heire of Linne,  
 Before these lords so faire and free,  
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheap,  
 By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.”

“ I drawe you to record, lords,” he sayd,  
 With that he gave him a God's pennee;  
 “ Now by my fay,” said the Heire of Linne,  
 “ And here, good John, is thy money.”

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,  
 And he layd them down upon the bord;  
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
 So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good redd gold,  
 He told it forth with mickle dinne;  
 “ The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now I'm againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, “ Have thou here, thou good fellowe,  
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee;  
 Now I'm againe the Lord of Linne,  
 And forty pounds I will give thee.”

“ Now well-a-day !” sayth Joan o' the Scales,  
 “ Now well-a-day ! and woe is my life !  
 Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,  
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.”

“ Now fare thee well,” sayd the Heire of Linne,  
 “ Farewell, good John o' the Scales,” sayd hee;  
 “ When next I want to sell my land,  
 Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee.”



## HALLOW FAIR.



[In this poem the scenes which took place in the fair of the metropolis forty years ago are humorously described. The various characters are drawn with nice discrimination, and in strict consonance to nature.—This and the two following poems are the composition of Fergusson, a poet of a lively and fertile imagination, whose premature death, at the age of twenty-four, is to be lamented by the lovers of Scottish poetry, the specimens which he has left of his genius being proofs of the high excellence he would have reached had he lived to cultivate the Doric muse. From his writings Burns caught the spark which set his astonishing powers in a flame.]

AT Hallowmas, whan nights grow lang,  
 And starnies shine fu' clear,  
 Whan fouk, the nippin' cauld to bang,  
 Their winter hap-warms wear,  
 Near Edinbrough a fair there hauds,  
 I wat there's nane whase name is,  
 For strappin dames and sturdy lads,  
 And cap and stoup, mair famous  
 Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum  
 The sun began to keek,  
 And bade the trig-made maidens come  
 A sightly joe to seek  
 At Hallow-fair, whare browsters rare  
 Keep gude ale on the gantries,  
 And dinna scrimp ye o' a skair  
 O' kebbucks frae their pantries,  
 Fu' saut that day.

Here country John, in bannet blue,  
 And eke his Sunday's claes on,  
 Rins after Meg wi' rokelay \* new,  
 And sappy kisses lays on:  
 She'll tauntin' say, "Ye silly coof!  
 Be o' your gab mair spairin';"  
 He'll tak the hint, and criesh her loof  
 Wi' what will buy her fairin',  
 To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their stand,  
 And shaw their bonny wallies;  
 Wow! but they lie fu' gleg aff hand  
 To trick the silly fallows:  
 Heh, sirs! what cairds † and tinklers come,  
 And ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,  
 And spae-wives fenzying to be dumb,  
 Wi' a' siclike landloupers,  
 To thrive that day!

Here Sawney cries, frae Aberdeen,  
 "Come ye to me fa need:  
 The brawest shanks ‡ that e'er were seen  
 I'll sell ye cheap and guid.

\* Cloak or mantle.    † Vagrants.    ‡ Stockings.

I wyt they are as protty hose  
 As come frae weyr or leem :  
 Here, tak a rug, and shaw's your pose ;  
 Forseeth my ain's but teem  
 And light this day."

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,  
 O mak your bargains hooly !  
 O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,  
 Or, fegs ! they will ye spulzie.  
 For, fairn-year, \* Meg Thamson got,  
 Frae thir mischievous villains,  
 A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,  
 That lost a score o' shillins  
 To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,  
 The sergeant screechs fu' loud,  
 " A' gentlemen and volunteers  
 That wish your country gude,  
 Come here to me, and I sall gie  
 Twa guineas and a crown ;  
 A bowl o' punch, that, like the sea,  
 Will soom a lang dragoon  
 Wi' ease this day."

Without, the cuissars prance and nicker,  
 And owre the ley-rig scud ;  
 In tents, the carles bend the bicker,  
 And rant and roar like wud.  
 Then there's sic yellowchin and din,  
 Wi' wives and wee-anes gabblin,  
 That ane might true they were a-kin  
 To a' the tongues at Babylon,  
 Confus'd that day.

\* Last year.

Whan Phoebus ligs in Thetis' lap,  
 Auld Reikie g'ies them shelter,  
 Whare cadgily they kiss the cap,  
 And ca't round helter-skelter.  
 Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks,  
 Great cause he had to rue it,  
 For frae a stark Lochaber aix  
 He gat a clamihewit,\*

Fu' sair that night.

"Ohon!" quo' he, "I'd rather be  
 By sword or bagnet stickit,  
 Than ha'e my crown or body wi'  
 Sic deadly weapons nickit."  
 Wi' that he gat anither straik  
 Mair weighty than before,  
 That gart his feckless body aik,  
 And spew the reckin gore,

Fu' red that night.

He pechin on the cawsey lay,  
 O' kicks and cuffs weel sair'd;  
 A Highland aith the sergeant ga'e,  
 "She maun pe see our guard."  
 Out spak the weirlike corporal,  
 "Pring in ta drucken sot."  
 They trail'd him ben, and, by my saul,  
 He paid his drucken groat

For that neist day.

Gude fouk, as ye come frae the fair,  
 Bide yont frae this black squad;  
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere  
 Allow'd to wear cockade.

\* A severe blow.

Than the strong lion's hungry maw,  
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,  
 Frae their wanruly fellin paw  
 Mair cause ye ha'e to fear  
 Your death that day.

A wee soup drink does unco weel  
 To haud the heart aboon;  
 Its gude as lang's a canny chiel  
 Can stand steeve in his shoon.  
 But, gin a birkie's owre weel sair'd  
 It gars him aften stammer  
 To plays \* that bring him to the guard,  
 And eke the Council-chawmir,  
 Wi' shame that day.

\* Discords.

## LEITH RACES.



[The bustle and noise of the race-ground, with its motley groupe of characters, are here exhibited in humorous and ludicrous colours.—Burns's admiration of Fergusson's genius carried him to imitate, though not servilely, several of his poems. The *Holy Fair* of the Ayrshire bard is not only written after the manner of this poem, but the ideas and even style of some of the passages are borrowed from it.]

IN July month, ae bonny morn  
 Whan Nature's rokelay green  
 Was spread owre ilka rig o' corn,  
 To charm our rovin een :  
 Glowrin about, I saw a quean,  
 The fairest 'neath the lift :  
 Her een were o' the siller sheen ;  
 Her skin, like snawy drift,  
 Sae white that day.



Quo' she, " I ferly unco sair,  
 That ye sud musin gae;  
 Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow-fair,  
 Her Winter's pranks, and play;  
 Whan on Leith-sands the racers rare  
 Wi' jockey louns are met,  
 Their orra pennies there to ware,  
 And drown themsels in debt  
 Fu' deep that day."

" And wha are ye, my winsome dear,  
 That taks the gate sae early?  
 Whare do ye win, gin ane may speer;  
 For I right meikle ferly,  
 That sic braw buskit laughin lass  
 Thir bonny blinks shou'd gi'e,  
 And loup, like Hebe, owre the grass,  
 As wanton, and as free  
 Frae dool this day?"

" I dwell amang the cauler springs  
 That weet the Land o' Cakes,  
 And aften tune my canty strings  
 At bridals and late-wakes.  
 They ca' me Mirth:—I ne'er was kend  
 To grumble or look sour;  
 But blithe wad be a lift to lend  
 Gif ye wad sey my power,  
 And pith, this day."

" A bargain be't; and by my fegs!  
 Gif ye will be my mate,  
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs;  
 Ye shanna find me blate:

We'll reel and ramble thro' the sands,  
 And jeer wi' a' we meet;  
 Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands  
 That fill Edina's street

Sae thrang this day."

Ere servant-maids had wont to rise  
 To seethe the breakfast kettle,  
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,  
 To put her on her mettle,  
 Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap,  
 (And troth he's fain to get her);  
 But she'll crawl kniefly in his crap,  
 Whan, wow! he canna flit her

Frae hame that day.

Now, mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd loun  
 Rise early to their wark:  
 Enough to fley a muckle town,  
 Wi' dinsome squeel and bark.  
 "Here is the true and faithfu' list  
 O' Noblemen and Horses;  
 Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,  
 That rin for plates or purses,  
 Fu' fleet this day."

To whisky plouks that brunt for ouks  
 On town-guard sodgers' faces,  
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks  
 And scrapes them for the races.  
 Their stumps, erst used to philibegs,  
 Are dight in spatterdashes,  
 Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs  
 Frae weet and weary plashes  
 O' dirt that day.

"Come, hae a care," the Captain cries,  
 "On guns your bagnets thraw;  
 Now mind your manual exercise,  
 And marsh down raw by raw."  
 And as they march, he'll glowr about,  
 'Tent a' their cuts and scars:  
 'Mang them fell mony a gawsy snout  
 Has gusht in birth-day wars,  
 Wi' blude that day.

Her nainsel maun be carefu' now,  
 Nor maun she be mislear'd,  
 Sin baxters lads hae seal'd a vow,  
 To skelp and clout the Guard.  
 I'm sure Auld Reikie kens o' nane  
 That wad be sorry at it,  
 Tho' they should dearly pay the kain,  
 And get their tails weel sautit,  
 And sair, thir days.

The tinkler billies i' the Bow,  
 Are now less eident clinkin;  
 As lang's their pith or siller dow,  
 They're daffin and they're drinkin.  
 Bedown Leith Walk, what burrachs reel,  
 O' ilka trade and station,  
 That gar their wives and childer feel  
 Toom wames, for their libation  
 O' drink thir days!

The browster wivies thegither harl  
 A' trash that they can fa' on;  
 They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,  
 To profit by the lawen: \*

\* The reckoning.

For weel wat they, a skin leal het  
 For drinkin needs nae hire;  
 At drumbly gear they tak nae pet;  
 Foul water slockens fire,  
 And drouth, thir days.

They say, ill ale has been the dead  
 O' mony a beardly loun:  
 Then dinna gape, like gleds, wi' greed,  
 To sweel hale bickers down.  
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,  
 They'll ban fu' sair the time  
 That e'er they toutit aff the horn,  
 Which wambles thro' their wame  
 Wi' pain that day.

The Buchan bodies, thro' the beach,  
 Their bunch of Findrams cry;  
 And skirl out bauld, in Norlan speech,  
 "Guid speldins;—fa will buy?"  
 And, by my saul, they're nae wrang gear  
 To gust a stirrah's\* mou;  
 Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spier  
 The price o' being fu'  
 Wi' drink that day.

Now wylie wights at rowly-powl,  
 And flingin o' the dice,  
 Here brak the banes o' mony a soul  
 Wi' fa's upo' the ice.  
 At first, the gate seems fair and straught;  
 Sae they haud fairly till her;  
 But, wow! in spite o' a' their maught,  
 They're rookit o' their siller,  
 And gowd, thir days.

\* A young man.

Around, whare'er ye fling your een,  
 The haiks, like wind, are scourin:  
 Some chaises honest fock contain;  
 And some ha'e mony a whore in.  
 Wi' rose and lily, red and white,  
 They gi'e themsels sic fit airs;  
 Like Dian, they will seem perfite;  
 But it's nae gowd that glitters  
                                           Wi' them thir days.

The Lion here, wi' open paw,  
 May cleek in mony hunder,  
 Wha geck at Scotland and her law,  
 His wylie talons under:  
 For, ken, tho' Jamie's laws are auld,  
 (Thanks to the wise recorder!)  
 His Lion yet roars loud and bauld,  
 To haud the Whigs in order,  
                                           Sae prime this day.

To town-guard drum of clangour clear,  
 Baith men and steeds are raingit:  
 Some liveries red or yellow wear;  
 And some are tartan spraingit.  
 And now the red,—the blue e'en now,—  
 Bids fairest for the market;  
 But, ere the sport be done, I trow,  
 Their skins are gayly yarkit,  
                                           And peel'd, thir days.

Siclike in Robinhood debates,  
 Whan twa chieks ha'e a pingle:  
 E'en now, some coulie gets his aits,  
 And dirt wi' words they mingle;



Till up louns he, wi' diction fu',  
There's lang and dreech contestin;  
For now they're near the point in view;—  
Now, ten miles frae the question  
In hand that night.

The races owre, they hale the dools  
Wi' drink o' a' kinkind;  
Great feck gae hirpling hame, like fools;  
The cripple lead the blind.  
May ne'er the canker o' the drink  
Mak our bauld spirits thrawart,  
'Case we get wherewitha' to wink  
Wi' een as blue's a blawart,  
Wi' straits thir days!



## THE FARMER'S INGLE.

“ Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,  
Ante focum, si frigus erit.”

VIRG. *Buc.*



[The clean and comfortable appearance of a farm-house in a winter evening, with its homely fare and innocent conversation of its inhabitants, are represented in lively natural colours in this poem, which suggested to Burns the idea of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. His habits of life, joined to his acuteness of observation, gave Burns a superiority over Fergusson in the requisites necessary for the composition of a poem in which country manners are the subject, and accordingly in that poem which immortalises his name, he has surpassed the elder bard; but without detracting from his great merits, or withholding from him any praise, it ought not to be overlooked that the claim of originality rests with Fergusson.]

WHAN gloamin grey out-owre the welkin keeks  
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre;  
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,  
And lusty lasses at the dightin tire;  
What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,  
And gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain;  
Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe and bauld,  
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;  
Begin, my Muse! and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,  
 Wi' divots theekit frae the weet and drift,  
 Sods, peats, and heathery trufts the chimley fill,  
 And gar their thickening smeek salute the lift.  
 The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,  
 Whan he out-owre the hallan flings his een,  
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind;  
 That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean:  
 For cleanly house lo'es he, tho' e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require  
 A heartsome meltith, and refreshin synd  
 O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin fire:  
 Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.  
 Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks;  
 I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;  
 The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,  
 And haud the riggin het wi' welcome streams,  
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs a lesson lear:  
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,  
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,  
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.  
 Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day;  
 At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;  
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,  
 Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound,  
 Till death slip sleely on, and gi'e the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caldonia's ancestors been done;  
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed  
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.

'Twas this that braced their gardies\* stiff and strang;  
 That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang;  
 Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays;  
 For near our crest their heads they doughtua raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's owre;  
 The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash  
 O' Simmer's showery blinks, and Winter sour,  
 Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.  
 'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on;  
 How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;  
 And there, how Marion, for a bastard son,  
 Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride;  
 The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies now;  
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:  
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',  
 Grumble and greet, and mak an unco mane.  
 In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,  
 Frae Gudame's mouth auld-warld tales they hear,  
 O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow:  
 O' ghaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,  
 Whilk touzles a' their tap and gars them shake wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be  
 Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;  
 That kye ha'e tint their milk wi' evil ee;  
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowin kill.  
 O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,  
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear;  
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,  
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;  
 The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

\* Arms.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,  
 Tho' age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave ;  
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays ;  
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.  
 On some feast-day, the wee things, buskit braw,  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up, and saw  
 Her ain spun cleedin on a darlin oy ;  
 Careless tho' death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,  
 Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease ;  
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes  
 O' lab'ers doil'd upon the wintry leas.  
 Round him will baurins and the collie come,  
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee  
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum  
 O' kebbuck whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie ;  
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin counsel tak ;  
 What stacks he wants to thrash ; what rigs to till ;  
 How big a birn maun lie on Bassie's back,  
 For meal and mu'ter to the thirlin mill.  
 Neist, the gudewife her hirelin damsels bids  
 Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound ;  
 Tak tent, 'case Crummy tak her wonted tids,  
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,  
 Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,  
 Their joints to slack frae industry a-while ;  
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,  
 And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil ;



The cruizie too can only blink and bleer ;  
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow ;  
 Tacksman and cotter eke to bed maun steer,  
 Upo' the cod to clear their dramly pow,  
 Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,  
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year !  
 Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glybe,  
 And hauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear !  
 May Scotia's simmers ay look gay and green ;  
 Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed !  
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,  
 Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed ;  
 And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed !





Hire-women ay the glowmain hail,  
 For syne the lads came frae the flail,  
 Or else frae haddin the plough-tail,  
                     That halesome wark :  
 Disease about they dinna trail,  
                     Like city spark.

They a' drive to the ingle cheek,  
 Règardless o' a flam o' reek,  
 And well their meikle fingers beek,  
                     To gi'e them tune,  
 Syne sutors als'on nimbly streek,  
                     To mend their shoon.

They pu' and rax the lingel tails,  
 Into their brogs they ca' the nails ;  
 Wi' hammers now, instead of flails,  
                     They make great rackets,  
 And set about their heels wi' rails  
                     O' clinking tackets.

And ay till this misthriven age,  
 The gudeman here sat like a sage,  
 Wi' mill in hand, and wise adage  
                     He spent the night ;  
 But now he sits in chamber eage,  
                     A pridefu' wight.

The lasses wi' their unshod heels,  
 Are sittin at their spinning wheels,  
 And well ilk blythsome kemper dreels  
                     And bows like wand :  
 The auld gudewife the pirny reels  
                     Wi' tenty hand.

The carlin, ay for spinning bent,  
 Tells them right aft, they've fawn ahint,  
 And that the day is e'en far spent,  
     Reminds ilk hussey,  
 And cries, " Ye'll nae mak out your stent  
     Save ye be busy."

Tib braks wi' haste her foot-broad latch:  
 Meg lights the crusey wi' a match;  
 Auld Luckie bids them mak dispatch,  
     And girdle heat,  
 For she maun yet put out a batch  
     O' bear and ait.

There's less wark for the girdle now,  
 Nor was in days of yore, I trow,  
 Gude scouder'd bannock has nae gou'  
     To husbandmen;  
 For o'en white bread dits ilka mou'  
     That stays the-ben.

The young gudewife and bairns a'  
 Right seenil now look near the ha',  
 For fear their underlins sud shaw  
     A cauld neglect:  
 But pride was never kend to draw  
     Love or respect.

The tailor lad, lang fam'd for fleas,  
 Sits here and maks and mends the claise;  
 And wow the swankies \* like to teaze  
     Him wi' their mocks;  
 The women cry, he's ill to please,  
     And crack their jokes.

\* The young men and women.

But he's a slee and cunning lown,  
 And taunts again ilk jeering clown:  
 For tho' nae bred in burrows-town,  
                                   He's wondrous gabby,  
 And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,  
                                   Tho' he be shabby.

Auld farrant tales he skreeds awa',  
 And ca's their lear but clippings a',  
 And bids them gang to Thimble-ha'  
                                   Wi' needle speed,  
 And learn wit without a flaw,  
                                   Frae the board head.

Auld Luckie says, they're in a creel,  
 And redds them up, I trow fu' well,  
 Cries, "Lasses, occupy your wheel,  
                                   And strait the pin;"  
 And bids the tailor haste and dreel  
                                   Wi' little din.

Quo' she, "Ye've mickle need to sew,  
 O times are fairly alter'd now!  
 For two-pence was the wage I trow,  
                                   To ony Scot;  
 But now-a-days ye crook your mou'  
                                   To seek a groat."

The colly dog lies i' the nook,  
 The place whilk his auld father took,  
 And aft toward the door does look,  
                                   Wi' aspect crouse;  
 For unco' fouk \* he canno' brook  
                                   Within the house.

\* Strangers.

Here bawdrins sits, and cocks her head,  
And smooth's her coat o' nature's weed,  
And purrs contentedly indeed,  
And looks fu' lang,  
To see gin fouk be takin heed  
To her brow sang.

The auld gudewife, who kens her best,  
Behauds her wash her face and breast;  
Syne honest Luckie does protest  
                                    That rain we'll ha'e,  
Or on-ding o' some kind at least,  
                                    Afore't be day.

To her remarks lists ilka lass;  
And what she says aft comes to pass,  
Altho' she ha'e nae chymic mass  
To weigh the air;  
For pussy's granum's wather glass  
I do declare.

Nae sooner has auld Luckie done,  
Nor Meg cries, she'll wad baith her shoon,  
That we sall ha'e weet very soon,  
                And weather rough;  
For she saw round about the moon  
                A muckle brough.

Aft-times the canty lilt gaes round,  
And ilka face wi' mirth is crown'd.  
And whiles they sing in safter sound,  
          Sic as the swain  
Of Yarrow, or some lover drown'd  
          In ruthless main.

O royal tales gae brawly on,  
 And feats of fouk that's dead and gone;  
 The windy piper sounds his drone,  
     As well he can;  
 And aft they speak of their Mess John,  
     That haly man.

They banish hence a' care and dool,  
 For they were bred at mirthfu' school;  
 They count how lang it is to Yule,  
     Wi' pleasure vast;  
 And tell wha' sat the cutty stool  
     On Sabbath last.

The chapman lad, wi' gab sae free,  
 Comes in and mixes i' the glee,  
 After he's trampet out the ee  
     O mony dub,  
 And gotten frae the blast to dree  
     A hearty drub.

He says he did Auld Reekie ca',  
 To bring them things to mak them braw;  
 And got them free o' crack and flaw,  
     And patterns rare;  
 The proverb says, "Fowls far awa'  
     Ha'e feathers fair."

He tells them he's weel sorted now.  
 O' a' thing gude and cheap, and new;  
 His sleekit speeches pass for true  
     Wi' ane and a';  
 The pedlars ken fu' well the cue  
     O' Farmer's Ha'



He hads his trinkets to the light,  
 And speers what they're to buy the night;  
 Syne a' the lasses loup bawk height  
     Wi' perfect joy,  
 'Cause lads for them coft broach so bright,  
     Or shining toy.

They finger at the trantlims lang,  
 And when they're bargaining right thrang,  
 In does the gauger quickly bang,  
     Wi' visage awfu',  
 In quest o' some forbidden fang,  
     Or goods unlawfu'.

He says, his information's close,  
 And bids them therefore nae be cross,  
 Or else they'll find it to their loss  
     And skaith nae sma',  
 For he'll their doors to flinders toss,  
     And stand the law.

Ben the gudeman comes wi' a spang,  
 And says, "Ye're short to be sae lang,  
 But think nae, Billy, ye're to dwang  
     Fouk wi' a sham,  
 For save ye shaw your warrant, gang  
     The gate ye cam."

Wi' birr he bangs his paper out,  
 And thinks his point ayont a doubt,  
 To ilka hirn he takes his rout,  
     (For he's nae fey)  
 And gangs just stavering about,  
     In quest o' prey.



After he's rais'd a needlless reek,  
 Syne he begins to grow mair meek,  
 For he meets wi' a great begeek  
                                     Frae empty binks,  
 Sae wi' his finger in his cheek,  
                                     Awa he slinks.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door,  
 When beggars they come in gelore,  
 Wi' wallops flapping in great store,  
                                     Rais'd up in cairns,  
 And birns baith a-hint and 'fore,  
                                     O' greetin bairns.

The auld anes raise a whinging tone,  
 And sigh and sob, and cry Ohon !  
 Syne blessings come with mony drone,  
                                     Frae man and wife,  
 Wha to their childer seek a scone,  
                                     To succour life.

Quo' they, " We're trachled unco sair,  
 We've gane twal mile o' yird and mair,  
 The gait was ill, our feet war bare,  
                                     The night is weety,  
 And gin ye quarters ha'e to spare,  
                                     O shaw your pity !"

The lasses yammer frae their wheel,  
 " There's mony sturdy gangril chiel \*  
 That might be winnin meat fu' well,  
                                     And claise an' a' ;  
 Ye're just fit to make muck o' meal ;  
                                     Sae swith awa."

\* Idle fellow.

Auld Luckie cries, " Ye're o'er ill set,  
 As ye'd ha'e measure, ye sud met;  
 Ye ken na what may be your fate  
                                     In after days,  
 The black cow has nae trampet yet  
                                     Upo' your taes.

" Gi'e o'er your daft and taunting play,  
 For you and they are baith ae clay;  
 Rob, tak them to the barn I say, ~~ff~~  
                                     And gi'e them strae,  
 There let them rest till it be day,  
                                     And syne they'll gae."

Whan John the head hire-man comes in,  
 They mak a loud and joyfu' din,  
 For ilka heart is rais'd a pin,  
                                     And mair, I trow,  
 And in a trice they round him rin,  
                                     To get what's new.

O wat ye whare the lad has been,  
 That they're sae happy ilka ane?  
 Nae far aff journey, as I ween,  
                                     To ploy sae rare;  
 But, reader, ye shall ken bedeen  
                                     The hale affair.

As he was working lang and strang,  
 And fallowing wi' pith and bang,  
 The cou'ter o' the pleugh gade wrang,  
                                     (A thing maun wear),  
 Syne he did to the smithy gang,  
                                     To mend the gear.

This is the houf of ane and a',  
 And mony ane does iven draw,  
 Although they ha'e but errand sma'  
     To tak them there ;  
 Some gang to hear, and some to shaw  
     Their rustic lear.

They tell news here of a' kin kind,  
 In pithy words as e'er war coin'd,  
 Sic as beseem the untaught mind,  
     And nature plain,  
 Sic as the heart will sooner find  
     Than speeches vain.

Of John's return spak ilka nook,  
 They aft gaed to the door to look :  
 For they were on the tenter-hook,  
     For smithy chat :  
 And now, I trow, like printed book,  
     He gi'es them that.

He thus begins, " 'What's this ava' ?  
 There's sad wark in America ;  
 For fouk there winna keep the law,  
     But wad be free,  
 Nor o' King George stand ony awe,  
     Nor taxes gi'e.

" They say we're listing heaps indeed,  
 And shipping them awa' wi' speed,  
 And wow I fear there's mickle need :  
     By what I hear,  
 The rebels ha'e made unco head  
     Within this year.

"The smith thinks they ha'e play'd a trick,  
Sin we o' time did miss the nick,  
'But now let us our winning lick,'  
(He cry'd in pet),  
And said, 'Fouk sud the iron strike  
Ay whan it's het.'

" I wish our fouk soon hame again,  
And nae to clander 'yont the main ;  
Because I dread the King o' Spain,  
And wily France,  
Will seek the thing that's nae their ain,  
And lead's a dance.

" I wat o' cunning they're nae lame,  
And they wad think it a braw scheme,  
Whan our men's far awa' frae hame,  
Mischief to ettle ;  
At other times we'd make them tame,  
And cool their mettle.

“ But I’ll ha’e done wi’ foreign lands,  
And mind the thing that’s nearer hand’s;  
On Friday next a bridal stands  
At the Kirk-town,  
The bridegroom ga’e me great commands  
To bring ye down.”

Quo' Meg and Kate, " We'll keep the town,  
We're laying up to buy a gown."  
" Howt fy ! (quo' Jock, that blythsome lown)  
O binna thrawin,  
For Rob and I sall dossy down \*  
Your dinner-lawin.

\* Throw or pay down.

“ As bairns blyth wha get the play,  
 I trow we'll ha'e a merry day,  
 And I'm to be the Alikay  
                                 At Kirk-town ha';  
 Mind, Sirs, put on your best array,  
                                 And let's be braw.

“ O lasses! ye'se get favours fair,  
 And sweethearts may be ye'll get there;  
 We'll ha'e a day o' dancing rare,  
                                 Just in a trice;  
 But mind your soals ye mauna spare,  
                                 Nor yet be nice.

“ Gin ye wad thole to hear a friend,  
 Tak tent, and nae wi' strunts offend,  
 I've seen queans dink, and neatly prin'd  
                                 Frae tap to middle,  
 Looking just like the far-aff end  
                                 O' an auld fiddle.”

Wow but they a' tak wondrous tent,  
 Till Johnnie's budget is quite spent,  
 And syne baith ane and a' are bent,  
                                 To tell their minds;  
 Then comes the various comment,  
                                 Frae honest hinds.

Nature unhurt by thrawart man,  
 And nae margullied by chicane,  
 I trow fu' doughtily she can  
                                 Shaw reason's power:  
 Sure false philosophy began  
                                 In hapless hour.

The farmer now comes ben the house,  
 Whilk o' their gabbin makes a truce,  
 The lads and lasses a' grow douse,  
                                     And spare their din;  
 For true's the tale, "Well kens the mouse  
                                     When pussie's in!"

And syne he does his orders gi'e,  
 And says, "Ye'll busy need to be,  
 The fallowing yon field, I see,  
                                     Taks unco force:  
 But gae awa' e'en now," quo' he,  
                                     " And meat the horse."

While I describe this happy spot,  
 The supper manna be forgot:—  
 Now lasses round the ingle trot  
                                     To mak the brose,  
 And swankies they link aff the pot,  
                                     To hain their joes.

The dishes set on unspread table,  
 To answer nature's wants are able,  
 Round caps and plates the cutties sable  
                                     Are flung ding dang:  
 The lads and lasses to enable  
                                     Their wames to pang.

They a' thrang round the lang board now,  
 Where there is meat for ilka mou';  
 Hire-men their hats and bonnets pu'  
                                     Upo' their face,  
 But gentle fouks think shame to bow,  
                                     Or say a grace.



O here are joys uninterrop',  
 Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup;  
 Clear-blooded health tends ilka sup  
                                   O' simple diet;  
 But flies awa' frae keeping't up,  
                                   And midnight riot.

When supper's o'er and thanks are gi'en,  
 Mirth dances round wi' canty mein,  
 In daffin, and in gabbin keen  
                                   An hour they pass;  
 And ilka lad, wi' pawky een,  
                                   Looks at his lass.

But Morpheus begins to chap,  
 And bids them a' gae tak a nap:  
 And whan they've sleepit like a tap,  
                                   They rise to wark,  
 Like Phœbus out o' Thetis' lap,  
                                   As blyth's a lark.

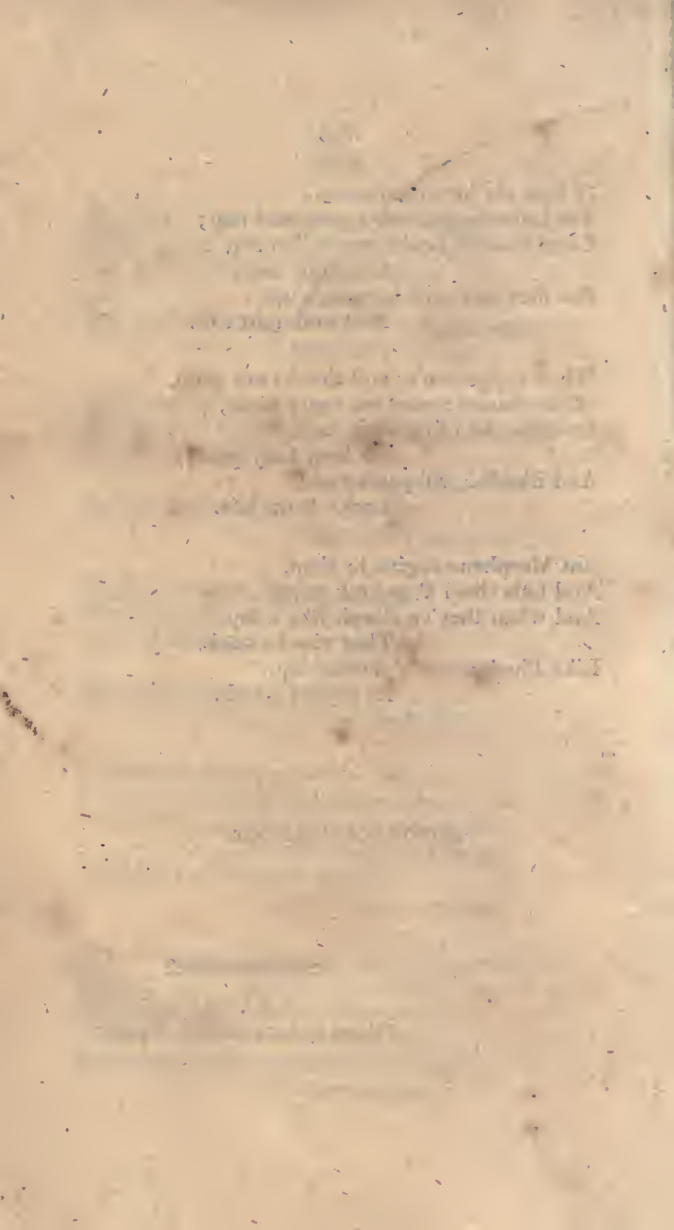
END OF VOLUME FIRST.

---

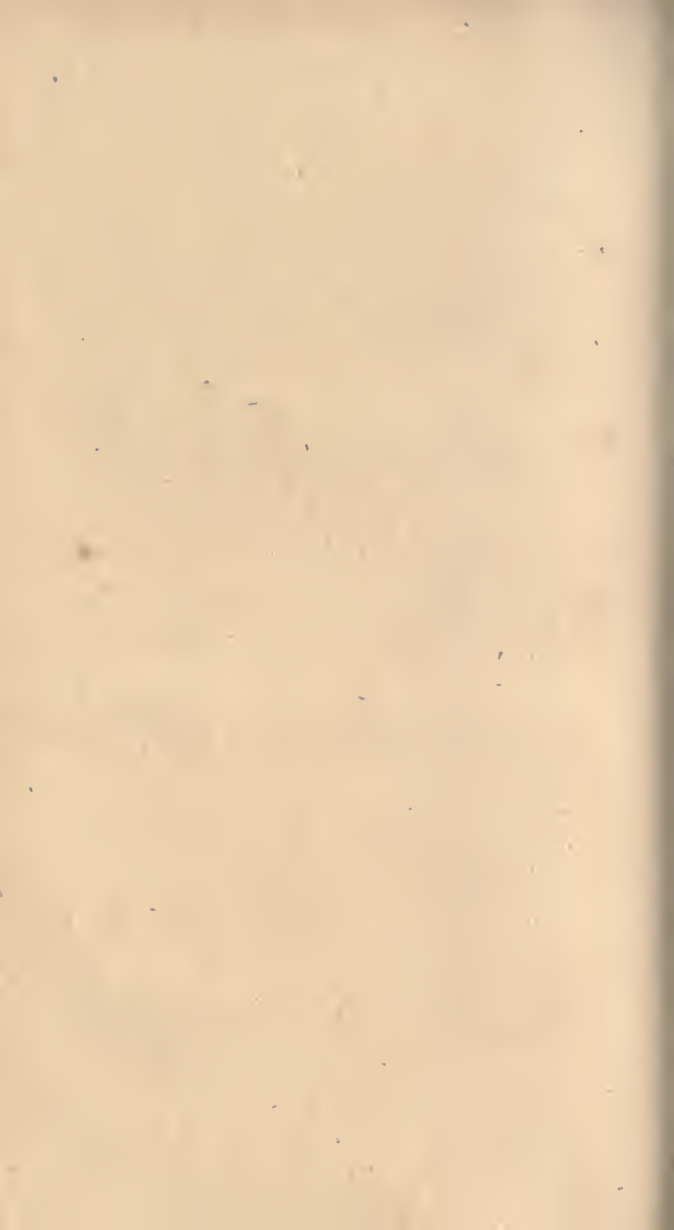
---

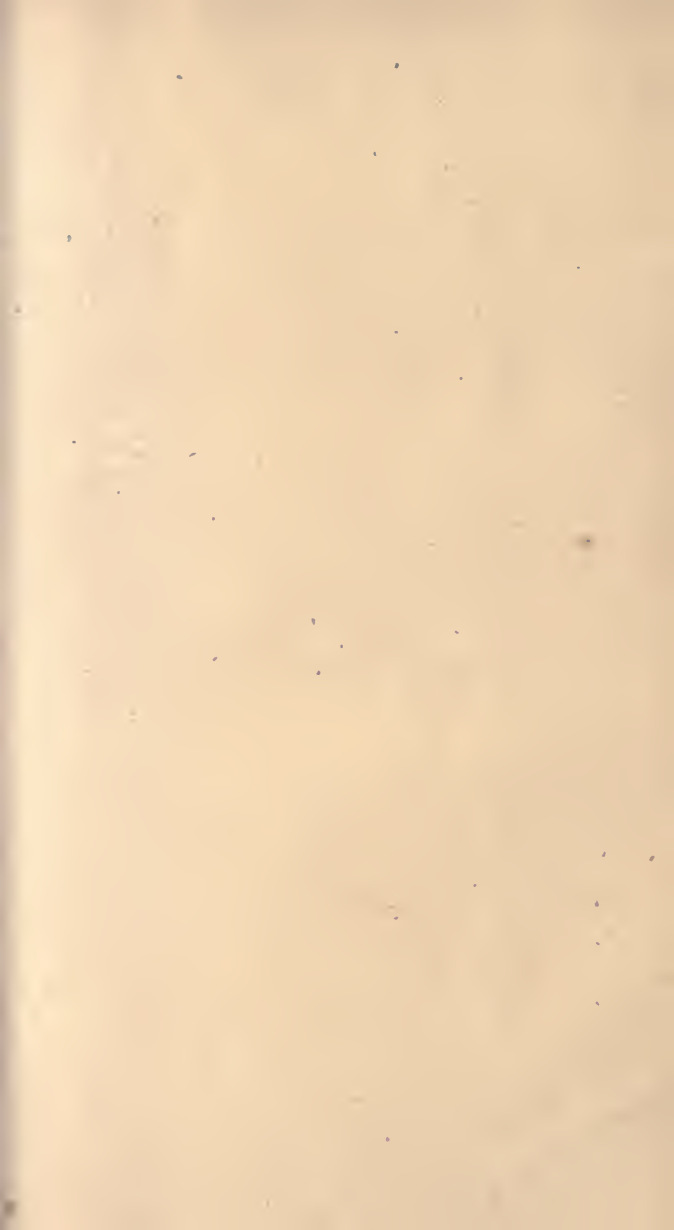
LEITH:

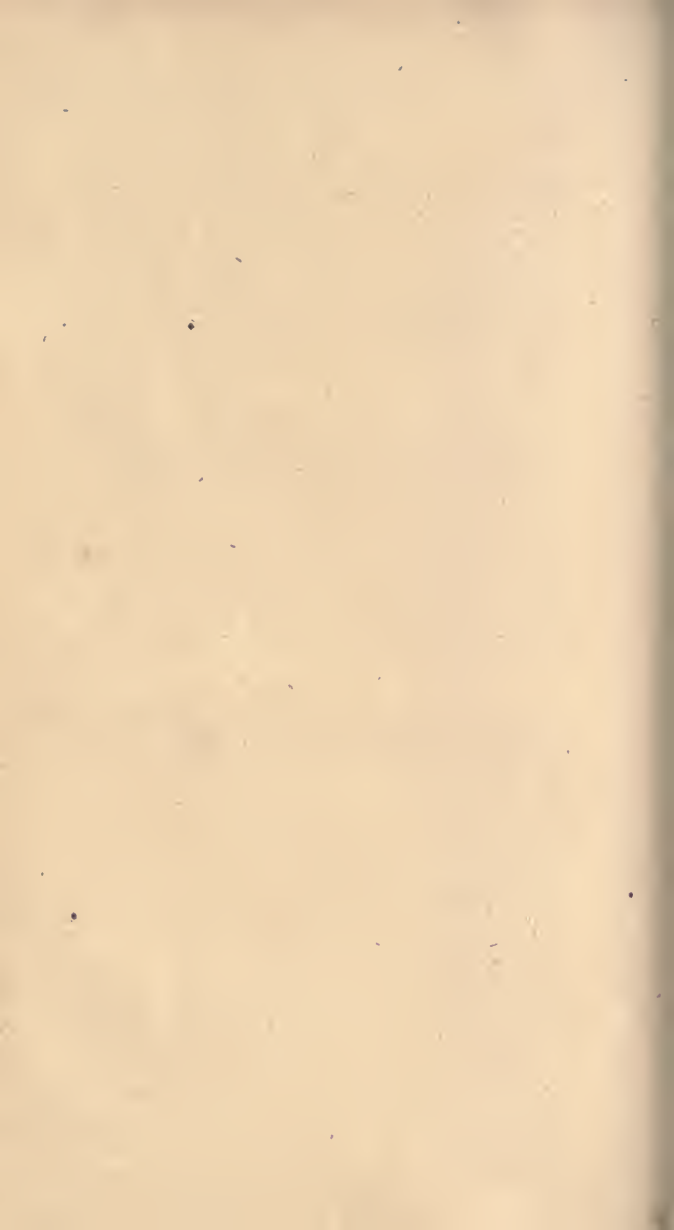
Printed by GILCHRIST & HERIOT.





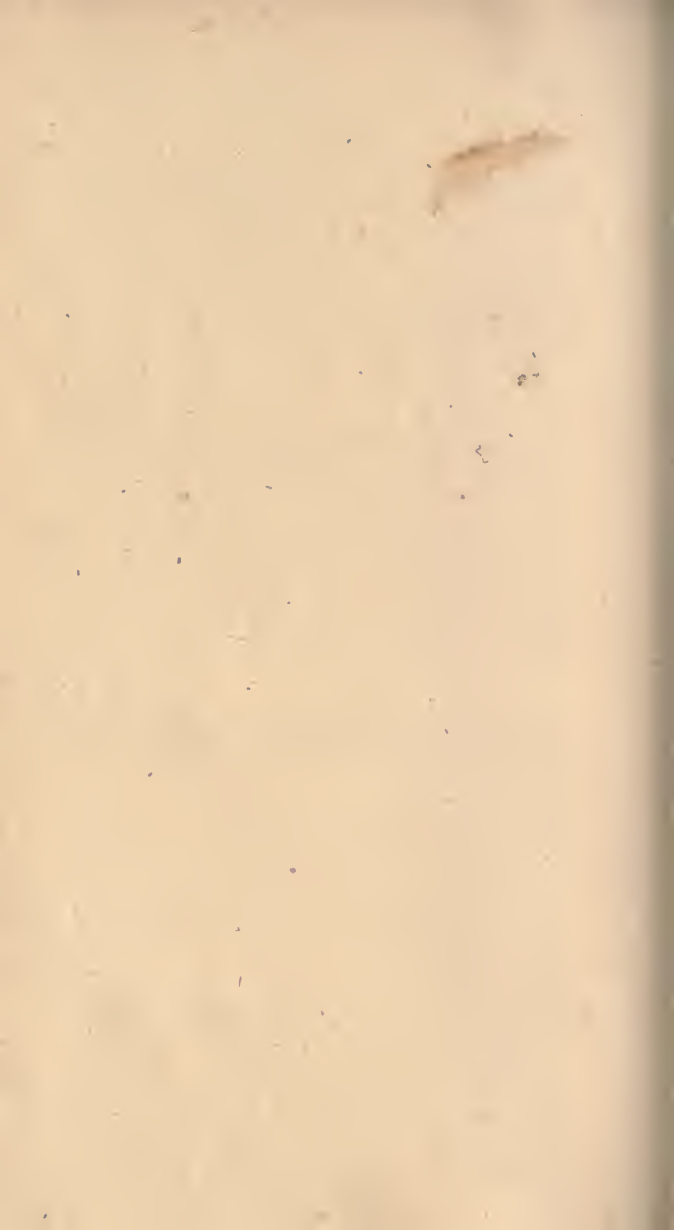


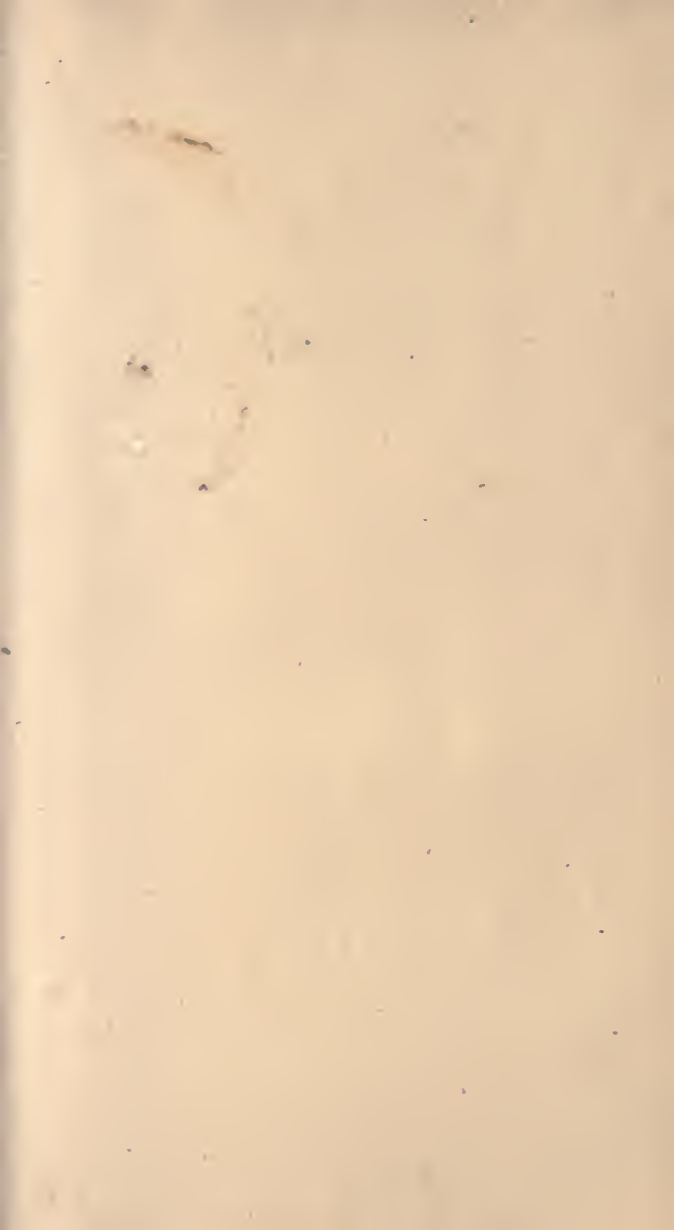




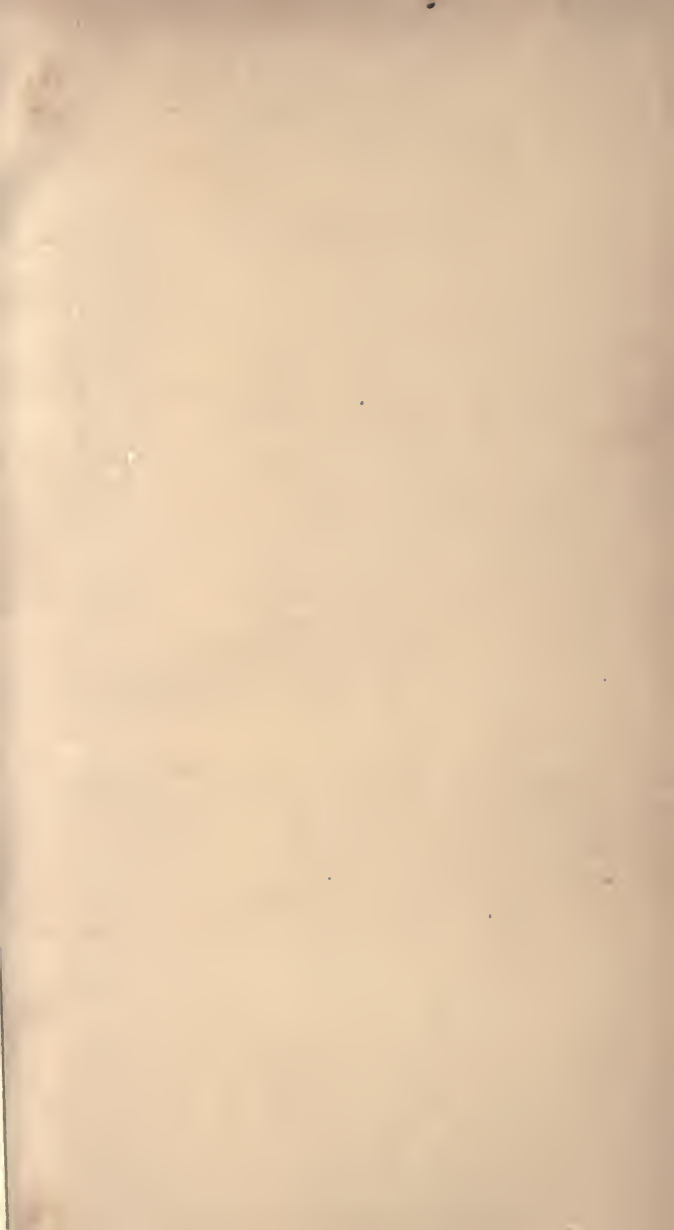
















Mal

Is

/

2/2

42.

University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388  
Return this material to the library  
from which it was borrowed.

---

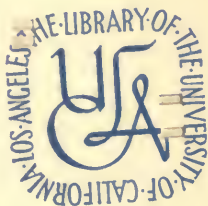
...  
OL OCT 06 1997

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 082 012 6

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
THIS BOOK CARD



University Research Library

PR8660 15380

CALL NUMBER

SEN VOL PT COP

1

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

